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WILLIAM GODWIN:

HIS FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES.

CHAPTER I.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH COLERIDGE. 1800.

IT seems well to give Godwin's correspondence with Coleridge during 1800 without break. The play therein mentioned was "Antonio," represented at Drury Lane, and damned, of which more will be said hereafter.

S. T. Coleridge to William Godwin.

"*Wednesday Morning, Jan.* 8, 1800.

"MY DEAR SIR,—To-morrow and Friday business rises almost above smothering point with me, over chin and mouth! but on Saturday evening I shall be perfectly at leisure, and shall calendar an evening apart with you on so interesting a subject among my 'Noctes Atticæ.' If this do not suit your engagements, mention any other day, and I will make it suit mine.—Yours with esteem,

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"*P.S.*—How many thousand letter-writers will in the first fortnight of this month write a 7 first, and then transmogrify it into an 8, in the dates of their letters! I like to catch myself doing that which involves any identity of the human race. Hence I like to talk of the weather, and in the fall never omit observing,

'How short the days grow! How the days shorten!' And yet that would fall a melancholy phrase indeed on the heart of a blind man!"

The Same to the Same.

"8, *Monday Morning, Mar.* 3, 1800.

"DEAR GODWIN,—The punch, after the wine, made me tipsy last night. This I mention, not that my head aches, or that I felt, after I quitted you, any unpleasantness or titubancy; but because tipsiness has, and has always, one unpleasant effect—that of making me talk very extravagantly; and as, when sober, I talk extravagantly enough for any common tipsiness, it becomes a matter of nicety in discrimination to know when I am or am not affected. An idea starts up in my head,—away I follow through thick and thin, wood and marsh, brake and briar, with all the apparent interest of a man who was defending one of his old and long-established principles. Exactly of this kind was the conversation with which I quitted you. I do not believe it possible for a human being to have a greater horror of the feelings that usually accompany such principles as I then supposed, or a deeper conviction of their irrationality, than myself; but the whole thinking of my life will not bear me up against the accidental crowd and press of my mind, when it is elevated beyond its natural pitch. We shall talk wiselier with the ladies on Tuesday. God bless you, and give your dear little ones a kiss a-piece from me. —Yours with affectionate esteem, S. T. COLERIDGE.

"MR LAMB'S, *No.* 36 *Chapel St.*"

The Same to the Same.

"*Wednesday, May* 21, 1800.

"DEAR GODWIN,—I received your letter this morning, and had I not, still I am almost confident that I should have written to you before the end of the week. Hitherto the translation of the Wallenstein has prevented me; not that it so engrossed my time, but that it wasted and depressed my spirits, and left a sense of

wearisomeness and disgust, which unfitted me for anything but sleeping or immediate society. I say this, because I ought to have written to you first, and as I am not behind you in affectionate esteem, so I would not be thought to lag in those outward and visible signs that both show and vivify the inward and spiritual grace. Believe me, you recur to my thoughts frequently, and never without pleasure, never without making out of the past a little day dream for the future. I left Wordsworth on the 4th of this month. If I cannot procure a suitable house at Stowey, I return to Cumberland, and settle at Keswick, in a house of such a prospect, that if, according to you and Hume, impressions and ideas *constitute* our being, I shall have a tendency to become a god, so sublime and beautiful will be the series of my visual existence. But whether I continue here or migrate thither, I shall be in a beautiful country, and have house-room and heart-room for you, and you must come and write your next work at my house. My dear Godwin, I remember you with so much pleasure, and our conversations so distinctly, that I doubt not we have been mutually benefitted; but as to your poetic and physiopathic feelings, I more than suspect that dear little Fanny and Mary have had more to do in that business than I. Hartley sends his love to Mary. 'What? and not to Fanny?' 'Yes, and to Fanny, but *I'll have* Mary.' He often talks about them. My poor Lamb! how cruelly afflictions crowd upon him! I am glad that you think of him as I think; he has an affectionate heart, a mind *sui generis*; his taste acts so as to appear like the unmechanic simplicity of an instinct—in brief, he is worth an hundred men of *mere* talents. Conversation with the latter tribe is like the use of leaden bells—one warms by exercise, Lamb every now and then *irradiates*, and the beam, though single and fine as a hair, is yet rich with colours, and I both see and feel it. In Bristol I was much with Davy, almost all day; he always talks of you with great affection. . . . If I settle at Keswick, he will be with me in the fall of the year, and so meet you. And let me tell you, Godwin, four such men as you, I, Davy, and Wordsworth, do not meet together in one house every day of the year. I mean, four men so distinct with so many sympathies.

"I received yesterday a letter from Southey. He arrived at Lisbon, after a prosperous voyage, on the last day of April. His letter to me is dated May-Day. He girds up his loins for a great history of Portugal, which will be translated into the Portuguese in the first year of the Lusitanian Republic.

"Have you seen Mrs Robinson lately? How is she? Remember me in the kindest and most respectful phrases to her. I wish I knew the particulars of her complaint. For Davy has discovered a perfectly new acid, by which he has restored the use of limbs to persons who had lost them for years (one woman 9 years) in cases of supposed rheumatism. At all events, Davy says it *can* do no harm in Mrs Robinson's case, and if she will try it, he will make up a little parcel, and write her a letter of instructions, &c. . . .

"God bless you.—Yours sincerely affectionate,

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"MR T. POOLE'S,
"N. STOWEY, *Bridgewater.*

"Sara desires to be kindly remembered to you, and sends a kiss to Fanny and 'dear meek little Mary.'"

William Godwin to S. T. Coleridge.

"DUBLIN [*September* 1800.]

"DEAR COLERIDGE,—You scarcely expected a letter from me of the above date. But I received last September an invitation from John Philpot Curran, the Irish barrister, probably the first advocate in Europe, then in London, to spend a few weeks with him in Ireland this summer, which I did not feel in myself philosophy enough to resist. Nor do I repent my compliance. The advantages one derives from placing the sole of one's foot on a foreign soil are extremely great. Few men, on such an occasion, think it worth their while to put on armour for your encounter. I know Fox and Sheridan, but can scarce consider them as my acquaintance. Your next door neighbour, before he admits you to his familiarity, considers how far he should like to have you for his familiar for the next seven years. But familiarity with a foreign

guest involves no such consequences, and so circumstanced, you are immediately admitted on the footing of an inmate. I am now better acquainted with Grattan and Curran, the Fox and Sheridan of Ireland, after having been four weeks in their company, than I can pretend ever to have been with their counterparts on my native soil.

"Curran I admire extremely. There is scarcely the man on earth with whom I ever felt myself so entirely at my ease, or so little driven back, from time to time, to consider of my own miserable individual. He is perpetually a staff and a cordial, without ever affecting to be either. The being never lived who was more perfectly free from every species of concealment. With great genius, at least a rich and inexhaustible imagination, he never makes me stand in awe of him, and bow as to my acknowledged superior, a thing by-the-by which, *de temps à d'autre*, you compel me to do. He amuses me always, astonishes me often, yet naturally and irresistibly inspires me with confidence. I am apt, particularly when away from home, to feel forlorn and dispirited. The two last days I spent from him, and though they were employed most enviably in *tête à tête* with Grattan, I began to feel dejected and home-sick. But Curran has joined me to-day, and poured into my bosom a full portion of his irresistible kindness and gaiety.

"You will acknowledge these are extraordinary traits. Yet Curran is far from a faultless and perfect character. Immersed for many years in a perpetual whirl of business, he has no profoundness or philosophy. He has a great share of the Irish character—dashing, *étourdi*, coarse, vulgar, impatient, fierce, kittenish. He has no characteristic delicacy, no intuitive and instant commerce with the sublime features of nature. Ardent in a memorable degree, and a patriot from the most generous impulse, he has none of that political chemistry which Burke so admirably describes (I forget his words), that resolves and combines, and embraces distant nations and future ages. He is inconsistent in the most whimsical degree. I remember, in an amicable debate with Sheridan, in which Sheridan far outwent him in refinement, penetration, and taste, he three times surrendered his arms, acknowledged

his error, yea, even began to declaim (for declamation is too frequently his mania) on the contrary side: and as often, after a short interval, resumed his weapons, and renewed the combat. Now and then, in the career of declamation, he becomes tautological and ineffective, and I ask myself: Is this the prophet that he went forth to see! But presently after he stumbles upon a rich vein of imagination, and recognises my willing suffrage. He has the reputation of insincerity, for which he is indebted, not to his heart, but to the mistaken, cherished calculations of his practical prudence. He maintains in argument that you ought never to inform a man, directly or indirectly, of the high esteem in which you hold him. Yet, in his actual intercourse, he is apt to mix the information too copiously and too often. But perhaps his greatest fault is, that though endowed with an energy the most ardent, and an imagination the most varied and picturesque, there is nothing to which he is more prone, or to which his inclination more willingly leads him, than to play the buffoon."

S. T. Coleridge to William Godwin.

"*Monday*, [*Sep.* 11, 1800.]

"DEAR GODWIN,—There are vessels every week from Dublin to Workington, which place is 16 miles from my house, through a divine country, but these are idle regrets. I know not the nature of your present pursuits, whether or no they are such as to require the vicinity of large and curious libraries. If you were engaged in any work of imagination or reasoning, not biographical, not historical, I should repeat and urge my invitation, after my wife's confinement. Our house is situated on a rising ground, not two furlongs from Keswick, about as much from the Lake Derwentwater, and about two miles from the Lake Bassenthwaite—both lakes and mountains we command. The river Greta runs behind our house, and before it too, and Skiddaw is behind us—not half a mile distant, indeed just distant enough to enable us to view it as a Whole. The garden, orchards, fields, and immediate country all delightful. I have, or have the use of, no inconsiderable collection of books. In *my* library you will find all the Poets and

Philosophers, and many of the best old writers. Below, in our parlour, belonging to our landlord, but in my possession, are almost all the usual trash of Johnsons, Gibbons, Robertsons, &c., with the Encyclopedia Britannica, &c. Sir Wilfred Lawson's magnificent library is some 8 or 9 miles distant, and he is liberal in the highest degree in the management of it. And now for your letter. I swell out my chest and place my hand on my heart, and swear aloud to all that you *have* written, or shall write, against lawyers, and the practice of the law. When you next write so eloquently and so well against it, or against anything, be so good as to leave a larger space for your wafer; as by neglect of this, a part of your last was obliterated. The character of Curran, which you have sketched most ably, is a frequent one in its moral essentials, though, of course among the most rare, if we take it with all its intellectual accompaniments. Whatever I have read of Curran's, has impressed me with a deep conviction of his genius. Are not the Irish in general a more eloquent race than we? Of North Wales my recollections are faint, and as to Wicklow I only know from the newspapers that it is a mountainous country. As far as my memory will permit me to decide on the grander parts of Caernarvonshire, I may say that the single objects are superior to any which I have seen elsewhere, but there is a deficiency in combination. I know of no mountain in the North equal to Snowdon, but then we have an encampment of huge mountains, in no harmony perhaps to the eye of a mere painter, but always interesting, various, and, as it were, nutritive. Height is assuredly an advantage, as it connects the earth with the sky, by the clouds that are ever skimming the summits, or climbing up, or creeping down the sides, or rising from the chasm, like smoke from a cauldron, or veiling or bridging the higher parts or lower parts of the waterfalls. That you were less impressed by N. Wales I can easily believe; it is possible that the scenes of Wicklow may be superior, but it is certain that you were in a finer irritability of spirit to enjoy them. The first pause and silence after a return from a very interesting visit is somewhat connected with languor in all of us. Besides, as you have

observed, mountains, and mountainous scenery, taken collectively and cursorily, must depend for their charms on their novelty. They put on their immortal interest then first, when we have resided among them, and learned to understand their language, their written characters, and intelligible sounds, and all their eloquence, so various, so unwearied. Then you will hear no 'twice-told tale.' I question if there be a room in England which commands a view of mountains, and lakes, and woods, and vales, superior to that in which I am now sitting. I say this, because it is destined for your study, if you come. You are kind enough to say that you feel yourself more natural and unreserved with me than with others. I suppose that this in great measure arises from my own ebullient unreservedness. Something, too, I will hope may be attributed to the circumstance that my affections are interested deeply in my opinions. But here, too, you will meet with Wordsworth, 'the latch of whose shoe I am unworthy to unloose,' and five miles from Wordsworth, Charles Lloyd has taken a house. Wordsworth is publishing a second volume of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' which title is to be dropped, and his 'Poems' substituted. Have you seen Sheridan since your return? How is it with your tragedy? Were you in town when Miss Bayley's tragedy was represented? How was it that it proved so uninteresting? Was the fault in the theatre, the audience, or the play? It must have excited a deeper feeling in you than that of mere curiosity, for doubtless the tragedy has great merit. I know not indeed how far Kemble might have watered and thinned its consistence; I speak of the printed play. Have you read the 'Wallenstein?' Prolix and crowded and dragging as it is, it is yet quite a model for its judicious management of the sequence of the scenes, and such it is held in German theatres. Our English acting plays are many of them wofully deficient in this part of the dramatic trade and mystery.

"Hartley is well, and all life and action.—Yours, with unfeigned esteem, S. T. COLERIDGE.

"Kisses for Mary and Fanny. God love them! I wish you would come and look out for a house for yourself here. You

know, 'I wish' is privileged to have something silly to follow it."

The Same to the Same.

"*Monday, Sep.* 22, 1800.

"DEAR GODWIN,—I received your letter, and with it the enclosed note, which shall be punctually re-delivered to you on the 1st October.

"Your tragedy to be exhibited at Christmas! I have indeed merely read your letter, so it is not strange that my heart still continues beating out of time. Indeed, indeed, Godwin, such a stream of hope and fear rushed in on me, when I read the sentence, as you would not permit yourself to feel. If there be anything yet undreamed of in our philosophy; if it be, or if it be possible, that thought can impel thought out of the visual limit of a man's own skull and heart; if the clusters of ideas, which constitute our identity, do ever connect and unite with a greater whole; if feelings could ever propagate themselves without the servile ministrations of undulating air or reflected light—I seem to feel within myself a strength and a power of desire that might dart a modifying, commanding impulse on a whole theatre. What does all this mean? Alas! that sober sense should know no other to construe all this, except by the tame phrase, I wish you success. . . ."

[In a previous letter not here given he had begged Godwin to stand godfather to his child. The compliment was of course declined.]

"Your feelings respecting Baptism are, I suppose, much like mine! At times I dwell on Man with such reverence, resolve all his follies and superstitions into such grand primary laws of intellect, and in such wise so contemplate them as ever-varying incarnations of the Eternal Life—that the Llama's dung-pellet, or the cow-tail which the dying Brahmin clutches convulsively, become sanctified and sublime by the feelings which cluster round them. In that mood I exclaim, my boys shall be christened! But then another fit of moody philosophy attacks me. I look at my doted-on Hartley—he moves, he lives, he finds impulses from within

and from without, he is the darling of the sun and of the breeze. Nature seems to bless him as a thing of her own. He looks at the clouds, the mountains, the living beings of the earth, and vaults and jubilates! Solemn looks and solemn words have been hitherto connected in his mind with great and magnificent objects only: with lightning, with thunder, with the waterfall blazing in the sunset. Then I say, shall I suffer him to see grave countenances and hear grave accents, while his face is sprinkled? Shall I be grave myself, and tell a lie to him? Or shall I laugh, and teach him to insult the feelings of his fellow-men? Besides, are we not all in this present hour, fainting beneath the duty of Hope? From such thoughts I stand up, and vow a book of severe analysis, in which I will tell *all* I believe to be truth in the nakedest language in which it can be told.

"My wife is now quite comfortable. Surely you might come and spend the very next four weeks, not without advantage to both of us. The very glory of the place is coming on. The local Genius is just arranging himself in his highest attributes. But above all, I press it, because my mind has been busied with speculations that are closely connected with those pursuits which have hitherto constituted your utility and importance; and ardently as I wish you success on the stage, I yet cannot frame myself to the thought that you should cease to appear as a *bold* moral thinker. I wish you to write a book on the power of the words, and the processes by which the human feelings form affinities with them. In short, I wish you to philosophize Horne Tooke's system, and to solve the great questions, whether there be reason to hold that an action bearing all the semblance of pre-designing consciousness may yet be simply organic, and whether a series of such actions are possible? And close on the heels of this question would follow, Is Logic the *Essence* of Thinking? In other words, Is *Thinking* impossible without arbitrary signs? And how far is the word 'arbitrary' a misnomer? Are not words, &c., parts and germinations of the plant? And what is the law of their growth? In something of this sort I would endeavour to destroy the old antithesis of Words and Things; elevating, as it were, Words into

Things, and living things too. All the nonsense of vibrating, &c., you would of course dismiss. If what I have written appear nonsense to you, or commonplace thoughts in a harlequinade of *outré* expressions, suspend your judgment till we see each other.—Yours sincerely, S. T. COLERIDGE.

"I was in the country when Wallenstein was published. Longman sent me down half-a-dozen. The carriage back, the book was not worth."

The Same to the Same.

"*Monday, Oct.* 13, 1800.

"DEAR GODWIN,—I have been myself too frequently a grievous delinquent in the article of letter-writing to feel any inclination to reproach my friends when peradventure they have been long silent. But, this is out of the question. I did not expect a speedier answer, for I had anticipated the circumstances which you assign as the causes of your delay.

"An attempt to finish a poem of mine for insertion in the second volume of the 'Lyrical Ballads' has thrown me so fearfully back in my bread-and-beef occupations, that I shall scarcely be able to justify myself in putting you to the expense of the few lines which I may be able to scrawl on the present paper; but some parts in your letter interested me deeply, and I wished to tell you so. First, then, you know Kemble, and I do not. But my conjectural judgments concerning his character lead me to persuade an absolute, passive obedience to his opinions; and this, too, because I would leave to every man his own trade. *Your* trade has been in the present instance, 1st, To furnish a wise pleasure to your fellow-beings in general; and 2dly, to give to Mr Kemble and his associates the means of themselves delighting that part of your fellow-beings assembled in a theatre. As to what relates to the first point, I should be sorry indeed if greater men than Mr Kemble could induce you to alter a 'but' to a 'yet,' contrary to your own convictions. Above all things, an author ought to be *sincere* to the public; and when William Godwin stands in the

title page, it is implied that W. G. approves that which follows. Besides, the mind and finer feelings are blunted by such obseqiousness. But in the theatre, it is as Godwin & Co. *ex professo.* I should regard it almost in the same light as if I had written a song for Haydn to compose and Mara to sing. I know indeed what is poetry, but I do not know so well as he and she what will suit his notes and her voice. That actors and managers are often wrong is true; but still their trade is their trade, and the presumption is in favour of their being right. For the Press, I should wish you to be solicitously nice, because you are to exhibit before a larger and more respectable multitude than a theatre presents to you, and in a new part—that of a poet employing his philosophical knowledge.

"If it be possible, come therefore, and let us discuss every page and every line. The time depends of course on the day fixed for the representation of the piece.

"Now for something which I would fain believe is still more important, namely the property of your philosophical speculations. Your second objection, derived from the present *ebb* of opinion, will be best answered by the fact that Mackintosh and his followers have the *flow*. This is greatly in your favour, for mankind are at present gross reasoners. They reason in a perpetual antithesis; Mackintosh is an oracle, and Godwin therefore a fool. Now it is morally impossible that Mackintosh and the sophists of his school can retain this opinion. You may well exclaim with Job, 'O that my adversary would write a book!' When he publishes, it will be all over with him, and then the minds of men will incline strongly to those who would point out in intellectual perceptions a source of moral progressiveness. Every man in his heart is in favour of your general principles. A party of dough-baked democrats of fortune were weary of being dissevered from their fellow rich men. They want to say something in defence of turning round. Mackintosh puts that something into their mouths, and for awhile they will admire and be-praise him. In a little while these men will have fallen back into the ranks from which they had stepped out, and life is too

melancholy a thing for men in general for the doctrine of unprogressiveness to remain popular. Men cannot long retain their faith in the Heaven *above* the blue sky, but a Heaven they will have, and he who reasons best on the side of that universal wish will be the most popular philosopher. As to your first objection, that you are no logician, let me say that your habits are analytic, but that you have not read enough of Travels, Voyages, and Biography, especially of men's lives of themselves, and you have too soon submitted your notions to other men's censures in conversation. A man should nurse his opinions in privacy and self-fondness for a *long* time, and seek for sympathy and love, not for detection or censure. Dismiss, my dear fellow, your theory of Collision of Ideas, and take up that of Mutual Propulsions. I wish to write more to state to you a lucrative job, which would, I think, be eminently serviceable to your own mind, and which you would have every opportunity of doing here. I now express a serious wish that you would come and look out for a house.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

"I would gladly write any verses, but to a prologue or epilogue I am utterly incompetent. . . . ."

The Same to the Same.

"*Saturday night*, [*Dec. 9th*, 1800.]

"DEAR GODWIN.—The cause of my not giving you that immediate explanation which you requested, was merely your own intimation that you could attend to nothing until the fate of your 'Melpomene,' was decided. The plan was this: a system of Geography, taught by a re-writing of the most celebrated Travels into the different climates of the world, choosing for each climate one Traveller, but interspersing among his adventures all that was interesting in incident or observation from all former or after travellers or voyagers: annexing to each travel a short essay, pointing out what facts in it illustrate what laws of mind, &c. If a bookseller of spirit would undertake this work, I have no doubt of its being a standard school-book. It should be as large

as the last edition of Guthrie—12 or 1400 pages. I mentioned it to you because I thought this sort of reading would be serviceable to your mind: but if you reject the offer, mention it to no one, for in that case I will myself undertake it. The 'Life of Bolingbroke' will never *do* in my opinion, unless you have many original unpublished papers, &c. The *good* people will cry it down as a Satan's Hell-broth, warmed up a-new by Beelzebub. Besides, *entre nous*, my Lord Bolingbroke was but a very shallow gentleman. He had great, indeed amazing, *living* talents, but there is absolutely nothing in his writings, his philosophical writings to wit, which had not been more accurately developed before him. All this, you will understand, goes on the supposition of your being possessed of no number of original letters. If you are, and if they enable you to explain the junction of intellectual power and depraved appetites, for heaven's sake go on boldly, and dedicate the work to your friend Sheridan. For myself, I would rather have written the 'Mad Mother' than all the works of all the Bolingbrokes and Sheridans, those brother meteors, that have been exhaled from the morasses of human depravity since the loss of Paradise. But this, my contempt of their intellectual powers as worthless, does not prevent me from feeling an interest and a curiosity in their moral temperament, and I am not weak enough to hope or wish that you should think or feel as I think or feel.

"One phrase in your letter distressed me. You say that much of your tranquillity depends on the coming hour. I hope that this does not allude to any immediate embarrassment. If not, I should cry out against you loudly. The motto which I prefixed to my tragedy when I sent it to the manager, I felt, and I continue to feel.

"'*Valeat* res scenica, si me
'Palma negata mærum, donata reducit opimum.'

"The success of a tragedy in the present size of the theatres ('Pizarro' is a pantomime) is in my humble opinion rather improbable than probable. What tragedy has succeeded for the last 15 years? You will probably answer the question by

another. What tragedy has deserved to succeed? and to that I can give no answer. Be my thoughts therefore sacred to hope. If *every* wish of mine had a pair of hands, your play should be clapped through 160 successive nights, and I would reconcile it to my conscience (in part) by two thoughts: first, that *you* are a good man; and secondly, that the divinity of Shakespere would remain all that while unblasphemed by the applauses of a rabble, who, if he were now for the first time to present his pieces, would tear them into infamy. Κόυφον ἦτορ ἴχυι τὸ πλεῖστον ἀνθρώπων. The mass of mankind are blind in heart, and I have been almost blind in my eyes. For the last five weeks I have been tormented by a series of bodily grievances, and for great part of the time deprived of the use of my poor eyes by inflammation, and at present I have six excruciating boils behind my right ear, the largest of which I have christened Captain Robert, in honour of De Foe's 'Captain Robert Boyle.' Eke, I have the rheumatism in my hand. If therefore there be anything fitful and splenetic in this letter, you know where to lay the fault, only do not cease to believe that I am interested in all that relates to you and your comforts. God grant I may receive your tragedy with the πόντια νίκη in the title page!

"My darling Hartley has been ill, but is now better. My youngest is a fat little creature, not unlike your Mary. God love you and

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"*P.S.*—Do you continue to see dear Charles Lamb often? Talking of tragedies, at every perusal my love and admiration of his play rises a peg. C. Lloyd is settled at Ambleside, but I have not seen him. I have no wish to see him, and likewise no wish not to see him."

The Same to the Same.

"*Wednesday night, Dec. 17th*, 1800.

"DEAR GODWIN.—I received the newspaper with a beating heart, and laid it down with a heavy one. But cheerily, friend! it is worth something to have learnt what will not please.

Kemble, like Saul, is among the prophets. The account in the *Morning Post*, was so unusually well written, and so unfeelingly harsh, that it induced suspicions in my mind of the author.

"If your interest in the theatre is not ruined by the fate of this, your first piece, take heart, set instantly about a new one, and if you want a glowing subject, take the death of Myrza as related in the Holstein Ambassador's Travels into Persia, in p. 93, vol ii. of 'Harris's Collections.' There is crowd, character, passion, incident and pageantry in it; and the history is so little known that you may take what liberties you like without danger.

"It is my present purpose to spend the two or three weeks after the Christmas holidays in London. Then we can discuss all and everything. Your last play wanted one thing which I believe is almost indispensable in a play—a *proper rogue*, in the cutting of whose throat the audience may take an unmingled interest.

"We are all tolerably well. God love you, and

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"GRETA HALL, KESWICK.

"*P.S.*—There is a paint, the first coating of which, put on paper, becomes a dingy black, but the second time to a bright gold colour. So I say—Put on a second coating, friend!"

CHAPTER II.

HOLCROFT AND ARNOT. 1800.

HOLCROFT was at Hamburg during the year 1800, turning over a variety of schemes in his busy brain, and carrying some of them into action—schemes of translations from foreign languages, of recasting travels in Russia for the English book market, of plays, novels, reviews, schemes also of buying pictures to re-sell, and of making art catalogues of the contents of various foreign galleries. But these and their results may best be told in selections from his own letters. Godwin's replies are for the most part irrecoverable. He took copies of all by a machine, but the copying ink has faded, while the paper was so thin, that it falls to bits in the attempt to decipher the faint trace of writing left on it.

It is not now possible to discover what particular act of kindness on Godwin's part led to the burst of gratitude in the following letter. It was either the unwearied sacrifice of his valuable time on his friend's behalf, or some actual relief in money, sent at a period when he was himself sorely straitened in means, and was under considerable obligations to the Wedgwoods.

T. Holcroft to William Godwin.

"HAMBURG, *January 24th*, 1800.

"On the 20th instant yours of the 24th of December arrived, and this day I received those of December 10th, Decr. 31st, and

Jan. 14th. The mixed sensations they have excited in me are such as never can be forgotten. The ardour, firmness, and activity of your friendship, the true and simple dignity with which you feel and act, the embarrassment under which you are at this moment, and the relief which you find in the confidence that on the receipt of yours I shall immediately do my duty,—in short that delightful mingling of souls which is never so intimately felt as on such extraordinary occasions as these, are now all in full force, and producing such emotions in me as you yourself cannot but both have desired and expected. . . .

"The first volume of 'St Leon' has been sent to Berlin, and whether it may there have found a publisher I cannot yet say, but I shall write this evening, and if it be not already in train, send for it back that it may be translated here, and if possible still some emolument derived for you. You say you will act for me as you would for yourself, and you have so acted. I will endeavour not to be far behind you. I feel there is even more pleasure in receiving than in performing such acts of kindness.

"You blame me for not saying more of Arnot. I imagined he had written to you his whole history. He went to Vienna, where he has been ill, and recovered, and where, I suppose, he still is. While he was here, I gave him a little of the little I had in my pocket, and Mr Cole paid for his lodging and some other trifles. Sophy conceived some prejudice against him, for which I am sorry, and at which, it seems, he was more angry than gratified by the kindness testified to him by all the rest, particularly by my dear Louisa, who, with Fanny, feels toward you and for you almost as much as I do. Not knowing you quite so well, they are still more struck at the decisive friendship with which you act, and love you for it most affectionately. . . .

"Farewell. T. HOLCROFT."

"My dearest father has done justice to the feelings your most excellent letter, and still more excellent—nay, noble—conduct, have excited. Yes, we love you most affectionately, and hope again to realise the exquisite pleasure of emulating while we witness the virtues and genius of yourself and those friends who

make truth so lovely. You have not mentioned your sister, the dear children, and Louisa Jones. By that, we hope and infer they are all in health. Remember us all very affectionately to them, and tell Fanny and Mary that in two or three years we may perchance bring them a little visitor as amiable and lively as themselves. He really is a fine boy. I mean, my dear, dear brother, the infant of our dear, excellent Louisa, who, dear soul, has a bad cold, but in other respects she is very well. I hope you know me too well to doubt the sincerity of heart with which I sign myself —Your affectionate young friend, FANNY HOLCROFT."

The Same to the Same.

"HAMBURG, *Feb.* 11*th*, 1800.

". . . The chief, though not the only purpose of this letter, is to inform you that Mr Villiaume has at last undertaken to have your book translated and a thousand copies printed, the profits of which, without risk, you are to share. But it is necessary to premise that these profits, if any, will not be paid till Easter, 1801, and that the agreement is verbal. I meet this Mr Villiaume at the house of a merchant. Delicacy would not permit me to ask for formal written documents, and I have no reason on earth to suspect him of dishonesty, with this only exception, that dishonesty is here practised beyond credibility. Such, at least, is the cry, which the anecdotes I have heard confirm. You may gain eighty pounds, you can lose nothing. . . .

"Has your Tragedy been performed? I think it would suit the German stage; but the German stage, honour excepted, is almost barren of emolument.

"Of my Comedy, according to your account, there is little hope. Mr Richardson's improvements are some unintelligible, and others, in my opinion, of the Irish kind—they would improve it to its destruction. I approve my plan, and as a plan will not alter it; for that plan is its very soul, if any soul it has. Perhaps, from his suggestion, I may make my simple Lawyer a Judge. If that will satisfy him, it shall be done; if not, so be it.

"The incidents of the last six months have occasioned me to neglect my father's widow, and I am fearful lest the kind little woman should be in distress. You delight in the charities of life. If money is advanced on my pictures, so that I can pay debts contracted for them here, and if as much as twelve pounds in addition be to be had from them, I entreat you to write, in my name, to the Rev. Mr G. Smith of Knotsford, in Cheshire, to state absence, distance, &c., as the reason of her not having heard sooner from me, and to say that on receiving a draft and line under her own hand, the said sum of twelve pounds *shall* be immediately paid, and annually continued as usual.

"Were a man to be made miserable by the sudden deprivation of conveniences to which he had long been accustomed, I should be sufficiently so; but you know either my heroism or my romance, for I am happy amidst cold, dirt, ignorance, selfishness, and a long *et cetera.* My dear Louisa is in excellent health, my kind-hearted and industrious Fanny is my active and very essential assistant, you do not forget me, Mr Marshal and others take pleasure in serving me,—and think you I can be miserable?

"We shall soon stand still for 'St Leon.' Two vols. must appear at the Leipsic Easter Fair. T. Holcroft."

Several letters follow from which no extract need be made. They are one wail of distress at the sale of the precious pictures having realised next to nothing, and at the failure of a journal which was "to make England acquainted with the literary merit of the North," of which the sheets had been sent to Godwin and Marshal. The sale of this was under one hundred, instead of exceeding thousands, and the future publication was of course stopped. In regard to the pictures, it is simply wonderful that Holcroft, whether a judge of art or not, could have believed that the world was so rich in treasures as to enable him to gather at Hamburg pictures of great value, which he shipped to England in twenties and thirties at a time.

In calmer moments he speaks himself of "this picture-dealing insanity of mine;" but at other times he persisted in buying whatever came in his way, in spite of the warnings of Opie the artist and Christie the dealer, both his friends, and both anxious to serve him.

Godwin's reply, after telling him his firm conviction that friends and auctioneers had done their best, proceeds with this very plain-spoken advice:—

William Godwin to T. Holcroft.

[*May* 1800.]

". . . I most earnestly wish, as you hint in your last letter, that you would come over and superintend the sale of these pictures yourself. I have a further and very strong reason for wishing it. If the consequence of your embarrassments should be your being thrown into prison, reflect on the difference between being a prisoner here and at Hamburg. Here you may be a prisoner in the rules of the King's Bench, or the Fleet, which is almost nominal imprisonment. You may see booksellers and other persons with whom you wish to transact business, with whom, I fear, you will never make advantageous engagements without being on the spot. There—I turn away with horror from the supposition—there, imprisonment would be little less than a sentence of death, and starvation to your family. Reflect seriously on this.

"I will take every care in my power respecting the pictures, which, I suppose, are now on their voyage to England. I will see Opie, I will see Gillies; I will, if possible, clear them at the Custom House, and lodge them in a place of safety, to wait your further orders. Beyond this I cannot go.

"And now, to dismiss this subject, I say firmly, 'Stop! Think how much anguish, how many sleepless nights you are preparing for yourself. Your life—as much of it as is spent in this pursuit—will be one series of corroding expectation and continual disappointment. Indeed, it is madness; for what is madness but a constant calculation of feelings and a sentiment in mankind—the

sentiment in this instance of bestowing a large price on your pictures—which is never realised. You give the greatest pain to all your friends here, who are anxious for your welfare. What can we think, when we see a catalogue of pictures, rated by you at so many thousand pounds, which no man here thinks will sell for as many hundreds? You will go near in the sequel to make us as mad as yourself. . . ."

T. Holcroft to William Godwin.

"HAMBURG, *May 27th*, 1800.

"I cannot but suppose the letters I have written, from their tenor and the circumstances under which they were dictated, have been among the most disagreeable you have ever received. This will increase their number. On Friday evening, the 16th instant, as I was preparing to wash my feet, and had a half-pint vial of aqua fortis in my hand, after pouring in about a spoonful to the warm water—from which kind of bath my feet had found benefit —the vial suddenly burst in my hand, and the contents, partly flying up into my face, and the rest upon my hands, arms, and thighs, burned me in so dreadful a manner, that during two hours, till medical help could be procured, I was firmly persuaded my eyes had been destroyed. I thought I felt them run down my cheeks in water. The torture I suffered is indescribable. The places most burnt were my forehead, left eye and cheek, nose and chin, right hand and wrist, and the right thigh and knee; the forehead and wrist shockingly; though the left side was far from escaping. What degree of permanent injury may arise, I do not yet know; but it will be well if my eyes, especially the left, recover their former strength. In other respects, a few scars, I am told, are the only things to be feared, and these not of a hideous nature.

"Now to business. . . .

"Fanny has been reading parts of "Fischer's Travels in Russia" to me during my Jobation. I suppose Job had been burnt with aqua fortis, since I hear so much of his patience; and my opinion is still very favourable. It is a work to which I am

willing to attach my name, though not to all translations, *e.g.*, 'Mirabeau's Berlin Memoires de Voltaire, ecrits par lui même,' &c.

"Perhaps it is impatience which is astonished, not reason, that you had heard nothing of the arrival of my pictures. My situation is so painful, that, damnable as the burning of aqua fortis is, I feel as if I could better endure it than this state of mind in which my moral character remains for a time degraded. . . .

"T. HOLCROFT."

The Same to the Same.

"ALTONA, *June 3rd, im Pflockschen Hause, bei Hamburg.*

". . . The first volume of the translation of 'St Leon' appeared at the Leipsic fair; but the number subscribed for was not quite a hundred copies, which the bookseller considers as rather unfavourable. You, however, can sustain no loss."

The Same to the Same.

[*In answer to Godwin's letter of May.*]

"ALTONA, *June 13th*, 1800.

"Though the attacks I have lately received of body and mind have been extraordinary, yet surely I am not mad. Or if I were, it cannot be that I am surrounded by none but madmen. I have not depended merely upon my own judgment in the pictures I have sent to London. I consulted a variety of persons, and, among others the best artists and judges I could find, two of whom I may certainly affirm are competent to the task of giving an opinion. . . . I tremble lest the impressions under which Messrs Opie and Birch may have gone to examine the pictures should have led them to decline interference, and even suffer pictures which cost here between four and five hundred pounds to be sold at the Custom House to pay the duties. Surely this cannot have happened. I believe there is a plain way of proceeding. Christie is not the only auctioneer. Cox and Burrel are, or very lately were, men of enterprize. Phillips might do the business profitably, and he would undertake it with eagerness. . . .

"It is needless to add anything to impress you with a deep

feeling of my present situation. I refer you to my former letters. It is not a prison, it is disgrace, that I dread, and which, I own, I want the fortitude to meet with any degree of apathy. I therefore request you to proceed with the earnestness and expedition you have hitherto used, and to let me know the result as soon as possible; for if it should be that no man will advance money on these pictures, I must then try whether I have not a friend on earth who will on my own credit and for my own sake entrust me with such a sum till it can be repaid by the produce of my brain. I am proceeding with the 'Abbe de L'Epée.' 'The Lawyer' shall likewise be altered and sent. I have written to Robinson, as you are doubtless informed by a note addressed to you and enclosed in his letter" [which contained proposals for a German-English Dictionary], "and I am in treaty with a German bookseller on the same subject. Were I a thousand pounds in debt at this moment, allow me only two years, and I have no doubt it would be paid. The fact, however, is, that unfortunate as my affairs have been, and gloomy as appearances are, I have pictures in my possession, unless sold at the Custom House, which, exclusive of duties, have cost me about six hundred pounds; I have 'The Lawyer,' which certainly will not take me a month to alter; I have the piece I am now employed upon, that will be finished in less than three weeks; and you have the trifle, which, if accepted, has a chance of concurring to raise supplies.

"The burns in my wrist and forehead reached almost to the bone and skull; consequently they are yet far from cured. The pain of them continues to be considerable, though such as may be supported with entire calmness. It was the accident of having my spectacles on that saved my eyes, and I feel rather as if I had obtained a blessing, than suffered agony and injury.

"We are all well, these burns of mine excepted, and the boy grows finely. No enquiries of mine can excite you to say a word of any being whom I love and esteem, not even of your children. I know you have enough to do with my damned affairs: however, notwithstanding their ill turn, you cannot but receive the applauses of your own heart, as you do most fervently of mine.

"T. HOLCROFT."

The Same to the Same.

"ALTONA, *August 15th*, 1800.

". . . At last we have received a letter from Mr William Nicholson, so circumstantially meagre and hide-bound. Damnation! His frost inflames my gall. He does not mean it thus; but experimental philosophy has rendered him most wise, and full of incoherency. I suppose he might be induced to walk as far as the end of the street to serve a friend, provided it was quite certain his wife would not want him to weigh ten grains of rhubarb *in the interim*. Good God! how nearly are greatness and littleness allied. And so it is with us all. I have not told you, nor can I at present tell, how nobly Clementi behaved to me; but you, and more than you, shall some day hear."

The Same to the Same.

"ALTONA, *Sept. 9th*, 1800.

". . . I know not how to speak of 'St Leon' so as to do you justice. I always felt the insurmountable defect of the work, and the strained if not improbable incidents that must be invented to exhibit a miserable man who had every means of enjoyment in his power. You have repeated to me times almost innumerable the necessity of keeping characters in action, and never suffering them to sermonize, yet of this fault 'St Leon' is particularly found guilty by all whom I have heard speak of the work, with whom my feelings coincide. Is it then a weak and unworthy performance? Far indeed the reverse. Men must have arrived at an uncommon degree of general wisdom, when 'St Leon' shall no longer be read. Your Marguerite is inimitable. Knowing the model after which you drew, as often as I recollected it, my heart ached while I read. Your Bethlem Gabor is wonderfully drawn. It is like the figures of Michel Angelo, any section of an outline of which taken apart would be improbable and false, but which are so combined as to form a sublime whole. Having read I could coldly come back, and point to the caricature traits of the portrait, but while reading I could feel nothing but astonishment and admiration. Through the

whole work there is so much to censure, and so much to astonish, that in my opinion it is in every sense highly interesting. Its faults and its beauties are worthy the attention of the most acute critic. . . .

"Do you wilfully omit to sign your letters? No. The question is an outrage. "T. HOLCROFT."

Before Holcroft wrote the last letter to be quoted in this year, he had heard that "Antonio" had been acted and had failed.

The Same to the Same.

"ALTONA, *Decr. 26th*, 1800.

" . . . Enough of these paltry and repining thoughts. Would that [want of money] were the worst of evils. You have a grief upon your mind which requires all your fortitude to keep at bay. Do not imagine it is unfelt by me. Before your account reached me I read the malignant and despicable triumph of 'The Times.' It was not 'Alonzo' but William Godwin who was brought to the bar, and not to be tried, but to be condemned. It was in vain to croak, having seriously warned you as I did: you were of a different opinion; and to have been more urgent would only have produced disagreeable feelings, not conviction, but with me it was a moral certainty that if your name were only whispered, the condemnation of your tragedy was ensured. J. P. Kemble well knew this; and hence his refusals and forebodings. Yet it pleased me to see that malignity itself was obliged to own the play had beauties. It then asks, if it were any wonder? Good God! how disgusting is the naive and open impudence of such a question, when joined to the ribald abuse by which it was preceded. I cannot relieve you; that is—do not think the phrase too strong—that is my misery: yet I wish you would tell me what is the state of your money affairs? I am in great anxiety. I form a thousand pictures of hovering distress of the dear children, the house you have to support, and the thoughts that are perhaps silently corroding your heart. Do not subtract from the truth in

compassion to my feelings, strong as they are for myself and others, they always end in enquiring if there be any effectual remedy? Direct in future to me, at Mr Schuhmacher's, New Burg, Hamburg: he is my friend, and will remit my letters safely, for I know not where I shall be."

Besides Holcroft, Godwin's other foreign correspondent was Arnot, whose letters begin again early in the year; he was as undaunted and as poor as ever, and suffering much in bodily health. The loss of the journal kept by him is greatly to be regretted, for, as will be seen, his travels extended to a part of Europe even now but little known to foreigners; and he had the great merit, still rare, of sympathy with those among whom he came.

J. Arnot to William Godwin.

[VIENNA] "*February* 16, 1800.

"I have not yet received an answer to two letters which I wrote to you about the end of November.

"My friends would write to me more frequently, if they knew what a gratification to me a letter from them affords. It rouses me from my indifference, revives my affection for them, and imprints afresh their image upon my mind: and this is not a little necessary in a mode of life which, as Dyson, in his only letter to me, well observes, is so unfavourable to the growth of amicable attachments. When I read his letter first, I thought he might possibly be in the right in this, but I did not then so strongly feel its truth as I have done since.

"When I received my portmanteau, I began to write my journal of last year. When I had brought it up to my arrival in Riga, I read over all I had written, and was so little satisfied with it, that I lost all courage to proceed. I now think I shall scarcely have time to finish it till I return to England. . . .

"In one or other of the two letters I have mentioned, I told you I would go next summer to Hungary. I shall set out pro-

bably about the beginning of May. My route I have not yet determined. Upon looking at the map, I have been thinking to go from Opa and Pesth straight to Belgrade, or at least to Semlin, which is over against it, and from thence going through the Bannat, to travel over Transylvania and the North of Hungary toward the Carpathian Mountains. I need scarcely tell you, that every one here who has heard of my design, has advised me against it, as a thing highly dangerous, if not impracticable.

"When I left England I had no thoughts of going to Hungary. I meant to have gone from Germany immediately to France, on the supposition that peace would, ere this, have been established. In going to Hungary, I deviate from my first project; though it is a deviation which I hope will be rather an improvement. But I will deviate from it no further. Upon returning from Hungary, I intend to go directly to France, peace or not. If I can do so with safety to myself, I do not suppose that any disadvantage will thereby arise to others, and the consciousness of this makes me hesitate the less in following my own inclinations, without regarding any edicts that may have been made to the contrary in England. To what part of the world can a man go to avoid the encroachments and tyranny of his fellows? I must not go to France, it seems, because, if I do, a man called William Pitt will not let me return to England without molestation, but will endeavour to punish me by a law of his own making. What an impudent fellow he is! . . .

"My love to all my friends. I hope the children are well, and that they still continue to be the sources of much happiness to you. Long may they be so. I am, with great esteem, yours,

"JOHN ARNOT."

The Same to the Same.

[VIENNA], "19*th Feb.* 1800.

"I am sorry you showed my brother my journal from Edinburgh to London. Although I do not think it contains anything, as far as I can now recollect, to entitle me to the abhorrence of those who shall peruse it, yet I am sensible that my mind, at the

time in which I wrote it, was in a very perturbed state; and I do not much wonder that my brother should not wish, as indeed I do not wish myself, that it should come before the public eye in its present form. I wish you had not showed it him. I know my family better than you. I cannot, indeed, bring myself to doubt my brother's honour; but when you gave it him upon the two conditions, that he only should peruse it, and that he should return it as soon as read, why did he say you should have it in four days? why specify four days? and having specified four days, why keep it for a fortnight? Mr Sevright is in London.

"But why do I put these questions to you? Can you answer them any more than myself?

"Abhorrence! Do you abhor me, Godwin? I cannot recollect all that I wrote, but this I remember, that your sensations upon having read it seemed to me to be not those of abhorrence. My brother is a good young man, as men go; I do not doubt his honour, but I doubt very much if his sense of right and wrong is either more just or more acute than yours. . . .

"Man, as you justly observe, is the creature of success. If I finish my undertaking successfully, I shall ever acknowledge that the concern you had in it, though accidental, was far from trivial. I formed the design before I knew or had any hopes of knowing you; without you I would certainly have attempted it, but without the assistance which I have derived by your means, I should as certainly have sunk under the execution. When I consider the history of my own mind, I may almost say that to travel was my destiny. I was driven to it by an irresistible impulse; by an inextinguishable thirst of knowledge, which is probably inherent in every youthful uncorrupted mind. The dangers, and even the hardships which I have already overcome, although great, are not superior to those which, by all accounts, I shall still have to encounter. I may be cut off: such an event may well happen: but I see no reason that you should therefore have a portion of remorse, as if you had been my murderer. You know better than any others the motives by which you have been influenced in giving me the encouragement and assistance you have done; and the

consciousness of these, if good—why that if?—ought to inspire fortitude sufficient to suppress—I will not say regret, for that, if I may judge from my own feelings, it would be difficult to withhold from the memory of a friend—but certainly remorse. The risk I run is great. If I perish, I don't know whether it were not better that my name and my actions should alike be buried in oblivion; since I am convinced that nothing that shall be found in my papers will do justice either to me, or the undertaking, or to the advantages to accrue from it, if completed. . . . J. A."

The Same to the Same.

[PRESBURG], "*Sunday*, 18 *May* 1800.

"DEAR SIR,—I write from Presburg. I have sent my manuscripts, &c., to the care of my sister, and have told her to deliver them unopened to you. . . .

"Upon recollection, I am much pleased with your last letter in which you say you feel yourself identified in some measure with me. Our acquaintance was but short, yet I feel as if our souls were nearly allied. But our situations are very different. You live in retirement. Although in the neighbourhood of a great city, you may be said to be widely removed from the influence of those violent passions which agitate in so extraordinary a degree the present generation. But I am tossed to and fro in a tempestuous world. I have hourly to encounter the passions and prejudices of men, and to suppress my own passions, naturally strong, on occasions eminently calculated to rouse them to the utmost. Wherever I have turned my steps I have met with obstacles; in almost every man I have found an opposer; disease, poverty, and persecution have united to afflict me. If, in such circumstances as these, you have supposed that I was at all times to preserve the same collected coolness which I might be able to do in maturer age, and in the quiet of retirement, you have expected from me what is probably more than will ever be performed by man. It is perhaps enough that I can recover myself, and collect my powers for new efforts; and that I never lose sight of the main object, but continue to pursue it with steadiness while it is possible to be pursued. . . .

"I am going to Pesth, Fünfkirchen, Semlin, Temeswar, Hermanstadt. I shall thence turn towards the north. I will visit Deehczin, Cashan, and Eperin, and cross the Carpathians into Poland. I have gotten an invitation from a Polish prince to visit him at his country seat, from whence, by the way of Cracow, we are to return together to Vienna.

"I shall write again from Pesth. JOHN ARNOT."

Two more letters, in October and November, containing Arnot's thanks for £20 which Godwin had sent him from a "Mr Boswille or Borville," who heard from Godwin of, and pitied his sad condition, speak, but very cursorily, of a lady of whom he thinks more than of his travels, and announce his intention of returning to England.

And in a third and final letter there are these lines of interest.

J. Arnot to William Godwin.

"VIENNA, 26 *Decr.* 1800.

. . . "The enemy are within a few posts of this city. In the midst of winter, all strangers are ordered to depart. That need not hinder you to write if you intend to write.

"JOHN ARNOT."

It has seemed inexpedient to interrupt either series of the foregoing letters, to give those of Mrs Godwin which follow. They, however, and one from Mrs Robinson, fitly find place here, before those of Charles Lamb, so closely mixed up with the story of Godwin's tragedy, "Antonio," with which his brain had travailed during all the months of the spring and summer, which was produced, and failed at once with the failing year.

Mrs Godwin Sen. to William Godwin.

"*Feb.* 6, 1800.

"DEAR W^M.,—I shoud be glad to hear a good account of Joseph. I doubt much his amendment it is not the first time he has overcome you with fine words. He seems according to what I can learn to be poorer for y^e £44 I have given him than he was before he had it, he now can't neither board nor cloth Harriot. I hear she is gone to service somewhere in the country. Well, she had better begin low than be puff^d up with pride now and afterwards become low, for she had certainly no good exampels at home. I heard once she was in expectation of being sent to her Aunt Barker's, but what barbarity is it not to let her have shoes to her feet when she came to your sister's. I am glad she did not go where her education woud have been as bad as at home. London is the place where girls go too for Servises to get better wages than they can in the country, but I know the reason is he is given up to pride and sensuality and well know where y^t will lead him to and all that tread in the same steps. I hoped, tho' it was not likely, to have done him good and your Sister too but I find I am misstaken. We in the country deny ourselves because of ye dearness of provisions, make meal dumplings, meal crusts to pies mix'd with boil'd rice and a very little butter in them, our bread meal and rice which we have bou^t at twopence per pound, and very good it is, pancakes wth boil'd rice in water till tender and very little milk or egg with flower. we have had a very favourable winter hitherto, only one sharp frost one fortnight. Did you pay Mary Bailey £5 or not, has her father done anything for them, how do they go on, what is their direction? Is J. Jex steady and give content in his sittuation. I wish him to learn his business stay his time I hope he is bound till 21 years of age I hope y^r brother John will take a prudent care. I cannot promise for Natty he wishes to be in business for himself and to marry. He has made one attempt but she was pre-ingaged and I don't know another in the world I should like so well, so most likely he must remain a servant all his days. Providence ought

to be submited to, 'tis but a little while we have to live here in comparison of Eternity and wedlock is attended with many cares and fears. I am not well very few days together tho' I keep about. My great complaint is a bad dejestion. I desire to resign myself to ye almighty will in every thing but life to me is now a burthen rather than a pleasure. I wish you the truest happiness I don't mean what ye world calls happiness for that's of short duration, but a prospect of that happiness that will never fade away—from your affectionate mother A. GODWIN.

"I have not written to y^r^ sister now because I have written not long since and she seems to be in her old strain, the same note and I am afraid ever will be remember me to her and John Mrs Cooper and Wilcox."

The Same to the Same.

"*March* 28, 1800.

"DEAR W^M^.—I have but just time to write three or four lines on a parcel to Mary Bailey. I hope you will write very soon. I wish to hear how you and Your dear children do and poor John Han^h^ Jax Godwin Mary Bailey goes on and poor Harriot. and if Mary Bailey have had the £5 I intended for her. Likewise if you rec^d^ Turkey and Saccages sent in a basket to Han^h^ about 2 of January. I understand Jo accepts an invitation from Hull of coming to Dalling the latter end of May or beginning of June. In his letter never mentioned wife or child. How shall I meet such a disgraceful wretch as He my god Sustain me if this be marrying may the others for ever keep single but what is men when left to their own unruly passions.

> 'The highest Heaven of their Persuit
> Is to live equal to the Brute
> Hapy if they could die as well
> Without a Judge, without a Hell.'

"Your affec^ate^ Mother, A. G."

"I am as well as I can expect to be and the rest of the family who with Nath desire respects to you and yours."

The friendship which existed between Godwin and Mrs Robinson has been already noticed. The only letters which passed between them now remaining are a few from the lady, belonging to the year on which we are now engaged. They show a clever woman, unregulated and undisciplined, whose hold over Godwin was maintained, after the glamour of her exceeding beauty had ceased to charm, by unbounded flattery, to which he was only too accessible. And he had a sincere pity for her sorrows. She was at this time a martyr to rheumatism, and in great poverty, owing to the irregular payment of the annuity from the Prince of Wales. The present generation has nearly learned to estimate that person at his true value, yet an extract from the letters of his former mistress may help to show what were some of the qualities which went to "mould a George."

The writer at the date of her letter was under arrest for debt.

Mrs Robinson to Godwin.

"*Friday*, 30*th May* 1800.

". . . .—The fact is simply this, were I to resist the action as a *married woman*, I might set it aside, and recover damages from my persecutor, because the arrest is for necessaries, and my husband is therefore by law obliged to pay the debt, there being no kind of legal separation between us. But then, I should involve that husband, and act, as I should feel, dishonestly towards my creditors. I therefore submit patiently. I have had various proposals from many friends to settle the business, but I am too proud to borrow, while the arrears *now due* on my annuity from the Prince of Wales would doubly pay the sum for which I am arrested. I have written to the Prince, and his answer is that there is no money at Carlton House—that he is very sorry for my situation, but that his own is equally distressing!! You will smile at such

paltry excuses, *as I do.* But I am determined to persist in my demand, half a year's annuity being really due, which is two hundred and fifty pounds, and I am in custody for sixty-three pounds *only!* So circumstanced I will neither borrow, beg, nor steal. I owe very little in the world, and still less *to* the world,—and it is unimportant to me where I pass my days, if I possess the esteem and friendship of its best ornaments, among which I consider *you*,—Most sincerely, I am, dear sir, your obliged and humble servant, M. ROBINSON."

Mrs Robinson died on Dec. 26th, at her residence at Englefield Green, and on the last day of the year 1800. Godwin attended her funeral at Old Windsor.

CHAPTER III.

TRAGEDY OF ANTONIO. 1800.

THE letters from Charles Lamb which belong to this year are, as well as the criticism which follows the earliest which are found among the Godwin papers. The acquaintance between them had been one of some standing, which had now ripened into great intimacy. "Cooper," named in this and some other letters, is not our friend "Tom," who was still in America, but Godwin's maid-servant.

The object of the meeting on the Sunday evening of which the letter speaks was to re-read the play of "Antonio" before its representation, and may therefore fitly introduce the whole subject of that drama.

C. Lamb to William Godwin.

[*Dec.* 4.]

"DEAR SIR,—I send this speedily after the heels of Cooper (O! the dainty expression) to say that Mary is obliged to stay at home on Sunday to receive a female friend, from whom I am equally glad to escape. So that we shall be by ourselves. I write, because it may make *some* difference in your marketting, &c.

"C. L."

" *Thursday morning.*

" I am sorry to put you to the expense of twopence postage. But I calculate thus: if Mary comes she will

eat Beef 2 plates,	. .	4d.
Batter Pudding 1 do.	. .	2d.
Beer, a pint,	. . . .	2d.
Wine, 3 glasses,	. . .	11d. I drink no wine !
Chesnuts, after dinner,	.	2d.
Tea and supper at moderate calculation,		9d.
		2s. 6d.
From which deduct		2d. postage
		2s. 4d.

You are a clear gainer by her not coming.

The chief literary work of the year 1800 was the "Tragedy of Antonio," and so little do authors know their own powers, that to the latest day of his life Godwin considered it his best work. To us, looking at it with calmer minds, it seems an extremely poor production.

The plot is of the simplest. Helena was betrothed, with her father's consent, to her brother Antonio's friend, Roderigo. While Antonio and Roderigo were at the wars, Helena fell in love with, and married, Don Gusman. She was the king's ward, who set aside the pre-contract. Antonio, returning, leaves his friend behind; he has had great sorrows, but all will be well when he comes to claim his bride. When Antonio finds his sister is married, the rage he exhibits is ferocious. He carries his sister off from her husband's house, and demands that the king shall annul the marriage with Gusman. There is then talk of Helena's entrance into a convent. At last the king, losing patience, gives judgment, as he had done before,

that the pre-contract with Roderigo was invalid, and the marriage to Gusman valid. Whereupon Antonio bursts through the guards, and kills his sister.

It will be seen that here is no human interest. We cannot at all sympathize with Antonio, or with the neglected lover, for whom we have only Antonio's word that he was an excellent man; and since there is no poetry whatever in the blank verse, the effect of the whole is dull beyond measure or belief.

Yet Godwin had taken more pains with this drama than with perhaps any other work which had ever proceeded from his pen. The diary records constant and laborious work on it, continual revisions and polishings. Poetry, it will be remembered, had been the delight of his early years, and with that blindness to the true nature of his powers, which is the characteristic of many another writer, he considered poetry the pursuit in which his maturer manhood was destined to excel. Such was not altogether the opinion of his friends. Lamb sent him an elaborate criticism, which should have made him suspect that all was not as it should be in his great work, and Colman's rejection of it should have satisfied him that it was not a play which would be acceptable to the public. But Lamb was so genuinely kind, and even affectionate in his criticism, so anxious to see all the beauty that he could, that Godwin did not perceive the real disapproval of which Lamb himself was scarce aware.

So much of this critique as is not simply verbal may here be given :—

Minute sent by C. Lamb to William Godwin.

"*Queries.* Whether the best conclusion would not be a solemn judicial pleading, appointed by the king, before himself in person

of Antonio as proxy for Roderigo, and Guzman for himself—the forms and ordering of it to be highly solemn and grand. For this purpose, (allowing it,) the king must be reserved, and not have committed his royal dignity by descending to previous conference with Antonio, but must refer from the beginning to this settlement. He must sit in dignity as a high royal arbiter. Whether this would admit of spiritual interpositions, cardinals, &c.—appeals to the Pope, and haughty rejection of his interposition by Antonio—(this merely by the way).

"The pleadings must be conducted by short speeches—replies, taunts, and bitter recriminations by Antonio, in his rough style. In the midst of the undecided cause, may not a messenger break up the proceedings by an account of Roderigo's death (no improbable or far-fetch'd event), and the whole conclude with an affecting and awful invocation of Antonio upon Roderigo's spirit, now no longer dependent upon earthly tribunals or a froward woman's will, &c., &c.

"'Almanza's daughter is now free,' &c.

"This might be made *very affecting.* Better nothing follow after; if anything, she must step forward and resolve to take the veil. In this case, the whole story of the former nunnery *must* be omitted. But, I think, better leave the final conclusion to the imagination of the spectator. Probably the violence of confining her in a convent is not necessary; Antonio's own castle would be sufficient.

"To relieve the former part of the Play, could not some sensible images, some work for the Eye, be introduced? A gallery of Pictures, Almanza's ancestors, to which Antonio might affectingly point his sister, one by one, with anecdote, &c.

"At all events, with the present want of action, the Play must not extend above four Acts, unless it is quite new modell'd. The proposed alterations might all be effected in a few weeks.

"Solemn judicial pleadings always go off well, as in Henry the 8th, Merchant of Venice, and perhaps Othello."

Of other friends Holcroft was, as has been seen, in Germany.

Marshal regarded the productions of which he had witnessed the begetting and watched the gestation with a feeling amounting to veneration. Godwin had, moreover, made up his mind that the play, if damned at all—a possibility he could hardly contemplate—would be so only because the public knew that he was the author, and would be venting their scorn on him through his play. Hence the authorship was to be kept profoundly secret, and in all those who were in the secret, there grew up a certain feeling as of conspirators bound to carry through their undertaking, which by that very fact appeared nobler in their esteem.

Though constantly afterwards retouched, the play was yet sufficiently finished in June to be submitted to Colman, then Manager of the Haymarket, not as Godwin's own, but as a composition of which he approved, and which he highly recommended. Colman replied that—

"On perusal of the MS. which you have done me the favour to send for my inspection, I do not think its representation would serve the interests of my Theatre. I return it, therefore, with this letter, and with many thanks for the offer.—I am, Sir, your obedient very humble servant, G. COLMAN."

It is not unlikely that the refusal was peculiarly mortifying from Colman, who had given evidence already that he recognized a certain dramatic, if not poetical, power in his correspondent; Colman's play of "The Iron Chest" being adapted from the novel of "Caleb Williams."

The play was again carefully revised, and was submitted to Curran and Sheridan, the latter of whom—whose taste may well be thought less unquestionable in tragedy than in comedy—mentioned it to Kemble, on whom, at his request, Godwin called with a portion of the MS, urging that the earlier acts should at once be put in rehearsal, and pro-

mising to send the rest—still in want of revision—within a month. To this somewhat strange demand Kemble at first consented, and promised suggestions, but soon after wrote as follows:—

J. P. Kemble to William Godwin.

"T[HEATRE] R[OYAL], D[RURY] L[ANE], *Sept.* 24, 1800.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Any hints that my professional experience enables me to offer, you shall command. I find, however, that, till I see the Catastrophe, I can be of no service. I overrated my sagacity.—Yours, J. P. KEMBLE."

When the play was completed and in Kemble's hands, he did not think it would succeed, but Godwin claimed a promise made to him by Sheridan that it should be represented, and that he was himself "prepared cheerfully to encounter any theatrical gauntlet which the rules of your play-house may be thought to prescribe."

The Same to the Same.

[DRURY LANE, *Oct.* 30, 1800.]

"MY DEAR SIR,—I shall give your Play to the Copyist this very day; and I believe that is the only answer that can be made to so plain a statement as you have just sent me.—Yours truely,

"J. P. KEMBLE."

Godwin, however, again reclaimed the MS. for further revision.

The Same to the Same.

"No. 89 GREAT RUSSEL STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, *Nov.* 3, 1800.

"MY DEAR SIR,—All I can say in answer to your letter of yesterday is, that you asked me my sincere opinion of your Tragedy,

and I sincerely told you that I thought it would not succeed. I am of that opinion still. I wish I had known that you were from the Beginning decided to have it acted, because I would have spared myself the ungracious task of giving any Opinion at all. As Matters stand, I have only to beg that you will let me have the Manuscript, at least two or three acts of it, by the end of this week, otherwise I will not answer that the engagements the theatre is under may not oblige me to defer your Play till next year, which I should be very sorry for, believe me.

"I mention this circumstance of Despatch again and again to you, because you seem to think that your Piece cannot be acted as long as any other new Play is in preparation. This is a Mistake. Your Tragedy will be the next novelty in representation, as it is the next in Promise. There is another Mistake of no great moment, indeed, yet it is one. I never ventured to say that Antonio would be acted only one Night—very possibly it may be acted five or six or seven nights, but that kind of success would at once be a great loss to the theatre, and I daresay a great disappointment to your expectations. In all events, you may rely on my doing everything a Manager can do towards the Furthering of your Success.—I am, my dear Sir, truely yours, J. P. KEMBLE."

The Same to the Same.

"T. R., D. L., *Nov.* 11, 1800.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Depend on my observing all your Instructions. I don't know how to advise you respecting the Papers. I have no confidential Intercourse there. Perhaps the best way will be to trust entirely to another Person's being ostensibly the Authour. Nobody will suspect otherwise unless Doubts are excited by over caution.—Yours truely, J. P. KEMBLE."

The Same to the Same.

"No. 89 GREAT RUSSEL STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE,
Nov. 15, 1800.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I shall be glad to see you about four o'clock to-day, if not inconvenient to you, to settle all the Parts in Antonio

for the Reading on Monday. I wish you success with all my heart, and I will undertake Antonio. I fear the event, but you shall not want the Assistance you are so good as to say I might render you. —Yours truely, J. P. KEMBLE."

The Same to the Same.

"No. 89 GREAT RUSSEL STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE,
"*Thursday, November 27th,* 1800.

"MY DEAR SIR,—An accident I met with on the stage on Monday evening, and which has confined me to my bed till this Morning, must be my Apology for not answering your note sooner. You may rely on my taking care that the Parts shall be faithful to your Copy; and the Copy shall be returned to you as soon as a Transcript can be made for the Prompter. I really don't know how to set about such an affair as sending word to any newspaper that Mr Tobin is the Authour of Antonio while I know the contrary, but it will glide into a Paragraph, of course, as other undesigned mistakes do, after he has been seen at a Rehearsal or two, that you may be sure of. I will only add, that if I don't answer every line you send me, it is because I think it unnecessary to assure you, over and over again, that I shall punctually observe all your wishes.—I am, my dear sir, yours,

"J. P. KEMBLE."

Some unfinished drafts of letters from Godwin to Kemble remain, which it is not always easy to date, but it would seem that quite late in the correspondence, apparently towards the end of November, Kemble again expressed his dislike to undertake the character of Antonio, which had been from the first almost forced upon him by the author's importunity. He placed his objection on the somewhat strange ground of the villainy of the character he had to represent, as though he had played none but model heroes, but his object was no doubt to save the author and himself also the humiliation of failure, by inducing him to

withdraw the play. The following extracts from a draft of one of Godwin's voluminous letters, in so great contrast to Kemble's notes, are curious as showing Godwin's own estimate of his tragedy, of Kemble's acting, and of some favourite plays.

William Godwin to J. P. Kemble.

". . . .—And now, sir, for the essential point, the character of Antonio. Your objection turns upon this assertion that *his* conduct admits of no justification, and that the audience will not feel with him. Surely this objection requires to be reconsidered. Instantly on your mentioning it, it occurred to me that there was a host of the most popular tragedies to which that objection would completely lie. The one I immediately recollected was the Grecian Daughter, and you willingly admitted that the ferocious and inhuman character of the tyrant, who produces all the distress, did not prevent the piece from being on the whole a very interesting exhibition. But, who, I beseech you, sir, sympathises with Richard? Who feels for him when he is stabbing King Henry, murdering the young Princes, and poisoning his wife? Who sympathises with Macbeth? I hope no one when he assassinates his benefactor and his guest; I am sure no one, when he murders the infant family of Macduff, 'all the pretty chickens and their dam, at one fell swoop.' Who feels with the delectable Iago? Who feels for the vile and slave-hearted hypocrisy of Zanga? Yet these are among the most inestimable treasures of the British Theatre.

"And now, sir, to conclude this appeal to your candour, and your justice. The decision you have to make in the present instance is not a decision of an every-day magnitude. Upon an occasion like this, to speak of myself ceases to be justly liable to the imputation of egotism. I am neither a young man nor a young author. I am now in the full maturity of my age, and vigour of my mind. Persons of various descriptions have repeatedly solicited me to turn my mind to dramatical composition. It was,

indeed, the first amusement of my thoughts in my school-boy cell.

"But I did not easily yield to their representations. Among various considerations that deterred me, none of the least was the fewness of our London Theatres, and what I esteem to be the consequence, the paucity of good actors, a circumstance that places every dramatic writer, particularly every writer of tragedy, at the foot, and dependent on the fallible judgment of a few persons, probably of a single individual. When I wrote works of a different value from this, I encountered criticism, censure, political and party hostility in their bitterest style. But it was in the power of none of these to stifle me in the bud. In the two novels I have published, it was my fortune at different times, and from different persons, to hear the most unqualified censure, long before it was possible for me to hear the voice of the public. But my temper was not altered, nor my courage subdued. I went on, and you are acquainted with the result. It is not in all the power of individual criticism, censure, or even party hostility (which has nothing to do in the present case) to stop an author in his progress to the public. If he will be content to incur the risque, the literary condemnation, or political prosecution, the press is always accessible to him.

"But so is not the stage. You have in your single breast to decide upon the fate of what Milton calls 'the most consummate act of an author's fidelity and ripeness.'

"You, sir, stand upon the present occasion in the situation of a licencer of the press, and will you not allow me to say that, in a man exercising so awful a responsibility, it is necessary to the most perfect integrity, to add great candour, great forbearance, and a consummate spirit of toleration?

"Tragic writers are not the growth of every summer. It depends upon you, sir, more than upon any man in this country, to decide whether, if talents for that species of writing arise among us, they shall be permitted to be exercised. If Racine had not been allowed to exhibit his 'Thebaide,' he would probably never have produced his 'Iphigenia' and his 'Phœdra.' This is not a

species of manufacture in which the artist can take down different commodities from his shelf, till he has suited the partialities of his customer. For myself, if I have any propensity to this species of composition, I cannot look at the prospect now opened before me without shuddering.

"You anticipate, sir, the application of all this eager, but I hope not ungentlemanlike, expostulation. The truth must be spoken, though with modesty, yet firmness. The play can have no justice done it, unless the character of Antonio be in your hands. By how much the bolder is the pencil with which I have pourtrayed him, by how much the nearer I have suffered his character to border upon what has scarcely a precedent, by so much the more does he require the support of an eminent performer. Conceive what the tragedy of the 'Revenge' would be, with Mr Barrymore in the character of Zanga!

"You have often made sacrifices to the arrangements and conduct of the Theatre. You have often made sacrifices to the claims, perhaps the just claims of authors, living and dead. You will do this again and again. Good God! if you were to personate no characters, but such as were precisely and eminently the favourites of your choice, what havoc would you make in the list of acting plays hung up at your theatre! It is not much that I ask from you. It is little to you, it is everything to me. If I am right in my conception of 'Antonio,' it will add to your reputation. If you are right, the appearing for a single night in a character that does no honour to your abilities will certainly, at the same time, inflict no lasting injury on your professional fame.

"Excuse the earnestness and freedom of this address. My solicitude to secure your performance of my character, is the highest compliment I can pay to your dramatic excellence. The sanguine temper with which I have enforced my appeal, is the strongest proof I can give of the high opinion I entertain of your manliness and candour."

Kemble's objections, though not removed, were over-

ruled, the play was put in rehearsal, and the rehearsals were attended by Godwin's friend, Mr Tobin, in the hope that he might be supposed the author of the piece. The following letter shows that Godwin was not without his grave anxieties, although 'Antonio' was cast as he had desired.

J. P. Kemble to William Godwin.

"No. 89 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE.
"*December 9th*, 1800.

"MY DEAR Sir,—I will not advertize any Play beyond Monday, depend on it, since you wish I should not. As to next week's being *eminently* unfavourable to the Theatre, whoever told you so was eminently ignorant of what he pretended to know. The week in which I acted the 'Haunted Tower,' was said to be eminently unfavourable to the Theatre, so was the week in which I acted the 'Siege of Belgrade,' and the 'School for Scandal,' and 'Pizarro.' The two most successful pieces that ever were acted were both presented to the Public in the End of May, a time of all others the most eminently unfavourable to the Theatre. There is no time unfavourable to a work of real merit, with Judges so good, so unbiassed, and considerately kind, as generally compose the Audiences in London.

"As to Orders, pray use your own Discretion about the number of Friends you wish to send into the Boxes or Gallery for your Support, but into the Pit no Orders are ever admitted from any person whatsoever. I never wrote an Order for the Pit in my life. Having told you this, now let me tell you, that, if you take my Advice, you will not send an Order at all into the theatre on the first night. I am perfectly convinced that I have seen many a piece expire at its first Appearance, that might have lived to a good old age, if it had not been smothered in the Birth by the over-officiousness of injudicious Friends,—Yours truly,

"J. P. KEMBLE."

The epilogue was written by C. Lamb, and is printed among his collected works.

C. Lamb to William Godwin.

"*Wednesday morning* [*Dec.* 11.]

"DEAR SIR,—I expected a good deal of pleasure from your company to-morrow, but I am sorry I must beg of you to excuse me. I have been confined ever since I saw you with one of the severest colds I ever experienced, occasioned by being in the night air on Sunday, and on the following day, very foolishly. I am neither in health nor spirits to meet company. I hope and trust I shall get out on Saturday night. You will add to your many favours, by transmitting to me as early as possible as many tickets as conveniently you can spare,—Yours truly, C. L.

"I have been plotting how to abridge the Epilogue. But I cannot see that any lines can be spared, retaining the connection, except these two, which are better out.

'Why should I instance, &c.,
The sick man's purpose, &c.,'

and then the following line must run thus,

'The truth by an example best is shown.'

Excuse this *important* postscript."

The play was presented on Saturday, December 13th, and damned finally and hopelessly. Godwin's Diary was as usual almost passionless, though the rare underlining represents that he was more moved than was his wont. The entry for the day runs thus:—

"13. Sa. Captain Acts 3, 4, 5: Heptameron, p. 227.
Call on Tobin M[arshall] dines. *Theatre w. M. Antonio.*
Meet Reynolds: sup at Lamb's w. M."

The Cast was as follows:—

"Don Pedro, King of Arragon, . .	Mr Wroughton.
Don Gusman, Duke of Zuniga, . .	Mr Barrymore.
Don Antonio D'Almanza, . . .	Mr Kemble.
Don Henry, his brother, . . .	Mr C. Kemble.
Don Diego de Cardona, . . .	Mr Powell.
Lopez, servant to Gusman, . . .	Mr Maddocks.
Alberto, servant to Antonio, . .	Mr Holland.
Helena, wife to Gusman, and sister to Antonio,	Mrs Siddons.

"A prologue and epilogue were spoken by Mr C. Kemble and Miss Heard—both productions well suited to the piece, too bad to pass without censure except when they pass without observation."—*Morning Post, Dec. 15th*, 1800.

Kemble's final letter on the subject was written next day.

J. P. Kemble to Godwin.

"No. 89 Great Russel Street Bloomsbury Square,
"*December 14th*, 1800.

"My Dear Sir,—I wish with all my heart we had been more successful. I told Mrs Siddons as you desired me, that the Play was your Composition, and will do your present Commission to her. I do assure you I thought nothing of any Trouble I took on your account, for I am very much yours,—J. P. Kemble."

At supper at Lamb's after the Play, it was decided to publish immediately, and Lamb took the MS. home for revision. The verbal criticism which accompanied the following letter has now no interest, unless it be these few lines—

"'Enviable' is a very bad word. I allude to 'Enviable right to bless us.' For instance, Burns, comparing the ills of manhood with the state of infancy, says, 'Oh! enviable early days;' here 'tis good, because the passion lay in comparison. Excuse my insulting your judgment with an illustration. I believe I only wanted

to beg in the name of a favourite Bardie, or at most to confirm my own judgment."

C. Lamb to William Godwin.

"*Late o' Sunday* [*Dec.* 14.]

"DEAR SIR,—I have performed my office in a slovenly way, but judge for me. I sat down at 6 o'clock, and never left reading (and I read out to Mary) your play till 10. In this sitting I noted down lines as they occurred, exactly as you will read my rough paper. Do not be frightened at the bulk of my remarks, for they are almost all upon single lines, which, put together, do not amount to a hundred, and many of them merely verbal. I had but one object in view, abridgement for compression sake. I have used a dogmatical language (which is truly ludicrous when the trivial nature of my remarks is considered), and, remember, my office was to hunt out faults. You may fairly abridge one half of them, as a fair deduction for the infirmities of Error, and a single reading, which leaves only fifty objections, most of them merely against words, on no short play. Remember, you constituted me Executioner, and a hangman has been seldom seen to be ashamed of his profession before Master Sheriff. We'll talk of the Beauties (of which I am more than ever sure) when we meet,—Yours truly, C. L.

"I will barely add, as you are on the very point of printing, that in my opinion neither prologue nor epilogue should accompany the play. It can only serve to remind your readers of its fate. *Both* suppose an audience, and, that jest being gone, must convert into burlesque. Nor would I (but therein custom and decorum must be a law) print the actors' names. Some things must be kept out of sight.

"I have done, and I have but a few square inches of paper to fill up. I am emboldened by a little jorum of punch (vastly good) to say that next to *one man*, I am the most hurt at our ill success. The breast of Hecuba, where she did suckle Hector, looked not to be more lovely than Marshal's forehead when it

spit forth sweat, at Critic-swords contending. I remember two honest lines by Marvel, (whose poems by the way I am just going to possess).

> " ' Where every Mower's wholesome heat
> Smells like an Alexander's sweat.' "

The catastrophe was recorded by C. Lamb many years afterwards, in the *London Magazine* [April 1, 1822] in a paper entitled "The Old Actors." The portion relating to Antonio, deserves quotation here, especially since this part of the paper has rarely been re-printed in Lamb's collected Essays. Godwin did not resent the fun which his friend made of him and of Marshal, for the pages, endorsed with the date in his own hand, were carefully preserved among his papers. Perhaps time had softened the blow, and he could afford to jest at what once he felt so keenly, or, and this is more likely, the ridicule bestowed on Kemble disguised and palliated that which was directed against himself.

"John Kemble had made up his mind early, that all the good tragedies which could be written had been written; and he resented any new attempt. His shelves were full. The old standards were scope enough for his ambition. He ranged in them absolute—and 'fair in Otway, full in Shakspeare shone.' He succeeded to the old lawful thrones, and did not care to adventure bottomry with a Sir Edward Mortimer, or any casual speculator that offered. I remember, too acutely for my peace, the deadly extinguisher which he put upon my friend G.'s 'Antonio.' G., satiate with visions of political justice (possibly not to be realized in our time), or willing to let the sceptical worldlings see, that his anticipations of the future did not preclude a warm sympathy for men as they are and have been—wrote a tragedy. He chose a story, affecting, romantic, Spanish—the plot simple, without being naked—the incidents uncommon, without being overstrained. Antonio, who gives the name to the piece, is a sensitive young

Castilian, who, in a fit of his country honour, immolates his sister——

"But I must not anticipate the catastrophe—the play, reader, is extant in choice English—and you will employ a spare half-crown not injudiciously in the quest of it.

"The conception was bold, and the dénouement—the time and place in which the hero of it existed, considered—not much out of keeping; yet it must be confessed, that it required a delicacy of handling both from the author and the performer, so as not much to shock the prejudices of a modern English audience. G., in my opinion, had done his part.

"John, who was in familiar habits with the philosopher, had undertaken to play Antonio. Great expectations were formed. A philosopher's first play was a new æra. The night arrived. I was favoured with a seat in an advantageous box, between the author and his friend M——. G. sate cheerful and confident. In his friend M.'s looks, who had perused the manuscript, I read some terror. Antonio, in the person of John Philip Kemble, at length appeared, starched out in a ruff which no one could dispute, and in most irreproachable mustachios. John always dressed most provokingly correct on these occasions. The first act swept by, solemn and silent. It went off, as G. assured M., exactly as the opening act of a piece—the protasis—should do. The cue of the spectators was to be mute. The characters were but in their introduction. The passions and the incidents would be developed hereafter. Applause hitherto would be impertinent. Silent attention was the effect all-desirable. Poor M. acquiesced—but in his honest friendly face I could discern a working which told how much more acceptable the plaudit of a single hand (however misplaced) would have been than all this reasoning. The second act (as in duty bound) rose a little in interest; but still John kept his forces under—in policy, as G. would have it—and the audience were most complacently attentive. The protasis, in fact, was scarcely unfolded. The interest would warm in the next act, against which a special incident was provided. M. wiped his cheek, flushed with a friendly perspiration—'tis M.'s way of show-

ing his zeal—'from every pore of him a perfume falls—.' I honour it above Alexander's. He had once or twice during this act joined his palms in a feeble endeavour to elicit a sound—they emitted a solitary noise without an echo—there was no deep to answer to his deep. G. repeatedly begged him to be quiet. The third act at length brought on the scene which was to warm the piece progressively to the final flaming forth of the catastrophe. A philosophic calm settled upon the clear brow of G. as it approached. The lips of M. quivered. A challenge was held forth upon the stage, and there was promise of a fight. The pit roused themselves on this extraordinary occasion, and, as their manner is, seemed disposed to make a ring,—when suddenly Antonio, who was the challenged, turning the tables upon the hot challenger, Don Gusman (who by the way should have had his sister) baulks his humour, and the pit's reasonable expectation at the same time, with some speeches out of the new philosophy against duelling. The audience were here fairly caught—their courage was up, and on the alert—a few blows, *ding dong*, as R——s the dramatist afterwards expressed it to me, might have done the business—when their most exquisite moral sense was suddenly called in to assist in the mortifying negation of their own pleasure. They could not applaud for disappointment; they would not condemn, for morality's sake. The interest stood stone still; and John's manner was not at all calculated to unpetrify it. It was Christmas time, and the atmosphere furnished some pretext for asthmatic affections. One began to cough—his neighbour sympathized with him—till a cough became epidemical. But when, from being half-artificial in the pit, the cough got frightfully naturalized among the fictitious persons of the drama; and Antonio himself (albeit it was not set down in the stage directions) seemed more intent upon relieving his own lungs than the distresses of the author and his friends,—then G. 'first knew fear;' and mildly turning to M., intimated that he had not been aware that Mr K. laboured under a cold; and that the performance might possibly have been postponed with advantage for some nights further—still keeping the same serene countenance, while M. sweat like a bull. It would

be invidious to pursue the fates of this ill-starred evening. In vain did the plot thicken in the scenes that followed, in vain the dialogue wax more passionate and stirring, and the progress of the sentiment point more and more clearly to the arduous development which impended. In vain the action was accelerated, while the acting stood still. From the beginning John had taken his stand; had wound himself up to an even tenor of stately declamation, from which no exigence of dialogue or person could make him swerve for an instant. To dream of his rising with the scene (the common trick of tragedians) was prepostĕrous; for from the onset he had planted himself, as upon a terrace, on an eminence vastly above the audience, and he kept that sublime level to the end. He looked from his throne of elevated sentiment upon the under-world of spectators with a most sovran and becoming contempt. There was excellent pathos delivered out to them: an they would receive it, so; an they would not receive it, so. There was no offence against decorum in all this; nothing to condemn, to damn. Not an irreverent symptom of a sound was to be heard. The procession of verbiage stalked on through four and five acts, no one venturing to predict what would come of it, when towards the winding up of the latter, Antonio, with an irrelevancy that seemed to stagger Helena herself—for she had been coolly arguing the point of honour with him—suddenly whips out a poniard, and stabs his sister to the heart. The effect was, as if a murder had been committed in cold blood. The whole house rose up in clamorous indignation demanding justice. The feeling rose far above hisses. I believe at that instant, if they could have got him, they would have torn the unfortunate author to pieces. Not that the act itself was so exorbitant, or of a complexion different from what they themselves would have applauded upon another occasion in a Brutus or an Appius—but for want of attending to Antonio's *words*, which palpably led to the expectation of no less dire an event, instead of being seduced by his *manner*, which seemed to promise a sleep of a less alarming nature than it was his cue to inflict upon Helena, they found themselves betrayed into an accompliceship of

murder, a perfect misprision of parricide, while they dreamed of nothing less. M., I believe, was the only person who suffered acutely from the failure; for G. thenceforward, with a serenity unattainable but by the true philosophy, abandoning a precarious popularity, retired into his fasthold of speculation,—the drama in which the world was to be his tiring room, and remote posterity his applauding spectators at once, and actors. ELIA."

CHAPTER IV.

SECOND MARRIAGE AND MARRIED LIFE.
1801—1803.

THE failure of Antonio was a very serious matter to Godwin. His pecuniary circumstances had long been increasingly unsatisfactory, and he was of all men least fitted to manage such a household as his own, the expenses of two little girls and their attendants lying quite outside his experience. In play-writing he had found, as he considered, an occupation peculiarly suited to his genius, one, moreover, which could more quickly yield definite results, and bring at once fame and money. The disappointment of his hope brought matters to a crisis, and many letters of this year, not interesting in their details, exhibit him in the position, so sad for any man, saddest of all for a man of great ability and lofty aims, of applying to one friend after another for money aid, of making excuses for non-payment, and neither in applications or refusals, was he, or could he perhaps be quite straightforward. Who ever was or is so under similar circumstances?

The need of writing for bread, though this of course had been one element in all his former work, had grown so imperative that it over-mastered his deeper interest in his occupations, and a tendency becomes manifest in him to sink from author into mere bookmaker. "Political Justice," the novels, and the play had sprung from his conviction and his fancy,—were parts of his very self. The same

cannot be said of many of his later works. They were undertaken as commercial speculations, whereas for prose writers as well as poets, the saying of Goethe's "Minstrel," "Ich singe wie der Vogel singt," is that which should be the inmost thought of their heart, even if they be not like him, independent of the reward.

It must not, however, be considered that all Godwin's work was perfunctory, or his whole life absorbed in sordid money cares; nor would it be advantageous to follow the details of his struggles or of his literary experiments. But it would not be honest to conceal the fact that here were the elements of a deterioration which more or less affected his character through many remaining years of his life.

The care also of the children became an increasing anxiety. The person in whose charge they were was in an ill-defined position, scarcely a companion, yet not quite a servant, sensitive and exacting, but without real authority: willing to accept the attentions of the wayward Arnot, between whom and herself some indefinite engagement seems to have existed, yet so jealous in regard to Godwin as to give rise to the opinion that she was not indisposed to become his wife if he asked her. His sister Hannah seemed willing to further the idea; but Godwin himself, aware of the half-developed intention, had no desire that it should be carried out.

The women whom Godwin had thought it possible he could really love after his wife's death had both rejected his advances, yet his marriage was becoming each day more necessary to the daily life of his household and to his own comfort. In the case of the lady whom he made his wife, no wooing was needed, for all the advances came from her side. This was a Mrs Clairmont, a widow, with a son then at school, and one little daughter somewhat older than

Fanny, who came to occupy the next house to Godwin in the Polygon. She was clever, enthusiastic and handsome, yet not a person in any measure fitted for the task of managing such a household, and supplying the place of a mother to the children—whom she did not like. But she fell in love with Godwin even before she had spoken to him; and as he made no steps towards the cultivation of an acquaintance, Mrs Clairmont herself took the initiative. Godwin sometimes sat in the little balcony at his window; and here, one evening, Mrs Clairmont addressed him from her own—"Is it possible that I behold the immortal Godwin?" To swallow flattery, however coarsely served, was always one of his weaknesses—nor did even this repel him. Under date of May 5th, when hard at work on his Life of Chaucer, the entry is underlined, "*Meet Mrs Clairmont*"—after which her name constantly appears. The acquaintance rapidly developed, intercourse between the houses became very frequent, ending in marriage before the close of the year.

It was not a happy one. Mrs Clairmont was a querulous though always admiring wife, but she was a harsh and unsympathetic stepmother; and Jane Clairmont, her daughter, became the cause in after-years of much sorrow to Godwin's own daughter Mary, afterwards Mrs Shelley. But of this in its own place.

The diaries for this year show no variety in Godwin's regular life. His brothers find record at intervals. They were usually in want of money, and always were relieved from his own slender purse. The Wollstonecrafts renewed with him a somewhat fitful intercourse; the old friends whom he visited, and who visited him, remained almost unchanged; a few more acquaintances disappear, a few new ones are added.

Not all Mrs Godwin senr.'s letters are given. But a large portion is presented because, spite of the aberrations in spelling, in a day when many ladies of her age spelt still worse, the sound common sense displayed is wholly independent of the accuracy of the language. And that Godwin could have such letters written to him places him in an amiable light. He was content to be a child still to his mother, to be lectured at her will.

Mrs Godwin, sen., to William Godwin.

"*Jan.* 1, 1801" [First written 18001.]

"DEAR SON WILLIAM,—I do purpose in a few weeks to send the remaining part of Joe's Share to you, which is about £25 (now Wright's bond is paid), for you to take the managment of it for the benefit of his children, to put out. I think Mary and John have had all that can be expected of it, as I cannot give them anything by will, and whatever he may have promissed to do for them is all a hazard, as he may think he wants it for his own use. I think he can make a good shift without it. Suppose he has wholy cast of Mary, now she has a husband, though an Indolent one. I have not certainly heard William is got into the bluecoat School. Doth he do credit to it by improvment? I will give you notice when I send the money, and hope you will write also. Tell me what Harriot and Pheby are doing, and how John goes on. I hope he will stay his time, and behave so as to be respected by his master, and how your children do. I did not mean the snuff-box for a plaything for Mary. It is of value, but for you to take care of till she knows its value, and is told it was her grandfather's present to her grandmother. I hope for some good account of John, that he has not wasted his little. As to Hannah, she complains much; her expenses must be great, besides her lodgings being unoccupy'd half the year. She tells me Mr Hague, her good friend, is failed again: sure he must have missmanaged very greatly. I shall send you a Turkey this week, hope it

will prove good. What do you think of the war? O what scarcity of bread and all kinds of provision. Malt 44s. per coomb; and the poor, some starving, some stealing, though wages increes'd, and parish allowance. Sin is certainly the cause of calamity. We have every need to look into our own hearts and repent and turn unto the Lord with Supplication and prayer that he would avert his Judgments. I'm not justifieing myself. I am full of sin, and need forgiveness and acceptance through Christ.—
Yr. ever affectionate mother, A. GODWIN.

"Do you think a smal matter would do your sister good? I have sent her about £2, 10s. Do you think that as much more would enable her to go on?

"I hope I can send the £25 I mentioned above without expence by Mr Munton's order to Messrs Wood, Bishopgate St. If you call too soon, it's but little to call again, for letters cost something. But it will be necessary to live a memorandum or acknolegement of it with Mr Wood, with a date on plain paper, no stamp, for Mr Munton's and my sattisfaction. Likewise give me a proper acknowledgement of it by a post letter when you have received it.

"Your brother Hully is going to send you a turkey. I am, through mercy, better.

"I have enclosed the money above mentioned, to save expences and trouble."

The correspondence with Ritson is preserved as a specimen of similar letters which took place in this year with him, and with others, especially Wedgwood, whose patience and purse were alike exhausted in regard to Godwin. It is satisfactory to know that the anger expressed on both sides was often merely *amantium iræ*. Those who know the character of Ritson the Antiquary and Vegetarian will easily understand that his mode of spelling the personal pronoun proceeds from whim, and not from want of education, or from humility.

J. Ritson to William Godwin.

"GRAY'S INN, *Jan.* 16, 1801.

"DEAR GODWIN,—I wish you would make it convenient to return me the thirty pounds i lent you. My circumstances are by no means what they were at the time i advanced it:—nor did i, in fact, imagine you would have detained it for so long. The readyness with which i assisted you may serve as a proof that I should not have had recourse to the present application without a real necessity.—I am very sincerely yours, J. RITSON."

The Same to the Same.

"GRAY'S INN, *March* 7, 1801.

"Though you have not ability to repay the money i lent, you might have integrity enough to return the books you borrowed. I do not wish to bring against you a railing accusation, but am compelled, nevertheless, to feel that you have not acted the part of an honest man, and, consequently, to decline all further communication.

"I never received a copy of your unfortunate tragedy: nor, from the fate it experienced, and the character i have red and heard of it, can i profess myself very anxious for its perusal.

"The offer you make of a security, with interest, seems merely a piece of pleasantry, but, however serious, i have no desire to accept it; for, though you have urged me to it, and my temper is somewhat irritable, i do not mean to persecute you: but shall, nevertheless, reserve to myself the liberty of speaking to your conduct according to its merit.—Yours, J. RITSON."

The Same to the Same.

"GRAY'S INN, *March* 10, 1801.

"A very slight degree of candour and confidence could not have misbecome you, and would have prevented these disagreeable consequences. The business, however, has proceeded so far, and i have already spoken of it with such acrimony, as a person of

conscious integrity cannot be safely expected either to forget or forgive. I could only judge of your sentiments by your actions, and your never having taken the least notice of my little loan in the course of two years, until you had occasion to apply for further assistance, was in itself, in my mind, a very suspicious circumstance. You had no reason to conclude me affluent, though i am willing to put myself to some inconvenience in order to oblige a friend; nor does it seem either prudent or considerate that you should, in such circumstances, put yourself to the expense of a journey to Ireland, when those, perhaps, who had enabled you to perform it were on that very account obliged to stay at home. The style of your former letter also seemed too easy and flippant for the occasion; and, in fact, the irritation of my mind had been provoked or increased about the very same time by a swindling trick of the editor of the *Albion*, who obtained 5 guineas from me on a false pretence and promise of punctual payment, but of which i have been able by threats to extort no more than a couple of pounds, which i presume is the whole i shal ever get. These transactions, hapening together, brooded in my mind, and made me regard every one as a confederated conspirator, being, peradventure, like Iago—

> ——'vicious in my guess,
> As i confess it is my nature's plague
> To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
> Shapes faults that are not.'

I am much obliged by the handsome and friendly manner in which you profess yourself to have regarded me: though i confess i had no idea of standing so fair in your good graces. This is all i can bring myself to say, except that i am

"An admirer of your talents, and
A sincere wel-wisher of your success.
"J. RITSON."

The Same to the Same.

"GRAY'S INN, *Aug.* 25 [1801.]

"I flatter myself the publication of your book will enable you to repay me the ten pounds that remains due, and which I should not have mentioned, if a considerable loss i have lately sustained in the funds (which i was obliged, for the most part, to defray with borrow'd money, and which makes the whole much more than a thousand pounds) had not been peculiarly embarrassing and distressful.—Yours sincerely, J. RITSON.

"*P.S.*—My book is begun; and i am happy to have become acquainted with so affable and intelligent a printer as mister Taylor, whom you doubtless know: we, in conjunction, ejected the dangerous passages to mister Philipses satisfaction."

William Godwin to Joseph Ritson.

[POLYGON, 10*th March* 1801.]?

"DEAR RITSON,—I should be sorry to interrupt your business or occupations one moment unnecessarily by this correspondence. Give me leave, however, to say,

"'I can easily and entirely forgive the acrimony (if that is what you allude to) of your note of the date of Saturday. We have all of us too many frailties not to make it the duty of every man to forgive the precipitation of his neighbour; and the unfortunate state of your health and spirits which often painfully recurs to my mind, gives this duty a double portion of obligation in the present case. I think a person of conscious integrity may be expected more easily to forget a reflection cast on his character than one of a different description.

"But I am still further incited to forgive your misconstruction in this instance, because I am conscious of the blameableness of my conduct. I have, perhaps, a peculiar sentiment in this case: I feel as if it would be a sort of insult to ask the patience of a friend to whom I was in debt, unless I came to him with the

money in my hand; and this in a full and entire sense I was unable to do. But I perceive I owed you an explanation. I might easily have said to you, as I said to myself, 'I believe I shall not spend more in my journey to Ireland (my residence there being entirely without expense) than I shall save in my housekeeping in England during my absence.' The journey had an appearance of extravagance. I might also have told you that my tragedy was accepted by Mr Sheridan as long ago as April 1799, and that the unexpected delays of the theatre were the direct causes of the delays that occurred as to your payment. I never failed before in any literary effort, and I had not the slightest apprehension of the misfortune that awaited me. Let me add that, instigated by Mr Sheridan's approbation, I applied a great [part] of the year 1800 to the rendering my play as perfect as the plan upon which it was constructed and the abilities I possessed would allow.

"Restore me entirely to your good opinion. The letter I have just received from you manifests an inclination to do so. Let the consequences be only temporary and transient, which flowed from a transient misapprehension. I have some idea of engaging in a literary work, the nature of which will render your advice singularly interesting to me. Suffer me, when the time comes, to apply to you for that advice. Your silence in answer to what I have written shall be construed into a sufficient permission."

The literary work in which Ritson's aid would be of use was the "Life of Chaucer," which, with little intermission, occupied Godwin during the whole of this and the next years. The preparation of his "Remarks to Dr Parr's Spital Sermon" can hardly be called an exception, since in this he scarcely did more than re-cast the letters he had already written to the preacher.

Early in September Godwin finished another tragedy, which was to vindicate his fame as a dramatic author, and retrieve his fallen fortunes. Convinced as he was that per-

sonal reasons had in great measure influenced the fate of Antonio, this was to be anonymously presented; for though this had been intended before, the secret had been scarcely kept, and, distrusting the fairness of the professional reader, he applied once more to head quarters. The following correspondence needs no elucidation. Of the first letter two copies are extant, one in Godwin's own writing, the other in that of Mrs Clairmont. She wrote an excellent and legible hand, and as an amanuensis was scarce less useful than Marshal.

William Godwin to Mr Sheridan.

"POLYGON, SOMERS TOWN, *Sept.* 10, 1801.

"DEAR SIR,—I enclose to you the copy of an Historical Tragedy, entitled 'Abbas, King of Persia.' You will immediately perceive the necessity, if you should think it might be of use to your Theatre, and the justice to me on every supposition, which require the not publishing my name.

"I need not tell you, after the approbation you were pleased to express of my last piece when put into your hands, that I suffered a very severe disappointment in the total miscarriage and defeat it sustained. My first impulse, however, upon that event was to sit down and write another, in which I should carefully avoid all the errors, which contributed, with certain external causes, to decide the fate of my piece of last year. The present performance is not so complete as I could wish: it is too long, but such as it is, it will be easy to perceive whether it is radically what it ought to be; and I really want encouragement to make those lesser improvements which, with encouragement, I could effect with great expedition.

"I cheerfully commit the piece to your disposal. What I most earnestly request is, that I may not be exposed to unnecessary delays and uncertainty. After the misfortune I have sustained, I know enough of the generosity of your nature to be confident that you

would, with the utmost promptness, embrace any opportunity of indemnifying and reinstating me.

"I would not have troubled you personally on this occasion, but for the sort of dilemma into which some statements of last year from Mr Kemble have thrown me. He said that he had no concern with the reading and accepting of pieces, but that they were entirely referred to two nameless gentlemen (two men in buckram) who perused and decided. How was I to conduct myself in this case? Were these unknown gentlemen to be the depositaries of the secret I deem it necessary to preserve? I think it too much that my tragedy should come before them absolutely fatherless, as a mere waif or a stray, and to be exposed to the same inattention as, perhaps, five hundred others. I think myself entitled to the casual advantage which may arise from my being the author of one or two well known novels and other pieces, not that I desire by this means in the least to influence their judgment, but to rouse their perspicacity and excite their attention.—I am dear sir, with the highest regard, yours,

"W. GODWIN."

On second thoughts, however, an almost duplicate letter was despatched also to Kemble, leaving it to him to decide on the momentous question whether the author's name should or should not be communicated to the reader.

J. P. Kemble to William Godwin.

"*Sept.* 16, 1801.

"DEAR SIR,—Your directions shall be punctually observed. The Buckram Men shall not know that the Play comes from you, and I will let you know their answer as soon as they give it me, which I will endeavour shall be at furthest within this fortnight.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, J. P. KEMBLE.

"I send this by the post, that nobody may observe any communication between us."

The Play was declined on Sep. 23d, in a civil note signed

"Wm. Powell, Prompter," and addressed merely to "The Author." Godwin sent a note to Kemble, asking if his directions had been observed, whether it would be accepted if curtailed, &c.

The Same to the Same.

"THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, *Sept.* 26, 1801.

"MY DEAR SIR,—When you have made such alterations in your Tragedy as you judge proper, it will give me great pleasure to present it for a Re-perusal. You must have the goodness not to press me further, for this is all I can honestly promise,—I am, my dear sir, your obedient Servant, J. P. KEMBLE."

William Godwin to J. P. Kemble.

"*Sept.* 28, 1801.

"DEAR SIR,—The sole object of the note with which I troubled you on Friday last, was to ascertain whether the piece I had written had received that vigilant and attentive perusal which I conceive to be due to the production of a person already in the possession of some sort of literary character. There are I should suppose from fifty to a hundred manuscripts of all sizes and denominations handed to your theatre every season; a great majority of them the production of sempstresses, hair dressers, and taylors, without a glimmering of sense from one end to the other. It is impossible that these should be bona fide read through by your committee of censors, three or four pages will often be enough in conscience. The drift of my enquiry was, was my piece or was it not put into the heap?

"Your answer, without applying exactly to this point, opens a new question. You hint at alterations to be made by me. Indeed, sir, standing as the affair does, it is impossible that I should make alterations.

"My piece is promising, or it is not. If it is radically bad, can my efforts be worse employed than in attempting alterations? If it is worthy of encouragement your readers are bound by every

sentiment of honour and justice to say, 'In these respects we approve of the piece, in these other respects we lament that the subject has not been otherwise treated.' It would be lunacy to attempt to alter it to please I know not whom, who object to I know not what, but who simply communicate to me their disapproval *in toto*.

"The principal alteration I have myself meditated, consists in elevating the principal character, the exhibiting in every scene in which he appears (which I perceive I have not properly done) sensitive, jealous, the slave of passion, bursting out on the most trifling occasions into uncontrollable fits of violence, at the same time that his intentions are eminently virtuous. But I have no doubt that other alterations might be suggested to me by men of sense and experience, which reflection would lead me to approve and enable me to execute."

Godwin has here touched on a question which must ever be of great importance to all literary men, and on which they are always sufficiently sensitive. His position is, however, as it seems, an essentially false one, built on the fallacy that literary wares offered for sale are to be treated in quite another way to that in which all other wares are treated, and that those who buy ought also to be able to produce. Literary goods are offered for sale, much as in the old days when shops were fewer, and communication difficult, the weaver would bring his web to the houses of his customers. The thrifty housewife oftentimes knew at once, and always after a close examination, whether the stuff would suit her, and often whether it was well or ill made, it was not her business, however, in the latter case to suggest possible improvements, nor was she to be denounced as incompetent if she were thoroughly unable to do so.

Kemble's answer would have been convincing to any other than Godwin.

J. P. Kemble to William Godwin.

"No. 89 GREAT RUSSEL STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE.
"*Sep.* 28, 1801.

"MY DEAR SIR,—If it could be supposed that a Play of your writing resembled the Production of those unfortunate '*Sempstresses, Hairdressers and Taylors*' you condescend to waste your contempt on, I should not wonder if after a reading of '*three or four pages of it*, it had been thrown aside out of despair of finding in it '*a glimmering of Common Sense from one end to the other*,' and I fancy too that under such a Supposition there would be nothing outrageously reprehensible in the matter. If instead of '*fifty or a hundred Manuscripts*' you talked of five or six hundred, you would go nearer the Truth, I assure you, and he must be prodigal of Patience indeed, who would persevere through a toil, when the mere entering on it had at once convinced him that it would be fruitless.

"Your Play, there is no room to doubt, has been read with the attention due to it, and I have all the reason in the world to believe that the answer you have received was dictated by an upright regard to the Interests of the Proprietors of the Theatre and yours.

"You love Frankness:—now give me leave to ask you whether or not it is quite fair to seem to draw me into a difference with you, by telling me that '*I hint at alterations.*' If I do, which is more than I own, you will be so good as to remember that I only take a hint of your own offering. In the Letter, which I had the honour of receiving with your Manuscript, you say, '*The Play is too long, there are parts which ought to be omitted, and Parts which might be improved.*' Shorten it, exchange what you think objectionable, amend what seems to you imperfect, if there are any '*men whose Sense and Experience*' you can rely on, take their opinions. In the very note I have this moment opened from you you allow that your '*principal Character*' is unfinished. When you have completed it, I shall have the Honour of presenting your Piece for a Re-perusal, and be assured that the Theatre will

be as well pleased to receive a good Tragedy, as you to be the Authour of it. I am, very dear Sir, your very obedient Servant,

"J. P. KEMBLE."

Two more letters on Godwin's side remain, and one curt and final on Kemble's, but they only repeat, and in much the same words, the statements of those already presented.

Closely connected with the question of the rejection of Manuscripts is that of how far an Editor or Publisher is justified in altering that which he undertakes to place before the world. It is one which can scarcely be answered categorically, but Godwin's position in the following letter is undoubtedly far stronger than it was in his controversy with Kemble.

It is not clear to what "papers" it refers; there is no entry in the Diary which throws light on it, the MS. is the rough draft unaddressed. But it was evidently written to Phillips—his publisher since Robinson's death, which had taken place on May 6th—and personally has reference to a prospectus circulated in regard to the forthcoming life of Chaucer.

It is here given, not in strict date, as connected with what has gone before.

William Godwin to Mr Phillips.

"1801.

"DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your attention to the paper I sent you, and for the civility of enclosing me one of the printed copies.

"Here, however, my gratitude stops. I never did, and I never will thank any man for altering any one word of my compositions without my privity. I do not admit that there is anything indecorous or unbecoming in the statement which you have omitted. But that is not material. I stand upon the principle, not upon the detail. If the part omitted had been to the last degree solecistical and

absurd, my doctrine is the same. 'No syllable to be altered, without the author's privity and approbation.' It is highly necessary, my dear Sir, that I should be explicit on this point. I am now writing a book, of which you are to be the publisher. It is to be "Godwin's Life of Chaucer," and no other person's. My reputation and my fame are at stake upon it. The moment therefore, I find you alter a word of that book (and you cannot do it without my finding it) that instant the copy stops, and I hold our contract dissolved, though the consequence should be my dying in a jail. I know you have contracted that worst habit of the worst booksellers (the itch of altering) and I give you this fair and timely warning. Yours truly, W. GODWIN.

"In glancing over the Prospectus you have sent me, I find (in the 4th line from the end of the paragraph in the middle of page 2, the word *untried* for *untired*, which makes nonsense."

The following Memorandum is connected with the subject of the above letter, and was also addressed to his Publisher.

"It is my will that in any future Editions of Enquiry concerning Political Justice, my pamphlet in answer to Dr Parr be annexed to the work, in Place immediately following the prefaces to the different Editions, not so much to perpetuate the fugitive and obscure controversies which have been excited on the subject, as because it contains certain essential explanations and elucidations with respect to the work itself. Let the title then stand, "Defence of the Enquiry concerning Political Justice." The index, in consequence of this arrangement, should be removed from the place it at present occupies, and thrown to the end of the work."

The only other matter of literary interest, and that not directly connected with Godwin himself, yet deserves record.

Holcroft had completed a translation of Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea. The price which Messrs Longman

offered, though less than that expected by the sanguine author and his friend, shows the solid fame which Goethe had acquired even at a time when we have been taught to believe that he was scarcely known in England.

William Godwin to Holcroft.

"*March* 6, 1801.

. . . "The purpose of my writing now is simply to inform you of my having put the manuscript of Hermann and Dorothea into the hands of Messrs Longman and Rees, and of their answer. They say they cannot think of giving more than sixty guineas, but it seems to me not impossible that they may be prevailed on to give an hundred."

The following draft of a Letter (in Marshal's hand) has no address, but it is important as indicating Godwin's mind at this period, and it is, in fact, a fragment of autobiography :—

William Godwin to ——

"*Aug.* 29, 1801.

"DEAR SIR,—I thank you most sincerely for the kindness of your letter. Human creatures, living in the circle of their intimates and friends, are too apt to remain in ignorance of the comments and instructions which may be made of what they say and do in the world at large. I entertain a great horror of this ignorance. I do not love to be deceived, and to spend my days in a scene of delusions and chimera. I feel it is an act of unequivocal friendship that you have thus communicated to me a fact in which I must hold myself interested, though you deemed the communication to be ungracious.

"Good God! and so you heard me gravely represented in a large company yesterday as an advocate of infanticide. I have been so much accustomed to be the object of misrepresentation

in all its forms, that I did not think I could be surprised with anything of that sort. The advocates of those abuses and that oppression against which I have declared myself, have chosen it as their favourite revenge to distort every word I have ever written, and every proposition I have ever maintained. But there is a malignity in this accusation which, I confess, exceeds all my former calculations of human perverseness.

"They build the accusation, it seems, upon a few pages in my 'Reply to Dr Parr,' where I am considering the hypothesis of the author of the Essay on Population. They eagerly confound two things so utterly dissimilar as hypothetical reasoning upon a state of society never yet realized, and the sentiments and feelings which I, and every one whom it is possible for me to love or respect, must carry with us into the society and the transactions in which we are personally engaged. Because I have spoken of a certain practice, prevailing in distant ages and countries, which I deprecate, and respecting which I aver my entire persuasion, that in no improved state of society will it ever be necessary to have recourse to it, they represent me as the recommender and admirer of this practice: as a man who is eager to persuade every woman who, under unfortunate and opprobrious circumstances, becomes a mother, to be the murderer of her own child.

"Really, my friend, I am somewhat at a loss whether to laugh at the impudence of this accusation, or to be indignant at the brutal atrocity and the eager sentiment of persecution it argues in the man who uttered it. I see that there is a settled and systematical plan in certain persons to render me an object of horror and aversion to my fellow-men: they think that when they have done this they will have sufficiently overthrown my arguments. Their project excites in me no horror. As the attack is a personal one, it is only by a retrospect to my individual self it can be answered.

"I say then to my own heart, and I will resolve to say to you, that in spite of the machinations of these persons, there will always remain some man in the world who will read my writings, as long as my writings shall be thought worthy of curiosity or dis-

cussion, with sufficient impartiality to discern in them a spirit of humanity in the author. To you, and to every man who knows me, I appeal, without the slightest apprehension, to my present habits. Am I a man likely to be inattentive to the feelings, the pleasures, or the interests of those about me? Do I dwell in that sublime and impassive sphere of philosophy that should teach me to look down with contempt upon the sentiments of man, or the little individual concerns of the meanest creature I behold? To come immediately to the point in question: Am I, or am I not, a lover of children? My own domestic scene is planned and conducted solely with a view to the gratification and improvement of children. Does my character as a Father merit reprehension? Are not my children my favourite companions and most chosen friends?

"This, I think, is all the answer to which such an accusation as the one you mention is entitled. It is too monstrous to suppose that a man of my turn of mind can be the advocate of an unnatural disposition, the inciter and persuader of acts of horrible enormity. I would cherish and encourage in the minds of every father and every mother the sentiment of that relation, as the most sacred band of human society. I would not willingly disturb or diminish, by one single atom, those impulses which so irresistibly and imperiously guide every well constituted mind under the circumstance of this relation. My literary labours for ten years have been solely directed to the melioration of human society, and prompted by an anxiety for human happiness. Let, then, these men go on in their despicable task of misrepresentation and calumny. Let them endeavour to represent me as the advocate of everything cruel, assassinating, and inhuman. You and I, my friend, I firmly persuade myself, shall yet live to see whether their malignant artifice, or the simple and unalterable truth, shall prove triumphant.

But one letter remains addressed to Mrs Clairmont. It had been well for Godwin had he reflected that one who before marriage needed advice to "manage and economize

her temper" might prove somewhat difficult to live with when the tie was binding, and the promise irrevocable. It may be doubted whether after marriage Godwin would have addressed to his wife the exhortations which he ventured to write her from a distance.

The journey to Woodstock was undertaken mainly with a view of seeing a spot with which Chaucer's name was so closely connected. They stayed at the Wheatsheaf Inn for four days, visiting Oxford twice during the time.

William Godwin to Mrs Clairmont.

"*Friday, Oct.* 9, 1801.

"*Chère amie.* I begin my letter now before breakfast, apprehensive that something or other may occur, if it is delayed, to prevent its being written at all. Yesterday I did not feel that I could write, and to-morrow is no post-day. It may possibly happen, but I think it shall not, that I may be obliged to commit my scroll to the post before it is finished. If I do, you will understand my situation, recognise my motive, and excuse it.

"You cannot imagine how dull it is to travel with such a man as Phillips. I thought I understood him before, but, as I am always apprehensive of mistakes, and fearful to be unjust, I suspended my judgment. One day's *tête-a-tête* instructs one, I believe, beyond the possibility of error. Such a snail in his discourse, so pompous, so empty, so fifty other things that are most adverse to my nature, I think I never encountered. My old bookseller Robinson, was a god to him. Though, to confess the truth, I never spent a day alone with Robinson; and if I had, I do not doubt I should have found him equally gross and worldly-minded, but not equally dull.

"A thousand times, as we passed along, I wished myself at home. I cursed my own folly in ever having consented to such a journey. To me, who had just left so different a scene, where we understood each other by looks, where we needed but few words, and words were often volumes, could anything be more humiliat-

ing? A post-chaise had generally been to me, by some accident or other, a scene of festivity, of lightness of heart, and a sensitive tranquillity of temper. I wondered what, in the name of heaven, was come to me. I reached my journey's end fatigued beyond all measure of fatigue.

"Yesterday I suffered the effects of it, and was in a continual fever. Yet yesterday insensibility did me good, and by night I was a great deal better. Yesterday was principally spent in the park and castle of Blenheim. The park is a fine scene by nature, which not all the puppy experiments of that mountebank Brown could entirely spoil. The castle is a magnificent pile of building, and contains many excellent pictures. Everything on a grand and lofty scale, most especially the grandeur of nature, seems to me in proportion to enlarge and elevate my existence. Yet here is even an uncommon mixture of genuine simple greatness with the poor stretchings and strainings of impotent pride, chiefly introduced by the stupid attempts of the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, —a pillar inscribed with the eulogies of her husband's campaign, and crowded with Acts of Parliament in his praise,—and a most amazing funereal monument in the chapel. By the way, I am not sure I should like to have all my dead family repose under the same room with me. But what I principally like in the scene is its antiquity, not that it sheltered the sordid Duke of Marlborough, but that this was the favourite residence of our Henrys and Edwards, that it was crowded with knights in armour and a splendid train of ladies, that it was the seat of honour, and a generous thirst for glory, that all among them was decorous and all was picturesque, and that it is still haunted by the departed ghost of chivalry. My own Chaucer, too, adds glory to the object with the recollection of the simple square house that he inhabited just on the outside of the gate of the park. Poets then were loved by princes: they were so rare, and by their appearance such a novelty in the world, that the greatest and proudest of the species never thought they could pay them sufficient honour and attention.

"My dear love, take care of yourself. Manage and economize your temper. It is at bottom most excellent: do not let it be

soured and spoiled. It is capable of being recovered to its primæval goodness, and even raised to something better. Do not however get rid of all your faults. I love some of them. I love what is human, what gives softness, and an agreeable air of frailty and pliability to the whole. Farewell a thousand times. I shall be at home on Monday evening: are not you sorry? Kiss Fanny and Mary. Help them to remember me, and to love me. Farewell."

The letters which follow, from Mrs Inchbald, from Coleridge, and from C. Lamb, need few remarks. Those of each writer are arranged by themselves in chronological order, since there was no reason to break the sequence by the introduction of others.

Mrs Inchbald certainly excelled most of her sex in the power of saying a disagreeable thing in the most irritating manner.

Mrs Inchbald to William Godwin.

"LEINSTER SQUARE, *5th of Jan.* 1801.

"DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the play of Antonio, as I feel myself flattered by your remembrance of me; and I most sincerely wish you joy of having produced a work which will protect you from being classed with the successful dramatists of the present day, but which will hand you down to posterity among the honoured few who, during the past century, have totally failed in writing for the stage.—Your very humble Servant, E. INCHBALD."

S. T. Coleridge to William Godwin.

"GRETA HALL, KESWICK, *March* 25, 1801.

"DEAR GODWIN,—I fear your tragedy will find me in a very unfit state of mind to sit in judgment on it. I have been, during the last three months, undergoing a process of intellectual exsiccation. In my long illness I had compelled into hours of delight

many a sleepless, painful hour of darkness by chasing down metaphysical game—and since then I have continued the hunt, till I found myself unaware at the root of Pure Mathematics—and up that tall, smooth tree, whose few poor branches are all at its very ummit, am I climbing by pure adhesive strength of arms and thighs, still slipping down, still renewing my ascent. You would not know me! all sounds of similitude keep at such a distance from each other in my mind that I have *forgotten* how to make a rhyme. I look at the mountains (that visible God Almighty that looks in at all my windows), I look at the mountains only for the curves of their outlines; the stars, as I behold them, form themselves into triangles; and my hands are scarred with scratches from a cat, whose back I was rubbing in the dark in order to see whether the sparks in it were refrangible by a prism. The Poet is dead in me. My imagination (or rather the Somewhat that had been imaginative) lies like a cold snuff on the circular rim of a brass candlestick, without even a stink of tallow to remind you that it was once clothed and mitred with flame. That is past by! I was once a volume of gold leaf, rising and riding on every breath of Fancy, but I have beaten myself back into weight and density, and now I sink in quicksilver, yea, remain squat and square on the earth, amid the hurricane that makes oaks and straws join in one dance, fifty yards high in the element.

"However I will do what I can. Taste and feeling have I none, but what I have give I unto thee. But I repeat that I am unfit to decide on any but works of severe logic. I write now to beg, that if you have not sent your tragedy, you may remember to send Antonio with it, which I have not yet seen, and likewise my Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' which Wordsworth wishes to see.

"Have you seen the second volume of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' and the preface prefixed to the first? I should judge of a man's heart and intellect, precisely according to the degree and intensity of the admiration with which he read these poems. Perhaps instead of heart, I should have said Taste, but when I think of the Brother, of Ruth, and of Michael, I recur to the expression, and am enforced to say *heart*. If I die, and the booksellers will give

you anything for my life, be sure to say; 'Wordsworth descended on him like the Γνῶθι σαυτόν from heaven, by showing to him what true poetry was, he made him know that he himself was no Poet."

"In your next letter you will perhaps give me some hints respecting your prose plans. God bless you,—S. T. COLERIDGE.

"I have inoculated my youngest child, Derwent, with the cowpox. He passed through it without any sickness. I myself am the slave of rheumatism—indeed, though in a certain sense I am recovered from my sickness, yet I have by no means recovered it. I congratulate you on the settlement of Davy in London. I hope that his enchanting manners will not draw too many idlers round him, to harass and vex his mornings."

The Same to the Same.

"KESWICK, *July* 8, 1801.

"MY DEAR GODWIN,—I have this evening sent your tragedy (directed to you) to Penrith to go from thence to London by the mail. You will probably receive it on Saturday. . . . It would be needless to recount the pains and evils that prevented me from sending it on the day I meant to do. Your letter of this morning has given me some reason to be glad that I was prevented. My criticisms were written in a style, and with a boyish freedom of censure and ridicule, that would have given you pain and perhaps offence. I will re-write them, abridge, or rather extract from them their absolute meaning, and send them in the way of a letter. In the tragedy I have frequently used the following marks: *, T, I, ‡. Of these, the first calls your attention to my suspicions that your language is false or intolerable English. The second marks the passages which struck me as *flat* or mean. The third is a note of reprobation, levelled at these sentences in which you have adopted that worst sort of vulgar language, common-place *book* language: such as 'Difficulties that mock narration,' 'met my view,' 'bred in the lap of luxury.' The last mark implies bad metre. I was much interested by the last three acts, indeed, I greatly admire

your management of the story. The two first acts, I am convinced, you must entirely re-write. I would indeed open the play with the conspirators in Ispahan, confident of their success. . . . In this way you might with great dramatic animation explain to the audience all you wish, and give likewise palpable motives of despair and revenge to Bulac's after conduct. But this I will write to you—the papers in which I have detailed what I think might be substituted, I really do not dare send.

"You must have been in an odd mood when you could write to a poor fellow with a sick stomach, a giddy head, and swoln and limping limbs, to a man on whom the dews of heaven cannot fall without diseasing him, 'You want, or at least you think you want, neither accommodation nor society as ministerial to your happiness,' and strangely credulous too, when you could gravely repeat that in the island of St Michael's, the chief town of which contains 14,000 inhabitants, no other residence was procurable than 'an unwindowed cavern scooped in the rock.' I must have been an idle fool indeed to have resolved so deeply without having made enquiries how I was to be housed and fed. Accommodations are necessary to my life, and society to my happiness, though I can find that society very interesting and good which you perhaps would find dull and uninstructive. One word more. You say I do not tolerate you in the degree of partiality you feel for Mrs I., and will not allow your admiration of Hume, and the pleasure you derive from Virgil, from Dryden, even in a certain degree from Rowe. Hume and Rowe I for myself hold very cheap, and have never feared to say so, but never had any objection to any one's differing from me. I have received, and I hope still shall, great delight from Virgil, whose versification I admire beyond measure, and very frequently his language. Of Dryden I am, and always have been, a passionate admirer. I have always placed him among our greatest men. You must have misunderstood me, and considered me as detracting when I considered myself only as discriminating. But were my opinions otherwise, I should fear that others would not tolerate *me* in holding opinions different from those of people in general, than feel any difficulty in tolerating

others in their conformity with the general sentiment. Of Mrs I. I once, I believe, wrote a very foolish sentence or two to you. And now for 'my late acquisitions of friends.' Aye, friends! Stoddart indeed, if he were nearer to us, and more among us, I should really number among such. He is a man of uncorrupted integrity, and of very very kind heart; his talents are respectable, and his information such, that while he was with me I derived much instruction from his conversation. Sharpe and Rogers had an introductory note from Mr Wedgwood; as to Mr Rogers, even if I wished it, and were in London the next week, I should never dream that any acquaintance I have with him would entitle me to call on him at his own house. S. T. COLERIDGE."

The Same to the Same.

"GRETA HALL, KESWICK, *Sep.* 22, 1801.

"DEAR GODWIN,—When once a correspondence has intermitted, from whatever cause, it scarcely ever recommences without some impulse *ab extra*. After my last letter, I went rambling after health, or at least, alleviation of sickness. My Azores scheme I was obliged to give up, as well, I am afraid, as that of going abroad at all, from want of money. Latterly I have had additional source of disquietude—so that altogether I have, I confess, felt little inclination to write to you, who have not known me long enough, nor associated enough of that esteem which you entertain for the qualities you attribute to me, with *me myself me*, to be much interested about the carcase Coleridge. So, of Carcase Coleridge no more.

"At Middleham, near Durham, I accidentally met your pamphlet and read it—and only by accident was prevented from immediately writing to you. For I read it with unmingled delight and admiration, with the exception of that one hateful paragraph, for the insertion of which I can account only on a superstitious hypothesis, that, when all the gods and goddesses gave you each a good gift, Nemesis counterbalanced them all with the destiny, that, in whatever you published, there should be some one outrageously *imprudent* suicidal passage. But you have had enough

of this. With the exception of this passage, I never remember to have read a pamphlet with warmer feelings of sympathy and respect. Had I read it *en masse* when I wrote to you, I should certes have made none of the remarks I once made in the first letter on the subject, but as certainly should have done so in my second. On the most deliberate reflection, I *do* think the introduction clumsily worded, and (what is of more importance) I do think your retractations always imprudent, and not always just. But it is painful to me to say this to you. I know not what effect it may have on your mind, for I have found that I cannot judge of other men by myself. I am myself dead indifferent as to *censures* of any kind. Praise even from fools has sometimes given me a momentary pleasure, and what I could not but despise as opinion, I have taken up with some satisfaction as sympathy. But the censure or dislike of my dearest Friend, even of him whom I think the wisest man I know, does not give me the slightest pain. It is ten to one but I agree with him, and if I do, then I am glad. If I differ from him, the pleasure which I feel in developing the sources of our disagreement entirely swallows up all consideration of the disagreement itself. But then I confess that I have written nothing that I value myself *at all*, and that constitutes a prodigious difference between us—and still more than this, that no man's opinion, merely as opinion, operates in any other way than to make me review my own side of the question. All this looks very much like self-panegyric. I cannot help it. It is the truth, and I find it to hold good of no other person; *i.e.* to the extent of the indifference which I feel. And therefore I am without any criterion, by which I can determine what I can say, and how much without wounding or irritating. I will never therefore willingly criticise any manuscript composition, unless the author and I are together, for then I know that, say what I will, he cannot be wounded, because my voice, my looks, my whole manners must convince any good man that all I said was accompanied with sincere good-will and genuine kindness. Besides, I seldom fear to say anything when I can develope my reasons, but this is seldom possible in a letter. It is not improbable, that is, not *very* im-

probable that, if I am absolutely unable to go abroad (and I am now making a last effort by an application to Mr John King respecting his house at S. Lewis, and the means of living there), I may perhaps come up to London and maintain myself as before by writing for the *Morning Post*. Here it will be imprudent for me to stay, from the wet and the cold. My darling Hartley has this evening had an attack of fever, but my medical man thinks it will pass off. I think of your children not unfrequently. God love them. He has been on the Scotch hills with Montagu and his new father, William Lush.—Yours, S. T. COLERIDGE."

The Same to the Same.

"25 BRIDGE STREET, WESTMINSTER, *Nov.* 19, 1801.

"DEAR GODWIN,—I arrived here late on Sunday evening, and how long I shall stay depends much on my health. If I were to judge from my feelings of yesterday and to-day, it will be a very short time indeed, for I am miserably uncomfortable. By your letter to Southey, I understand that you are particularly anxious to see me. To-day I am engaged for two hours in the morning with a person in the city, after which I shall be at Lamb's till past seven at least. I had assuredly planned a walk to Somerstown, but I saw so many people on Monday, and walked to and fro so much, that I have ever since been like a Fish in air, who, as perhaps you know, lies pantingly dying from excess of oxygen. A great change from the society of W. and his sister—for though we were three persons, there was but one God—whereas I have the excited feelings of a polytheist, meeting Lords many and Gods many—some of them very Egyptian physiognomies, dog-faced gentry, crocodiles, ibises, &c., though more odd fish than rare ones. However, as to the business of seeing you, it is possible that you may meet me this evening. If not, and if I am well enough, I will call on you; and if you breakfast at ten, breakfast with you to-morrow morning. It will be hard indeed if I cannot afford a half-crown coach fare to annihilate the sense at least of

the space. I write like a valetudinarian: but I assure you that this morning I feel it still more.—Yours, &c.,

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

Lamb's letters are so like himself that it were sin to omit any of those which follow, though they have lost much of their point, since it is now impossible to discover the work of which Godwin had sent him a plan. It is only mentioned in the diary as "Sketch," and no draft of any work which corresponds to the expressions in the letters is to be found among the papers.

C. Lamb to William Godwin.

"*June* 29, 1801.

"DEAR SIR,—Doctor Christy's Brother and Sister are come to town, and have shown me great civilities. I in return wish to requite them, having, *by God's grace*, principles of generosity *implanted* (as the moralists say) in my nature, which have been duly cultivated and watered by good and religious friends, and a pious education. They have picked up in the northern parts of the island an astonishing admiration of the great author of the New Philosophy in England, and I have ventured to promise their taste an evening's gratification by seeing Mr Godwin *face* to *face!!!!!* Will you do them and me *in* them the pleasure of drinking tea and supping with me at the *old* number 16 on Friday or Saturday next? An early nomination of the day will very much oblige yours sincerely,

CH. LAMB."

The Same to the Same.

Sep. 9, 1801.

"DEAR SIR,—Nothing runs in my head when I think of your story, but that you should make it as like the life of Savage as possible. That is a known and familiar tale, and its effect on the public mind has been very great. Many of the incidents in the true history are readily made dramatical. For instance, Savage

used to walk backwards and forwards o' nights to his mother's window, to catch a glimpse of her, as she passed with a candle. With some such situation the play might happily open. I would plunge my Hero, exactly like Savage, into difficulties and embarrassments, the consequences of an unsettled mind: out of which he may be extricated by the unknown interference of his mother. He should be attended from the beginning by a friend, who should stand in much the same relation towards him as Horatio to Altamont in the play of the Fair Penitent. A character of this sort seems indispensable. This friend might gain interviews with the mother, when the son was refused sight of her. Like Horatio with Calista, he might wring his soul. Like Horatio, he might learn the secret *first.* He might be exactly in the same perplexing situation, when he had learned it, whether to tell it or conceal it from the Ton (I have still Savage in my head) might *kill* a man (as he did) in an affray—he should receive a pardon, as Savage *did*—and the mother might interfere to have him *banished.* This should provoke the Friend to demand an interview with her husband, and disclose the whole secret. The husband, refusing to believe anything to her dishonour, should fight with him. The husband repents before he dies. The mother explains and confesses everything in his presence. The son is admitted to an interview with his now acknowledged mother. Instead of embraces, she resolves to abstract herself from all pleasure, even from his sight, in voluntary penance all her days after. This is crude indeed!! but I am totally unable to suggest a better. I am the worst hand in the world at a plot. But I understand enough of passion to predict that your story, with some of Savage's, which has no repugnance, but a natural alliance with it, cannot fail. The mystery of the suspected relationship—the suspicion, generated from slight and forgotten circumstances, coming at last to act as Instinct, and so to be mistaken for Instinct—the son's unceasing pursuit and throwing of himself in his mother's way, something like Falkland's eternal persecution of Williams—the high and intricate passion in the mother, the being obliged to shun and keep at a distance the thing nearest to her heart—to be cruel, where

her heart yearns to be kind, without a possibility of explanation. You have the power of life and death and the hearts of your auditors in your hands—still Harris will want a skeleton, and he must have it. I can only put in some sorry hints. The discovery to the son's friend may take place not before the 3d act—in some such way as this. The mother may cross the street—he may point her out to some gay companion of his as the Beauty of Leghorn—the pattern for wives, &c. &c. His companion, who is an Englishman, laughs at his mistake, and knows her to have been the famous Nancy Dawson, or any one else, who captivated the English king. Some such way seems dramatic, and speaks to the Eye. The audience will enter into the Friend's surprise, and into the perplexity of his situation. These Ocular Scenes are so many great landmarks, rememberable headlands and lighthouses in the voyage. Macbeth's witch has a good advice to a magic writer, what to do with his spectator.

'*Show* his *eyes*, and grieve his heart.'

The most difficult thing seems to be, What to do with the husband? You will not make him jealous of his own son? that is a stale and an unpleasant trick in Douglas, &c. Can't you keep him out of the way till you want him, as the husband of Isabella is conveniently sent off till his cue comes? There will be story enough without him, and he will only puzzle all. Catastrophes are worst of all. Mine is most stupid. I only propose it to fulfil my engagement, not in hopes to convert you.

"It is always difficult to get rid of a woman at the end of a tragedy. *Men* may fight and die. A woman must either take poison, *which is a nasty trick*, or go mad, which is not fit to be shown, or retire, which is poor, only retiring is most reputable.

"I am sorry I can furnish you no better: but I find it extremely difficult to settle my thoughts upon anything but the scene before me, when I am from home, I am from home so seldom. If any, the least hint crosses me, I will write again, and I very much wish to read your plan, if you could abridge and send it. In this little scrawl you must take the will for the deed, for I most sincerely wish success to your play.—Farewell, C. L."

Fragment of letter from the Same to the Same. [*The second sheet, endorsed by C. Lamb himself on the address as "only double."*]

"MARGATE, *Sept.* 17, 1801.

"I shall be glad to come home and talk these matters with you. I have read your scheme very attentively. That Arabella has been mistress to King Charles, is sufficient to all the purposes of the story. It can only diminish that respect we feel for her to make her turn whore to one of the Lords of his Bedchamber. Her son must not know that she has been a whore: it matters not that she has been whore to a *King:* equally in both cases, it is against decorum and against the delicacy of a son's respect that he should be privy to it. No doubt, many sons might feel a wayward pleasure in the honourable guilt of their mothers, but is it a true feeling? Is it the best sort of feeling? Is it a feeling to be exposed on theatres to mothers and daughters? Your conclusion (or rather Defoe's) comes far short of the tragic ending, which is always expected, and it is not safe to disappoint. A tragic auditory wants *blood.* They care but little about a man and his wife parting. Besides, what will you do with the son, after all his pursuits and adventures? Even quietly leave him to take guinea-and-a-half lodgings with mama in Leghorn! O impotent and pacific measures! . . . I am certain that you must mix up some strong ingredients of distress to give a savour to your pottage. I still think that you may, and must, graft the story of Savage upon Defoe. Your hero must *kill* a *man* or *do some thing.* Can't you bring him to the gallows or some great mischief, out of which she *must* have recourse to an explanation with her husband to save him. Think on this. The husband, for instance, has great friends in Court at Leghorn. The son is condemned to death. She cannot teaze him for a stranger. She must tell the whole truth. Or she *may* teaze him, as for a stranger, till (like Othello in Cassio's case) he begins to suspect her for her importunity. Or, being pardoned, can she not teaze her husband to get him banished? Something of this I suggested before. *Both* is best. The murder and the pardon will make business for the fourth act, and

the banishment and explanation (by means of the *Friend* I want you to draw) the fifth. You must not open any of the truth to Dawley by means of a letter. A letter is a feeble messenger on the stage. Somebody, the son or his friend, must, as a *coup de main*, be exasperated, and obliged to tell the husband. Damn the husband and his 'gentlemanlike qualities.' Keep him out of sight, or he will trouble all. Let him be in England on trade, and come home as Biron does in Isabella, in the fourth act, when he is wanted. I am for introducing situations, sort of counterparts to situations, which have been tried in other plays—*like* but not the *same*. On this principle I recommended a friend like Horatio in the 'Fair Penitent,' and on this principle I recommend a situation like Othello, with relation to Desdemona's intercession for Cassio. By-scenes may likewise receive hints. The son may see his mother at a mask or feast, as Romeo, Juliet. The festivity of the company contrasts with the strong perturbations of the individuals. Dawley may be told his wife's past unchastity at a mask by some witch-character—as Macbeth upon the heath, in dark sentences. This may stir his brain, and be forgot, but come in aid of stronger proof hereafter. From this, what you will perhaps call whimsical way of counterparting, this honest stealing, and original mode of plagiarism, much yet, I think, remains to be sucked. Excuse these abortions. I thought you would want the draught soon again, and I would not send it empty away.—Yours truly, WILLIAM GODWIN!!!

"SOMERS TOWN, *17th Sept.* 1801."

In November of this year Godwin had intended making a trip to Paris. He was, it may be presumed, still considered politically dangerous, for permission was refused, as appears by the following note:—

Mr Flint to William Godwin.

"ALIEN OFFICE, *3d Nov.* 1801.

"Mr Flint presents his compliments to Mr Godwin, and is desired by Lord Pelham to acquaint him that he is extremely sorry he cannot at the present moment grant the passport Mr Godwin requests to enable him to go to Paris."

Towards the end of December Godwin married Mrs Clairmont, at Shoreditch Church, the lady having probably taken lodgings in that parish to enable the marriage to be there solemnized. It was kept a profound secret; no one was told till it was over, and this was probably one reason for the selection of a distant church. Perhaps, however, St Pancras' Church was still too full of memories of Mary Wollstonecraft to make it a suitable spot in which her husband should put another wife in her place.

Of this marriage, as of the former, the faithful Marshal was the only witness besides the parish clerk. An extract from the Diary briefly tells the story.

"1801. Decr. 20.—Su: write to David Webster. Tobin and Fenwick call: M[arshall] and C[lairmon]ts dine: call on Philips adv[enæ], Surrs, and Fenwick.

"21. M. Shoreditch Church, &c., with C[lairmon]t and M[arshall]: dine at Snaresbrook: sleep.

"22. Call at the Red Cow: adv[enæ] farmers, K of Bohemia's table: dine chez moi: Tuthil calls."

The entries for the next few days show that a vast number of letters were despatched and calls made to tell friends of the event, and then are recorded calls on their part to make the acquaintance of Mrs Godwin. Then from these diaries vanishes all record of the romance—if indeed it can be called so. The writer was not quite so much his own master as before. Mrs Godwin was a determined and imperious woman, who ruled her house, who did not like all Godwin's friends, and occasionally adopted devices more ingenious than honest for keeping them at a distance. One such, recorded by Miss Baxter, the daughter of one of Godwin's oldest friends, may fitly be recorded here, though the precise date is unknown. It was not, however, long after the marriage.

Mr Baxter called to see Godwin, and on admittance to the house Mrs Godwin met him with the news that the kettle had fallen from the hob, and scalded Godwin's legs badly, as he sat by his fireside, that in drawing off his stockings much of the skin had come off with them, so that the poor man was in a state of terrible suffering, quite unable to see any one. Next day Mr Baxter and his daughter set out, as was natural, to enquire after their friend, having already told the tale to a circle of sympathising acquaintances. "But wha d'ye think we should meet coming down the street," said Miss Baxter, "on his ain twa legs but Maister Godwin himsel', and it was a' a lee from beginning to end."

In 1803 Mrs Godwin gave birth to a son, William. The event made no difference in Godwin's placid and invariable routine. The Diary thus records it:—

"*March 28th*, M.—Birth of William, 10 minutes before 11 a.m. Call on Lamb; adv. Coleridge, Museum. M[arshal] dines. Call on M., on L. Ht. [Louisa Holcroft] and Nicholson. Condé calls."

Certain entries in the Diary have a pathos from their extreme brevity. Their very baldness shows concentrated feeling in the determination not to show it. They are those of the deaths of friends, which begin to occur frequently. They are in the fewest possible words, as—

"*Feb.* 21, *Su.*—Jewish History. Sup. w. Miss at Fells.
Dr Moore dies."

The first letter of the year which has been preserved is from Mrs Godwin, sen., accepting a visit proposed for the following autumn.

Mrs Godwin, sen., to William Godwin.

"*Ap.* 27, 1803.

"My dear William,—Doubtless I should be glad to see you and your wife, as she is part of yourself, or any of your children, but the distance is so great, and the expence of the journey, that we cannot expect it. The youngest of us cannot assure ourselves of a day, especialy I, that am advanced so far beyond the common age of life. Each of us ought to prepare for the approach of death, as this is the only time we shall ever have. When death comes, it will be two late. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of Salvation. The Lord affect our hearts with solemn truth. May we be washed and made accepted of god through the sacrifice which Christ has wrought out for such guilty depraved siners as we all are.

"I hearwith send a doll for one of your daughters and a testement that was yours for yours. I hope you will promote the knowledge of the undoubted truths in it. Your sister loves you two well to speak slighting of you or yours. I put in a Shirt you can put on and off at pleasure: it is made of old [linen], and will therefore last but a little while. I fear Harriet is thro pride and indulgence going the high way to ruin herself, if not her father two. She had learned a business by which many young people get their living, Mr Sam Lewel's daughter for one. You woud be kind to talk to them and see if you can perswade them to brake of the acquantance and apply to work, till she gets the offer of an honest man to marry. I hope Mary Bailey follows it. I have never heard of her since she was at her father's last Autumn, but think to write to her very soon by post, and send her a guinea by Hannah, as I did this time twelvemonth. I hope she will never leave her husband so long again: it is the way to make a good husband bad. If he is bad, she may thank herself.

"If you do come into Norfolk, perswade yourself to hear the worthy Mr Sykes on Lord's Day. Present my kind respects to your wife, whom I wish to be a helpmeet to you in spiritual things, and instruct your dear children in the same. It's a duty incumbent on parants: we may see every day their proneness to evil and

backwardness to that which is good. You cannot be insencable of that. I cannot write otherwise, so you must not be offended.

"I am as well as most old people, can just creep about the house, had pain about me, and a cold in my head for a fortnight, but am better now. My maid a poor weak constitution, could not go through hard work; the children well, except colds and coughs. It is a very sickly time, very few houses escape the Influensy. Mr Sykes have had it six weeks, is very much Shrunk, but hope he will recover. Wish to hear of you as often as you can, or your wife, if she has more time. You did not say she suckled. That is the likeliest way to its thriving.

"Conclude, your ever affectionate mother, A. GODWIN.

"Your brothers and Mrs G. send their kind respects to you and Mrs Godwin. I wish to know what Joe's son is doing, whether industerous or lazy, and sucking the blood of others. That trick of going to Plays is the ruin of young people."

It is not now possible to find any trace of the work sketched by Coleridge in the following letter, which is certainly not to be identified with any actually published. Were it not that he says he is "ready to go to press," it might be supposed to have had existence only in his teeming brain. Yet a MS. so remarkable and so valuable, if it really existed, can scarcely have been lost or destroyed. Search's "Light of Nature," of which Coleridge speaks as valuable and scarce, was published originally in seven volumes in 1768, and went through several editions. Search was a fictitious name, the author being Abraham Tacher, born 1705, died 1774.

S. T. Coleridge to William Godwin.

"GRETA HALL, KESWICK, *June* 4, 1803.

"MY DEAR GODWIN,—I trust that my dear friend C. Lamb will have informed you how seriously ill I have been. I arrived

at Keswick on Good Friday, caught the influenza, have struggled on in a series of convalescence and relapse, the disease still assuming new shapes and symptoms; and though I am certainly better than at any former period of the disease, and more steadily convalescent, yet it is not mere low spirits that makes me doubt whether I shall ever wholly surmount the effects of it. I owe this explanation to you. I quitted town with strong feelings of affectionate esteem towards you, and a firm resolution to write to you within a short time after my arrival at my home. During my illness, I was exceedingly affected by the thought that month had glided away after month, year after year, and still had found and left me only *preparing* for the experiments which are to ascertain whether the hopes of those who have hoped proudly of me have been auspicious omens, or mere delusions—and the anxiety to realise something and finish something, has, no doubt, in some measure retarded my recovery. I am now, however, ready to go to press with a work which I consider as introductory to a System, though to the public it will appear altogether a thing by itself. I write now to ask your advice respecting the time and manner of its publication, and the choice of a publisher. I entitle it 'Organum verè Organum, or an Instrument of Practical Reasoning in the Business of Real Life; to which will be prefixed, 1, a familiar introduction to the common system of Logic, namely that by Aristotle and the schools; 2, a concise and simple yet full statement of the Aristotelian Logic, with references annexed to the authors, and the name and page of the work, to which each part may be traced, so that it may be seen what is Aristotle's, what Porphyry, what the addition of the Greek commentators, and what of the Schoolmen; 3, of the Platonic Logic; 4, of Aristotle, containing a fair account of the Ὀργανόν, of which Dr Reid, in 'Kaimes' Sketches of Man,' has given a false, and not only erroneous but calumnious statement—as far as the account had not been anticipated in the second part of my work—namely, the concise and simple, yet full, &c., &c.; 5, a philosophical examination of the Truth and of the Value of the Aristotelian System of Logic, including all the after additions to A. C. on the characteristic merits and demerits of Aristotle and Plato as philosophers in

general, and an attempt to explain the vast influence of the former during so many ages; and of the influence of Plato's works on the restoration of the belles lettres, and on the Reformation; 7, Raymond Lully; 8, Peter Ramus; 9, Lord Bacon, or the Verulamian Logic; 10, Examination of the same, and comparison of it with the logic of Plato (in which I attempt to make it probable that, though considered by Bacon himself as the antithesis and antidote of Plato, it is *bonâ fide* the same, and that Plato has been grossly misunderstood); 10, Descartes; 11, Condillac, and a philosophical examination of *his* logic, *i.e.* the logic which he basely purloined from Hartley. Then follows my own 'Organum verè Organum,' which consists of a Σύστημα of all *possible* modes of true, probable, and false reasoning, arranged philosophically, *i.e.* on a strict analysis of those operations and passions of the mind in which they originate, and by which they act, with one or more striking instances annexed to each, from authors of high estimation, and to each instance of false reasoning, the manner in which the sophistry is to be detected, and the words in which it may be exposed. The whole will conclude with considerations of the value of the work and its practical utility in scientific investigations, especially the first part, which contains the strictly demonstrative reasonings, and the analysis of all the acts and passions of the mind which may be employed in the discovery of truth: —in the arts of healing, especially in those parts that contain a catalogue, &c., of probable reasoning. Lastly, in the senate, the pulpit, and our law courts, to whom the whole, but especially the latter, three-fourths of the work,—namely, the probable and the false, will be useful. And, finally, instructions how to form a common-place book by the aid of this Instrument, so as to read with practical advantage, and (supposing average talents) to ensure a facility in proving and in confuting.

"I have thus amply detailed the contents of my work, which has not been the work of one year or two, but the result of many years' meditations, and of very various reading. The size of the work will, printed at 30 lines a page, form one volume octavo, 600 pages to the volume, and I shall be ready with the first half of the work for the printer at a fortnight's notice. Now, my dear friend,

give me your thoughts on the subject. Would you have me offer it to the booksellers, or, by the assistance of my friends, print and publish it on my own account? If the former, would you advise me to sell the copyright at once, or only one or more editions? Can you give me a general notion what terms I have a right to insist on in either case? And lastly, to whom would you advise me to apply? Longman and Rees are very civil, but they are not liberal, and they have no notion of me except as a Poet, nor any *sprinklings* of philosophical knowledge that could in the least enable them to judge of the value or probable success of such a work. Phillips is a pushing man, and a book is sure to have fair play if it is his property, and it could not be other than pleasant to me to have the same publisher with yourself—but—Now, if there be anything of importance that with truth and justice ought to follow that 'but,' you will inform me. It is not my habit to go to work so seriously about matters of pecuniary business, but my ill health makes my health more than ordinarily uncertain, and I have a wife and three little ones. If your judgment led you to advise me to offer it to Phillips, would you take the trouble of talking with him on the subject? and give him your real opinion, whatever it may be, of the work, and of the power of the author?

"When this book is fairly off my hands, I shall, if I live and have sufficient health, set seriously to work in arranging what I have already written, and in pushing forward my studies and my investigations relative to the *omne scibile* of human nature, what we are, and how we become what we are: so as to solve the two grand problems, how, being acted upon, we shall act. But between me and this work there may be Death.

"I hope that your wife and little ones are well. I have had a sick family, at one time every individual, master, mistress, children, and servants were all laid up in bed, and we were waited on by persons hired from the town by the week. But now all are well, I only excepted. If you find my paper smell, or my style savour, of scholastic quiddity, you must attribute it to the infectious quality of the folio on which I am writing, namely, 'Joh. Scotus

Erigena De Divisione Naturæ,' the forerunner by some centuries of the schoolmen.

"I cherish all kind and honourable feelings towards you, and am, dear Godwin, yours most sincerely, S. T. COLERIDGE.

"You know the high character and present scarcity of 'Search's Light of Nature.' 'I have found in this writer,' says Paley in his preface, 'more original thinking and observation upon the several subjects he has taken in hand than in any other, not to say in all others put together. His talent also for illustration is unrivalled. But his thoughts are diffused through a long, various, and irregular work," &c. A friend of mine, every way calculated by his tack and prior studies for such a work, is willing to abridge and systematize that work from eight to two volumes,—in the words of Paley, 'to dispose into method, to collect into heads and articles, and to exhibit in more compact and tangible masses what, in that otherwise excellent performance, is spread over too much surface.' I would prefix to it an Essay, containing the whole substance of the first volume of Hartley, entirely defecated from all the corpuscular hypotheses, with more illustrations. Likewise I will revise every sheet of the abridgement. I should think the character of the work, and the above quotation from so high an authority (with the present public I mean) as Paley, would ensure its success. If you will read, or transcribe and send this to Mr Phillips, or to any other publisher (Longman and Rees excepted), you would greatly oblige me—that is to say, my dear Godwin, you would essentially serve a young man of profound genius and original mind, who wishes to get his *Sabine* subsistence by some employment from the booksellers, while he is employing the remainder of his time in nursing up his genius for the destiny he believes appurtenant to it. Impose any task on me in return. *Qui cito facit, bis facit.*"

The "Chaucer" demanded incessant labour, and it is interesting to find how thoroughly, according to the scholarship and the facilities for work existing at that time, the

work was done. Godwin worked almost daily at the British Museum, and corresponded with the Librarian of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, with the Keeper of the Records in the Exchequer Office, with the Clerk of the Bills, with the Record Office of the Chapter at Westminster, and with the Heralds' College. There are also many letters showing that he had consulted Horne Tooke and others on philological questions; in fact, it is plain that, what had begun as task-work, became a labour of love. Two volumes of the work were published on Oct. 13, the last sheets having been revised on Sep. 23d, the day before he left London for the country.

The price paid by Phillips appears to have been £300, and as much more for two succeeding volumes. This, however, Godwin calls "extremely penurious."

Godwin's health had been very indifferent during the summer. There are frequent notices of fainting fits and vomiting, for which the treatment was of the kind termed "heroic." It was probably from a feeling that he needed more than the annual excursion of less than a week, his usual holiday, as well as the desire to introduce Mrs Godwin to his mother, that they left London in October for a tour of three weeks among his old friends in Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridgeshire. They went to Stowmarket, the first time since he had been there as a minister, spent two days with his mother at Dalling, and he renewed the old intimacy with the Aldersons, Opies, Rigbys, and other families prominent among the Norwich society of those days, who are not even now forgotten.

Godwin returned with Mrs Godwin to London Oct. 11, 1803, and the Diary again becomes a bare record of his reading and of visits paid to and by him. But towards

the end of the month are no less than four notices of dinners to friends, and on each of them are the words, "Curran expected." How the mistake arose cannot now be known, but out of it arose a misunderstanding between Godwin and his wife, which led to the following letter. It may well be supposed that a serious threat of separation did not take place on the first occasion that disagreements had arisen. The time at which Mrs Godwin kept her temper may refer to that of his serious indisposition and frequent fainting-fits in July.

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

"*October* 28, 1803.

"In our conversation this morning you expressed a wish to separate. All I have to say on the subject is, that I have no obstacle to oppose to it, and that if it is to take place I hope it will not be long in hand. It is not my wish; because I know that here you have every ingredient of happiness in your possession, and that in order to be happy, you have nothing to do but to suppress in part the excesses of that baby-sullenness for every trifle, and to be brought out every day (the attribute of the mother of Jane), which I saw you suppress with great ease, and in repeated instances, in the months of July and August last. The separation will be a source of great misery to me; but I can make up my resolution to encounter it, and I cannot but wish that you should have the opportunity of comparing it with the happiness which is completely within your reach, but which you are eager to throw away.

"As to the ground of your resentment, I owe it to myself to re-state it, with all the additions with which you in your remarks have furnished me. Mr Curran promised to dine with me on Tuesday, the 18th inst., and again on Wednesday the 26th. Yesterday he promised to come to me at twelve o'clock and spend the day with me. On each of the two first days I provided a dinner for him and was disappointed. Yesterday you provided a

dinner, contrary to my order to the servant, since his promise, *which I gave you in writing*, showed that if I did not see him by twelve or one (coming from breakfast at Lord Hutchinson's), I had no right to expect him at four. A woman of any humanity would have endeavoured to console me under these repeated disappointments. If we part, you will have the consolation to reflect that we part 'because I did not exact from a friend (who till within these ten days never disappointed me) *something more than a promise* that he would keep his engagements.

"I earnestly wish, however, though I cannot say I hope, that wherever you go, you may find reason to be satisfied with the choice you have made.

"You part from the best of husbands, the most anxious to console you, the best qualified to bear and be patient towards one of the worst of tempers. I have every qualification and every wish to make you happy, but cannot without your own" [incomplete].

Old Mrs Godwin had only seen the better side of her daughter-in-law, who could be, no doubt, as pleasant for a short time as she was clever.

Mrs Godwin, Sen., to William Godwin.

Nov. 15, 1803.

"My Dear William,—Whose Countenance gave me the highest delight to see with your wife, whom I also respect for her many amiable qualities. I wish you had paid so much respect to good Mr Sykes as to have heard him preach one Lord's Day in your good father's Pulpit. Think with yourself, if you were in his place, and your mother's that loves you, and at the same time highly values Mr Sykes, who in many respects is the very Image of your dear father, for friendliness and wish to do everybody good. A man of unblemished carrector and serious godliness. He told me he was ingaged before he received my invitation to spend the afternoon, which I was sorry for, for he is so sensible a man, that you could not but been pleased with his company. It now remains to tell you and Mrs Godwin I have done the best I ever

could about the sheets, and think them a very great pennyworth. I desired Hannah to cut off lines of her letter, and send them to you to inform you how to remit the money—£4, 4s.—for the sheets, and one shilling for the pack-cloth, which makes £4, 5s. Pay it into Barklay's bank, taking his recipt on your letter for Ann Godwin sen.'s account at Guirney's bank, Norwich. They will do it without puting you to the expence of a stamp. Leave room to cut it of, that I may send it.

"Mrs Godwin's kind letter I rec'd; was rejoiced you got safe home, and met your dear children in good helth, and the particulars of your journey. The time we spent together was to me very pleasing, to see you both in such helth and so happy in consulting to make each other so, which is beutiful in a married state, and, as far as I am able to judge, appears husifly which is a high recommendation in a wife: give her the fruit of her hands, and let her own hands praise her. I might go back to the 10th verse. But will conclude with, 'favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the lord, she shall be praised.'

"I wish your brother John had ever so mean a place where he had his board found, if it were Mr Finche's footman's, for he must actualy starve on half a guinea a week. If his master will give him a carrector. I have sent him 7 lb. of butter, but that can't last long, and I am in earnest. If he don't seek a place while he has deasent clothes on his back, nobody will take him in. I cannot, nor I will not, support him. I shall not be ashamed to own him, let him be in ever so low a station, if he have an honest carrector. He is two old to go to sea, but may do for such a place if his pride will let him: its better than a jale, and I can't pretend to keep him out. Now I have another meloncholy story to tell you. Your dear brother Natty, I fear, is declining apace. He is still at Mr Murton's, but I have invited him home to do what I can for him. If my maid cannot nurss him, he must have one. Tell Hannah Mrs Hull's brother Raven seems declining too, may perhaps live the winter out, but has no appitite, nor keep out of bed half the day. You see Deth is taking his

rounds, and the young as well as the old are not sure of a day. The Lord grant that we may finish our warfare so as not to be afraid to die.

"Now I will tell you Mr Sykes's text last Lord's Day,—Isaiah liv., 'O thou afflicted and tossed with tempests, behold I will lay thy stones with fare coulars, and lay thy foundations with sapphires' —one of the finest sermons I ever heard. I wish you to read Henery's exposition on that chapter.

"I am unwell with a cold. I've not been so well since you left us. I believe I did myself no good with such long walks, but have not missed the meeting since. Mr and Mrs G. send their respects to you, and so do their children, and my maid Molly.

"I would advise you to let your children learn to knit little worsted short stockens, just above their shoes, to keep their feet from chilblains this winter. We cannot but be anxious about this war. It was pride that begun it, and will most likely ruin it. Cursed pride, that creeps securely in, and swels a haughty worm. It was the sin that cast the divils out of heaven, and our first parents out of Paradise.—I am, with real affection, your loving mother, ANN GODWIN.

"I have sent your two pocket handkerchifs, a pair course stockens for your brother, the rest for my Grandson John."

The change in temper which has been already noticed led to a distinct breach between Godwin and Holcroft,—the letters in reference to this misunderstanding are not in themselves of any interest—as well as between Godwin and Lamb, and contributed in some degree to the production of an acrimonious letter to Horne Tooke, which is given below. It is true that Godwin was always extremely sensitive to anything which looked like, or could be tortured into looking like, a slight; yet such an outburst is an exaggeration of his usual feeling. In the other cases, Lamb, as will be seen, hints that Mrs Godwin was guilty of at least a

suppressio veri, while Holcroft still more decidedly charges her with being the cause of estrangement.

These quarrels were of course healed; but none the less did they tend towards a more restrained and less affectionate tone between the old friends, though the regard which had been felt could never wholly cease, and Godwin had arrived at a time of life in which a man seldom makes new friends. The few real friendships made at such an age are indeed sometimes as warm as those of youth, but the opportunities are rarer; and a man looks that conjugal passion and filial obedience should each gradually pass, if it be possible, into friendship and equality. But for this to take place, a wife must make her husband's friends her own; and Godwin, more than many men, kept that youth of heart which clave to old friends with enthusiasm, and still attracted the young.

With these few words of explanation, the following letters speak for themselves. If Lamb's review of "Chaucer" was written and published after all, it is not now discoverable.

Charles Lamb to William Godwin.

"*Nov.* 8, 1803.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been sitting down for three or four days successively to the review, which I so much wished to do well, and to your satisfaction. But I can produce nothing but absolute flatness and nonsense. My health and spirits are so bad, and my nerves so irritable, that I am sure, if I persist, I shall teaze myself into a fever. You do not know how sore and weak a brain I have, or you would allow for many things in me which you set down for whims. I solemnly assure you that I never more wished to prove to you the value which I have for you than at this moment; but although in so seemingly trifling a service I cannot get through with it, I pray you to impute it to this one sole

cause, ill health. I hope I am above subterfuge, and that you will do me this justice to think so.

"You will give me great satisfaction by sealing my pardon and oblivion in a line or two, before I come to see you, or I shall be ashamed to come.—Yours, with great truth, C. LAMB."

The Same to the Same.

"*Nov.* 10, 1803.

"DEAR GODWIN,—You never made a more unlucky and perverse mistake than to suppose that the reason of my not writing that cursed thing was to be found in your book. I assure you most sincerely that I have been greatly delighted with Chaucer. I may be wrong, but I think there is one considerable error runs through it, which is a conjecturing spirit, a fondness for filling out the picture by supposing what Chaucer did and how he felt, where the materials are scanty. So far from meaning to withhold from you (out of mistaken tenderness) this opinion of mine, I plainly told Mrs Godwin that I did find *a fault*, which I should reserve naming until I should see you and talk it over. This she may very well remember, and also that I declined naming this fault until she drew it from me by asking me if there was not too much fancy in the work. I then confessed generally what I felt, but refused to go into particulars until I had seen you. I am never very fond of saying things before third persons, because in the relation (such is human nature) something is sure to be dropped. If Mrs Godwin has been the cause of your misconstruction, I am very angry, tell her; yet it is not an anger unto death. I remember also telling Mrs G. (which she may have *dropt*) that I was by turns considerably more delighted than I expected. But I wished to reserve all this until I saw you. I even had conceived an expression to meet you with, which was thanking you for some of the most exquisite pieces of criticism I had ever read in my life. In particular, I should have brought forward that on 'Troilus and Cressida' and Shakespear, which, it is little to say, delighted me, and instructed me (if not absolutely *instructed* me, yet put into

full-grown sense many conceptions which had arisen in me before in my most discriminating moods.) All these things I was preparing to say, and bottling them up till I came, thinking to please my friend and host, the author! when lo! this deadly blight intervened.

"I certainly ought to make great allowances for your misundering me. You, by long habits of composition and a greater command gained over your own powers, cannot conceive of the desultory and uncertain way in which I (an author by fits) sometimes cannot put the thoughts of a common letter into sane prose. Any work which I take upon myself as an engagement will act upon me to torment, *e.g.*, when I have undertaken, as three or four times I have, a school-boy copy of verses for Merchant Taylor's boys, at a guinea a copy, I have fretted over them, in perfect inability to do them, and have made my sister wretched with my wretchedness for a week together. The same, till by habit I have acquired a mechanical command, I have felt in making paragraphs. As to reviewing, in particular, my head is so whimsical a head, that I cannot, after reading another man's book, let it have been never so pleasing, give any account of it in any methodical way. I cannot follow his train. Something like this you must have perceived of me in conversation. Ten thousand times I have confessed to you, talking of my talents, my utter inability to remember in any comprehensive way what I read. I can vehemently applaud, or perversely stickle, at *parts;* but I cannot grasp at a whole. This infirmity (which is nothing to brag of) may be seen in my two little compositions, the tale and my play, in both which no reader, however partial, can find any story. I wrote such stuff about Chaucer, and got into such digressions, quite irreducible into $1\frac{1}{2}$ column of a paper, that I was perfectly ashamed to shew it you. However, it is become a serious matter that I should convince you I neither slunk from the task through a wilful deserting neglect, or through any (most imaginary on your part) distaste of Chaucer; and I will try my hand again, I hope with better luck. My health is bad and my time taken up, but all I can spare between this and Sunday shall be employed

for you, since you desire it: and if I bring you a crude, wretched paper on Sunday, you must burn it, and forgive me; if it proves anything better than I predict, may it be a peace-offering of sweet incense between us. C. LAMB."

J. Horne Tooke to William Godwin.

"WIMBLEDON, *Dec.* 6, 1803.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I this moment received your letter, and return an immediate answer, that you may not have an uneasy feeling one moment by my fault. What happened on Sunday to you may happen, and does happen to every one of my friends and acquaintance every day of my life. Bosville, his three friends, and Mr Wood, came first, spoke to me in my study a very few minutes, and went away, leaving me to shift myself. W. Scott should have walked with them, but I called him back, having particular and important business to converse upon. Whilst we were importantly engaged, you arrived and sent up your name: to avoid interruption, I answered that I would come down speedily. I intended to finish my conversation, to dress myself, and then to ask you upstairs, or myself to go down. I had not finished my business with W. Scott when the others returned; and they had not been in my room many minutes when they mentioned your being in the garden. I immediately begged them to call to you out of the window, at the same time telling them (what was very true) that I had quite forgot that you were there. You have the whole history, and ought to be ashamed of such womanish jealousy. You will consult your own happiness by driving such stuff from your thoughts. I know you do sometimes ask explanations from other persons, supposing that they fail in etiquette towards you: all compliments and explanations of the kind appear to me feeble and ridiculous. Every man can soon find out who is glad to see him or not, without compelling his friends to account for accidents of this kind, which must happen to every mortal.

"Your jealousy, like all other jealousy, is its own punishment. I wish you punished a little for compelling me to write this letter,

which is a great punishment to me; but I do not wish you to be tormented so much as this fractious habit will torment you if you indulge it. And besides, I should be very sorry that you missed any friends or valuable acquaintance by the apprehensions persons might entertain of your taking offence at trifles. You say Mr Ward was a stranger. He is no stranger. He is Bosville's nephew, and a frequent visitor of mine. He did not act like a stranger: he went away in the middle of dinner; but I was not displeased at the liberty, but wish all my friends to accommodate themselves; and if I shall ever suspect (which I am not likely to do) that any of them slight me, I shall never seek an explanation, but leave it to time, and a repetition of slights, to discover it to me.

"Hang you and your weakness, or rather Hang your weakness for making me write this stuff to you, upon such a foolish business. —I am, with great compassion for your nerves, very truly yours,

J. Horne Tooke."

Some curious letters remain for this year which testify to the great attraction Godwin's society still possessed for those much younger than himself. To him, as to their confessor, young men brought their difficulties, intellectual and social, and confided to him their sorrows and their sins, with their aspirations after a higher life. Some of these, which Godwin must have forgotten to destroy, it is only now no violation of confidence in an Editor to read, because the names are so impossible to identify. Nor would it be well to print them, but it is desirable to notice the fact that such outpourings of spirit were made to Godwin, if we would understand what he really was who seemed to some only the unimpassioned philosopher, but who yet was to those who could get beyond his shell the eager, sympathetic man, who had not forgotten the days of his own youth.

CHAPTER V.

FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS. 1802–3.

WE have now entered on a period of which the interest mainly depends on the correspondence which has been preserved. The life which Godwin led was singularly barren of events; his opinions and his habits were stereotyped. It is true that he made new friends, and there are constant indications that many persons, especially young and enthusiastic men, sat at his feet and gained from him kindliest counsel in difficulties mental and other. But he had ceased to throw himself eagerly into the questions of the day, and the stern need of winning his bread forced him more and more to such literary work as would pay. That his views were unchanged, however, is clear from an interesting letter to him from his friend Fell, whom he had reproached for apparent untruth to the principles of the French Revolution. Fell says that he had denounced the excesses of Robespierre and Marat, while admitting the excellence of that for which they had originally contended. Godwin's position seems to have been that the work was so good, and the principles so true, that to remark the crimes, however gross, of individuals, is to seek for specks on the sun. Whatever may be thought of the argument, it is evidence that Godwin in no degree shrunk from the views of his youth, or from carrying them out to what he considered their legitimate conclusion.

He took much trouble during 1802 in endeavouring to gain Charles Clairmont admission into Christ Hospital, which is another evidence of the pressure of money difficulties. He was now in the receipt of a very small income arising from the rents of ten houses in Primrose Street—No. 11 to 21—the property of the Wollstonecraft family, and divided between the survivors, or their legal representatives. All else depended on his own exertions.

The diaries show no change; the same names recur as formerly, the same old friends and some new ones—but with this meaning change that fewer seek him than in earlier years. His visits are made in increasing proportion to them. The old acquaintances did not like Mrs Godwin, and she did not like them; she was a harsh stepmother, whom his children feared. She had strong views, in which many would agree, that each child should be educated to some definite duties, and with a view of filling some useful place in life; but this arrangement soon had at least a show of partiality. It was found that Jane Clairmont's mission in life, according to her mother's view, was to have all the education and even accomplishments which their slender means would admit, and more than they would admit; while household drudgery was from an early age discovered to be the life-work of Fanny and Mary Godwin. That Mary Shelley was afterwards a worthy intellectual companion to Shelley is in no degree due to Mrs Godwin, and little to her father's direct teaching. All the education she had up to the time when she linked her fate with Shelley's was self-gained; the merits of such a work as "Frankenstein" were her own, the faults were those of her home training.

There is indeed one fact recorded in the Diary, in the usual curt way, of which it would be interesting to know further particulars. On March 2d Godwin visited Lord

Lauderdale, and met there, also as a casual caller, the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Lord R. Spencer and R. Adair. Godwin had dined with Horne Tooke the night before, and all the other names which occur in the Diary at and about the same time are those of men of opinions congenial to his own. We should like to know how Godwin made his reverence to the Prince, whose training and character he had held up to such scorn in "Political Justice;" and how the Prince — who could, when he pleased, seem to be a gentleman—treated the philosopher.

Holcroft's letter, which begins the year, may at once be followed by the rest of those which he and Lady Mountcashel wrote to Godwin, that the whole story may be told at once. We are not now personally interested in the misunderstandings between a lady and her governess, but the strong feeling on political questions is too characteristic of the time to be omitted.

The Loir and Marmot mentioned in the letters were for Sir Anthony Carlisle, who was at this time deeply engaged in researches in comparative anatomy.

Thomas Holcroft to William Godwin.

"PARIS, RUE DE LILLE, *Jan.* 1, 1802.

"I cannot write a word of business till I have first spoken of the information in your letter, which excited infinitely the most emotion. You are by this time married. I would say something that should convey my feelings: but what are common-place expressions of wishing you joy, hoping you may be happy, or pretending to moralize on a subject which depends so almost entirely on the feelings of the parties. There is not anything on earth so requisite, as well to the every-day, as to the exquisite, happiness of man, as the love and friendship of woman. I know you deserve

the love and friendship of the whole earth, and I think you better calculated to find it in a married life than perhaps any man with whom I am acquainted. With the same ardent desire to practice and to create virtue, which I attribute to myself, you have more forbearance. I do not know Mrs Godwin, but I have great reliance on your discrimination. As the beginning of future friendship, speak of me, Louisa and Fanny, to her as kindly as your conscience will permit. The time, I hope, will come for us to realize the promises you shall make in our name.

"I have received the bill for £266, 6s. Would you were a man of business as well as a poet. I requested you not to send me the money, but a letter of credit. It might have saved me £8 or £10. I lose now on the whole £16, 8s. 0d. This is a trifle. . . .

"I shall do my utmost to procure books. I begin to have doubts of my securing the work of Madam de Stael. . . . I would by no means libel a nation: but the habits and manners of the people are such, that a promise is frequently here nothing better than warm breath. I have had a quarrel on the subject, still I am not without hopes. When I say a quarrel, you know with what caution and desire of doing right I conduct my quarrels. . . . I think I understand, permit me the expression, the whole history of *Le Voyageur*. You shall have it with the first parcel, but I think, for Madam de Genlis, it is sad trash. This lady lives at Versailles: distance and bad weather prevented a visit; and Lady Mountcashel gave the letter to me, which has been duly sent. Mr Marshal has not answered my question concerning books of science, agriculture, the fine arts, &c.

"You enquired of S. concerning Fanny's marriage. The young man is not what his letters appeared to paint him. I forbear to say more, except *that Fanny behaves like an angel*, I give you this under my own hand, and, as I can well perceive, feels no regret. She is strongly invited to assist Lady Mountcashel in the education of her daughters: and we sincerely wish you were here to help us to consider the question and to decide. Nothing but the utmost independence will be suffered, nor, I believe, will anything else be offered. Lady M. is a woman of uncommon powers of

mind, and with respect to little failings, charity to ourselves will teach us toleration: those I have hitherto discovered certainly are not great. If Tuthil be not in London, I request you will write to him to say how earnestly we desire to show that our feelings and affections are still the same. T. HOLCROFT."

Thomas Holcroft to William Godwin.

"PARIS, *Feb.* 17, 1802.

"The devil of misfortune is everlastingly at my heels. I wrote to you on the 2d, informing you of having sent an opera already performed. This was severe enough, but it was little to the present. Doubtless you have read or heard of a paragraph in the *Times*, Jan. 26th, warning Englishmen in Paris against me as a spy. A few days ago, being at Lord Mountcashel's on one of his public nights, Lady Mountcashel, after great civility, and placing my daughter at the pianoforte to play and sing, with praises, compliments, and every apparent satisfaction, put a letter into my hand at going away, to inform me that Lord Mountcashel, having been so repeatedly warned against me as a democrat tried for high treason, domestic peace required her to part with my daughter. I immediately sent for Fanny home; and these circumstances have been followed by several letters and one conversation. The first I wrote is the enclosed, which it appears to be necessary you should read. You will then send it to its address, that it may immediately be published, unless, which I think impossible, you see it to be unjust. Lady Mountcashel is averse to the publication, for Lord M. (and perhaps even she herself) is averse to see his name joined to mine. She first argued; and since, in order to deter me, has been guilty of unpardonable injustice, that of threatening to publish to the world that my being a democrat was not the only reason, but that she was obliged to part with Fanny because of "an uncultivation of understanding, a want of polish of mind, and (observe the phrase) an entire absence of those numerous little delicacies easier to be imagined than expressed." Lady M. is a woman of great understanding: she never once spoke to Fanny during her residence with dissatisfaction or blame,

but with repeated praise, to herself, to me, and others: she never thought proper to warn her, or give her any serious advice, yet suddenly at this critical moment she makes a charge as unqualified as it is exaggerated. I have written proper answers to her, as I hope, should she publish her letters, mine will also appear, and it will be seen whether the Peeress or the Poet are the most noble. If I do her wrong, it will be unintentional; but her threats have only fortified me in what I think the just resolution to publish the enclosed. I must write to Foulkes to commence an action against the *Times*, if an action will lie, as I have little doubt that it will, though my name is not mentioned.

"During summer the Loir is easily found, but not in winter, when it burrows and hides: various unsuccessful efforts have been made, but I still hope to procure one soon. The vile marmotte has scratched half through, and in part spoiled Fanny's favourite symphonies by Haydn; besides disturbing us at night, and again unbottoming and spoiling chairs. It almost excites the unfeeling wish of seeing it under the knife of Carlisle.

"Have you received the books? Will they answer the purpose? This I ought to know.

"I lost nearly a fortnight on the opera; and before my mind was again thoroughly in train for my *Travels*, this second wretched interruption came. With my young children round me, a mind thus distracted, and spirits thus worn and preyed upon, should you wonder if I felt moments of despair? I am indeed of iron, for they come but seldom. Every blessing on you and Mrs Godwin. Shall we see her? Louisa and Fanny will treat her very kindly. Mr Manning called yesterday, and desired the following message to be sent to you: 'Mr Manning is desired by Mr Cunningham to request Mr Godwin to return the books he has from Caius College Library as soon as possible.'

"Tuthil and Maclean, the only persons consulted, are both of opinion that what I send should be published. I have shewn Tuthil the whole correspondence, and his feelings coincide with mine: he thinks the attack on Fanny a mean artifice, to say the least.

T. HOLCROFT.

"I wish you to recollect that my intercourse with the family of Mountcashel was courted; that I was pressed to suffer Fanny to undertake this charge; that there is nothing in the letter I send for publication that ought to wound the feelings of the family, after I had been so courted and pressed, unless it be the reason given by them for breaking off intercourse; and that it is absolutely necessary I should defend myself, as well against the attempts to exclude me from society, as the wicked charge of being a spy. Your conviction, therefore, must certainly be very strong, if it should induce you to suspend the publication."

Lady Mountcashel to William Godwin.

"PARIS, *February* 21, 1802.

"DEAR SIR,—I am very much concerned at being obliged to trouble you on a subject which has lately occasioned me some uneasiness, and on which I must request your kind assistance. Before I left London, you were so good as to give me letters of introduction to two persons here with whom you thought I should like to be acquainted. In a very few days after my arrival I sent that which was addressed to Mr Holcroft, who immediately called on me, and has been since that time (till within this last fortnight) one of our constant visitors. I met him with prejudices in his favour, the result of his political opinions, his literary pursuits, and your friendship for him. His conversation at first pleased me, as it appeared to be rational and moral, and the great affection which he expressed for his wife and children interested me in regard to both him and them. I am too apt to form favourable opinions precipitately, and it was unfortunately the case in this instance. I thought so well of Mr Holcroft after a fortnight's acquaintance, that I asked his advice respecting a governess for my daughters, thinking it probable that he might know of some English or French woman in Paris who might be qualified for such a situation. He said he knew of but one person whom he could recommend as being perfectly calculated for such a trust; that this person was his daughter, but that he did not believe that it would be possible for her to undertake it. However, he gave me some hopes; in

short, in about a month after Miss Holcroft (whom I had only seen about four times) came here *on trial* (the agreement being that if either party found reason to disapprove of the arrangement, she was immediately to return home) as governess to my daughters, with a salary of £60 a-year.

"She had been represented to me as being extremely well educated and highly accomplished, deficient in nothing except those exterior trifles respecting manner which proceed from knowledge of the world, and an intercourse with polished society. Imagine my disappointment at finding her a frivolous, romantic girl, with an uncultivated mind, a character devoid of delicacy, a total want of method, order, and discretion; in short, with nothing to recommend her but a clumsy goodness of heart, a sweet temper, and her accomplishments, which consist of music, and of some of the modern languages. Of all persons I have ever met with, she is the most unfit to be entrusted with the education of youth; and had my daughters been a very few days older than they are, I could not have suffered them to remain with her for even so short a time as three weeks. In a very few days after the arrival of Miss Holcroft, Lord Mountcashel was informed by some officious persons who had seen Mr Holcroft here that he had been tried for high treason, and that he and some other of my acquaintance were notorious English democrats, whom it would be prudent for loyal British subjects to avoid. This was about the 23d or 24th of January.

"Lord Mountcashel informed me of it some days afterwards as a thing very disagreeable to him, saying that he was extremely sorry I had brought Miss Holcroft into the house, and wished her to be removed from it as soon as possible; and on finding that the more I knew of her the less I approved of her as a governess for my children, I determined to avail myself of this prejudice of Lord Mountcashel to dismiss her in a delicate manner, without hurting the feelings of either father or daughter. I therefore wrote Mr Holcroft a letter (a copy of which I will send you), in which I suppressed a part of the truth, and only mentioned one of the causes of her dismission. Mr H. immediately sent for his

daughter, declared that her removal was occasioned by a paragraph in a newspaper, and informed me in a long letter that he should publish it to the world. I called at his house to explain his mistake, to assure him that Lord Mountcashel had never heard that there was such a paragraph until he mentioned it, to tell him that I thought he would act imprudently in publishing the circumstance of his daughter's residence (of not quite three weeks) in my family, and to request that he would not obtrude a private transaction, which concerned me, on the public eye. I was much surprised at discovering in this interview, that the man whom I had supposed to be mild, moderate, and rational, was selfish, violent, and self-sufficient: beyond the power of cool argument, and utterly regardless of the feelings of any person but himself. He, however, promised to reconsider the matter, and inform me of his determination. The next day I received a letter, in which he declared the intention of adhering to his resolution, and I was thus laid under the disagreeable necessity of acquainting him with *all the causes* which occasioned the removal of his daughter. The copies of his answer and all other letters concerning this affair shall be conveyed to you by a friend of yours, who leaves Paris in a few days, and who can inform you of all the circumstances relative to this business; which (however I may dislike having my name absurdly forced on public notice) would give me very little uneasiness, were it not on account of the displeasure of Lord Mountcashel, who barely tolerated Mr Holcroft's visits, and latterly had taken a complete dislike to the man, totally distinct from any political prejudice. The favour I have to request from you is, that if Mr Holcroft has sent any paper on this subject to you for publication, you will have the goodness to defer obtruding on the world what I positively assert to be an *absolute falsehood*, until you have heard the circumstances related by a very rational friend of yours, who will see you in a few days.

"With a thousand good wishes for your little girls, and all the rest of your family, I remain, dear Sir, with great respect and esteem, yours very sincerely, M. J. MOUNTCASHEL."

Thomas Holcroft to William Godwin.

"PARIS, *March* 1, 1802.

"Your last was dated Jan. 29. I have since written February 2d and 16th, and am anxious for your answer. S. will deliver you the Marmot. No price (for I offered any that should be asked) could obtain the Loir. In two months I suppose it may be had for five shillings. I sent, and went again and again, but all in vain. A bird man told me he had one, but that it disappeared on the approach of winter, having previously done him much mischief by killing his birds. Assure Mr Carlisle that my zeal to oblige him was great, and that I am heartily vexed at my failure.

"T. HOLCROFT."

The Same to the Same.

"PARIS, *March* 20, 1802.

"I have seen Madame de Stael, and she has promised me her novel, volume by volume, but she is anxious to be well translated, and asks more questions than I can answer concerning the former translations of Mr Marshal. I dare not cite *the Ruins*, because Volney complains much of his English dress. Recapitulate to me what Mr Marshal has translated. . . . I hope that the Marmot, and the voyage *dans le Crimée* with their bringer are all safe, of which I am anxious to hear. T. HOLCROFT."

The Same to the Same.

"PARIS, *May* 2, 1802.

"A few days ago I a second time dined with Madame de Stael, who told me it will still be some months before her novel will appear, and that I should have it for my friend, volume by volume, on the strict and absolute condition (to which I pledged myself) that no person except the translator should read it in this partial manner. I interceded for you and myself, but she positively refused: alleging, and, indeed, very justly, that the effect intended to be produced in any work was spoiled by such partial reading. Having entered into this engagement with her, Mr Marshal will, of course, think himself bound to its strict observance. . . T. HOLCROFT."

Dr Wolcot, from whom is the next letter, was better known as Peter Pindar. He was a Devonshire physician and artist, born in 1738, and in this latter capacity was the instructor of Opie, through whom, no doubt, began his intimacy with Godwin. Some years before the present date, he had given up the practice of medicine, and become a poetical critic of Royal Academicians, under his assumed name. His satirical Poems, of various degrees of power and scurrility, were much read in their day, and are now not quite deservedly forgotten. Dr Wolcot became blind, and died in 1819.

J. Wolcot to William Godwin.

"CAMDEN TOWN, *Jan.* 8, 1802.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Most willingly would I join your philosophic party at the Polygon, but Death on Sunday last sent one of his damned young brats to attack me in bed at Lord Nelson's at Merton. Inspired with a little of his Lordship's courage, I fired away at him flannel, brandy, hot bricks, and red-hot coals, which, by the blessing of God (on whom you most *devoutly* believe), overcame him, and I am now at Camden Town, singing Te Deum for the victory. Though I have not gained the laurels of Aboukir, I have (as Marshal Boufflers said of his troops) 'performed wonders.'

"To descend from lofty metaphor to humble prose, I have been plagued with my asthma for nearly a week past, and have flown to Camden Town to recover. Here I am at Delaney Place, No. 7, with a fiddle and a good fire, the one a balm for the mind, and the other for the body.—I am, truly yours, J. WOLCOT.

"*P.S.*—The instant I can with safety crawl forth, I will peep in upon you. Report says you are married again. Fortunate man! Forty years have I been trying to get my tail into the trap and have not succeeded. What a monkey!"

The letter to Mr Cole, which follows, is one of a large number written by Godwin in answer to questions on every

conceivable subject. The advice given is so wholesome, and the letter so good that it is given, though the reaction against such books as are here assailed has set in, and carried the day.

William Godwin to William Cole.

"*March* 2, 1802.

"SIR,—Your question is much too copious to admit of being properly answered in an extemporary letter, and it may happen that my opinions upon some parts of the subject are so singular that they can stand little chance of obtaining your approbation without a further explanation than I can here give. I will, however, give you a proof of my willingness to oblige you on this point by giving you such an answer as I can.

"You enquire respecting the books I think best adapted for the education of female children from the age of two to twelve. I can answer you best on the early part of the subject, because in that I have made the most experiments; and in that part I should make no difference between children male and female.

"I have no difficulty in the initiatory part of the business. I think Mrs Barbauld's little books, four in number, admirably adapted, upon the whole, to the capacity and amusement of young children. I have seen another little book in two volumes, printed for Newbury, entitled 'The Infants' Friend, by Mrs Lovechild,' which I think might, without impropriety, accompany or follow Mrs Barbauld's books.

"I am most peremptorily of opinion against putting children extremely forward. If they desire it themselves, I would not baulk them, for I love to attend to these unsophisticated indications. But otherwise, *Festina lente* is my maxim in education. I think the worst consequences flow from overloading the faculties of children, and a forced maturity. We should always remember that the object of education is the future man or woman; and it is a miserable vanity that would sacrifice the wholesome and gradual development of the mind to the desire of exhibiting little monsters of curiosity.

"As far as Mrs Barbauld's books I have no difficulty. But here my judgment and the ruling passion of my contemporaries divide. They aim at cultivating one faculty, I should aim at cultivating another. A whimsical illustration of this occurred to me the other day in a silly bookseller, who was observing to me what a delightful book for children might be made, to be called 'A Tour through Papa's House.' The object of this book was to explain all the furniture, how carpets were made, the history and manufacture of iron, &c., &c. He was perfectly right: this is exactly the sort of writing for children which has lately been in fashion.

"These people, as I have said, aim at cultivating one faculty, and I another. I hold that a man is not an atom less a man, if he lives and dies without the knowledge they are so desirous of accumulating in the heads of children. Add to which, these things may be learned at any age, while the imagination, the faculty for which I declare, if cultivated at all, must be begun with in youth. Without imagination there can be no genuine ardour in any pursuit, or for any acquisition, and without imagination there can be no genuine morality, no profound feeling of other men's sorrow, no ardent and persevering anxiety for their interests. This is the faculty which makes the man, and not the miserable minutenesses of detail about which the present age is so uneasy. Nor is it the only misfortune that these minutenesses engross the attention of children: I would proscribe them from any early share, and would maintain that they freeze up the soul, and give a premature taste for clearness and exactness, which is of the most pernicious consequence.

"I will put down the names of a few books, calculated to excite the imagination, and at the same time quicken the apprehensions of children. The best I know is a little French book, entitled 'Contes de ma Mère, or Tales of Mother Goose.' I should also recommend 'Beauty and the Beast,' 'Fortunatus,' and a story of a Queen and a Country Maid in Fenelon's 'Dialogues of the Dead.' Your own memory will easily suggest to you others which would carry on this train, such as 'Valentine and Orson,'

'The Seven Champions of Christendom,' 'Les Contes de Madame Darmon,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' if weeded of its methodism, and the 'Arabian Nights.' I would undoubtedly introduce before twelve years of age some smattering of geography, history, and the other sciences; but it is the train of reading I have here mentioned which I should principally depend upon for generating an active mind and a warm heart.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

"W. GODWIN."

It has been said that Godwin's second marriage was not a happy one, and ample proof of this will hereafter appear. Meanwhile, the only letter to his wife preserved for 1802, written during a visit to Norfolk, shows Godwin still under an illusion, which faded abruptly in the following year. But in the letters to his friends, is evidence that his natural loneliness was greatly increased. This came, no doubt, partly from increasing pecuniary embarrassment, but probably also from the want of comfort and perfect union at home, which affected him even before the existence of it was quite evident to himself.

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

"EAST BRADENHAM, *May* 6, 1802.

"MY DEAREST LOVE,—I am extremely sorry—but no: I will not say that.

"I am at this moment (twelve o'clock, Tuesday) under my brother's roof at East Bradenham. I found two conveyances from Swaffham to this place, when I expected none. Mr Sturley, the cabinetmaker, my brother's wife's brother-in-law, kindly offered to bring me on in his taxed cart (a thing very little different from an open chaise), and when we were a mile on the road, my brother met me with a similar intention. Thus circumstanced, however, Mr Sturley did not turn back, and will therefore form one of our party at the dinner which is on the spit.

"For God's sake, write to me often, and especially if you have any good news to communicate. I had some thoughts extremely *deject and wretched* last night on the road near Puckeridge (for that was the road we took, and supped at Cambridge), but as morning approached, and promised a beautiful day, these thoughts were dissipated.

"I should not have troubled you with a letter to-day (I am extremely stupid, owing to having travelled all night) were it not that, in my hurry, and exceeding anxiety to forget nothing, I forgot the letter to Mr Norman, which I left open on the table. Pray, seal and despatch it without delay. Something else also I forgot, which recurred to me in the darkness of the night, but I cannot now recollect it. I know that it belongs to something in one of the brown paper parcels which I left on the green table. One of these parcels consists of Christmas bills, and the other contains papers of various sorts, which I put together thus that they might come to my hand with more facility at my return. Open everything, but leave, as nearly as possible, as you find.

"I set out to-morrow morning for Dalling upon a horse of my brother's. What I am to do, and what course the thing will take, I know not, but I will do the best I can. Of course, I can give no account of my motions till I have let down my fathom-line, and sounded the bottom.

"God for ever bless you, and for your sake and the sake of those you love, bless me too!"

Charles Lamb to Mrs Godwin.

[1802].

"DEAR MRS G.,—Having observed with some concern that Mr Godwin is a little fastidious in what he eats for supper, I herewith beg to present his palate with a piece of dried salmon. I am assured it is the best that swims in Trent. If you do not know how to dress it, allow me to add, that it should be cut in thin slices and boiled in paper *previously prepared in butter*. Wishing it exquisite, I remain,—Much as before, yours sincerely,

"C. LAMB.

"Some add *mashed potatoes*."

CHAPTER VI.

ENTRANCE INTO BUSINESS LIFE. 1804—1806.

THE Diaries for 1804 show no fact of general or social interest, except the usual intercourse with the literary world of London, among whom is now found Miss Owenson (Lady Morgan), whose fame far exceeded her literary merits; and a renewal of relations with Everina Wollstonecraft, which were not, however, firm or abiding.

Some of Godwin's own family who were in London grew less and less satisfactory, and his poor old mother at Dalling wrote pathetically that she feared the streets would be "full of begging Godwins." William, for the position he filled, was perhaps in as great straits as any, but his purse, when there was anything in it, his house, and all that it contained, were constantly at the service of one or the other relative. And when Godwin is seen deteriorating by slow but sure steps, asking for pecuniary assistance in words, and with subterfuges which fill those who read with a feeling akin to real pain, it must always be remembered that his needs were not selfish, and that the use of money to provide luxury or even comfort was the last of which he thought.

After the publication of Chaucer, the novel of "Fleetwood" occupied the greater portion of his time, but the play of "Faulkener" also was completed in this year. One of the many quarrels with Holcroft took place in regard to this play.

Holcroft was, it will be remembered, an accomplished and successful writer for the Theatre, he knew what would and would not succeed far better than did Godwin, however superior were the literary powers of the latter. Hence when Godwin submitted his piece to Wroughton, then Manager of Drury Lane Theatre, it was not unnatural that while admitting the great ability of much in the play, the criticism on the whole was unfavourable. "Your character of Benedetto (to sport a vulgar phrase) dies Dunghill," wrote Wroughton, "and Orsini might, I think, satisfactorily be kept alive."

Thereupon Godwin sent the play to Holcroft to touch it up for the stage, who, acting on the instructions given, remodelled the whole, and re-wrote from Godwin's materials a considerable portion. But "Faulkener" failed, and great was the wrath which fell on the devoted friend, whose forbearance under the storm was dignified and commendable.

The letters during this year, which are appended, need no explanation.

William Godwin to Thomas Wedgwood.

"POLYGON, *April* 14, 1804.

"DEAR WEDGWOOD,—It is with the utmost reluctance of feeling that I obtrude on you the following statement.

"I know not whether I am entitled to the possession of several opulent friends: this has been almost universally the lot of persons of as much literary publicity as myself: it has been my fortune never, except you, to have had one.

"Among the various measures which, since I have become the father of a family, I have had recourse to for their support, one which inevitably suggested itself was the theatre; a resource which is, if successful, I believe usually found more productive

than any other. I applied myself with great diligence to the experiment I made in that way four years ago: as has always been my habit, I proceeded not merely on my own judgment but consulted my friends. The production I ultimately brought forth, though perhaps in one or two points not sufficiently adapted for popularity on the stage, cost me more thought proportionally, and is perhaps more finished, than any other of my writings.

"It was however necessary that I and my family should subsist while I prepared the experiment. A young man not opulent, but who had then some money at his command, spontaneously lent me £100 for that purpose. My experiment was unsuccessful, and the money was never repaid. Mrs Godwin and myself will, I believe, not be found deficient in industry. I by original works, and she by translation, contrive fully, or nearly, to support a numerous family in decency, but this is all we can do.

"Unhappily the young man who so generously assisted me is since fallen into great embarrassments, and has become liable to arrests and the other difficulties arising from these embarrassments. He has never asked me for his money, he would never accept any memorandum or acknowledgment that it was due. Yet how can I bear to think that he wants money so cruelly, while I am in this manner his debtor? I hope I could almost perish, sooner than apply to you for further assistance for myself, but in this case, to use the ordinary phraseology, I would move heaven and earth to acquit myself. If I had any other resource that I could imagine or invent, you should not have been troubled with this ungracious intrusion.

"Yet my dear friend, consult your own convenience in this case. I am sure you would assist me if that would permit. But this is no claim upon you, whatever it is on me.

"Though it is now a very long time since I have heard from, or seen you, yet I have occasionally the satisfaction, I wish I could say the pleasure, of hearing concerning you from Tobin, Coleridge, and others. The last opportunity of this sort was a letter by you to Coleridge a short time before his departure, in which you spoke of your health as being a little better than it had been

some time before. What pleasure would it afford to me, and to every one that knows you, could we have a well-grounded prospect of its being ultimately restored. With sincere affection,

"W. GODWIN."

Thomas Wedgwood to William Godwin.

"GUNVILLE, *April* 15, 1804.

"DEAR GODWIN,—I am so unwilling to leave you in a moment's suspense, for I give you full credit for the reluctant scruples you express—that I shall not defer a post to get a stamp for a draft but give you the trouble of calling personally on Mr Howslip in York Street on Wednesday next at 3, who will deliver you a note containing the £100. I have adopted this mode to prevent a personal application from you at the Bank, which I conceived might be disagreeable, and it also secures from danger of loss by post, and this same. Mr Howslip will not have the least idea of the nature of our transaction.

"And now let me beg of you to set your mind perfectly at ease. I will tell you honestly what I have felt, and always feel, on the occasion. I have no opinion of the good, upon the whole, resulting from great facility in the opulent, in yielding to requests of the needy. I have no doubt but that it is best that every one should anticipate with certainty the pinch and pressure of distress from indulging in indolence, or even from misfortune. It is this certainty which quickens the little wit that man is ordinarily endowed with, and calls out all his energies: and were it removed by the idea that the rich held funds for the distressed, I am convinced that not only half the industry of the country would be destroyed, but also that misfortune would be doubled in quantity. I confess to you then, that I have always a doubt of the value of any donation or loan. At the same time, I have the strongest desire to give relief to suffering, and an excessive repugnance to that hardness of heart, that vicious inclination to hoard,—to that depraved state of mind which enables me to view sufferings with calmness, if not with indifference, whilst I should never miss the sum that would instantly relieve them. In the case of the

applicant being a friend, you may imagine that the inclination to yield is doubled at least. In the present case, I was extremely moved at the fervour of your determination never again to apply to me for yourself, and in feeling swore a great oath that it should be your own fault if you did not. I could not bear the idea of your struggling day after day with new perplexities. I passed your life hastily in review, and renewed my assurance of the soundness of your princples. I am not speaking of your politics or philosophy: on these subjects I have no sentiments of any assurance, but I am speaking of the goodness of your moral feelings, your subjection to the dictates, erroneous or otherwise, of a moral conscience.

"And I do therefore invite you to still consider me as your friend in every honourable sense of the word. You have placed me in a most ambiguous capacity. I have an excellent friend in T. W., you say: he is the man I should rely upon in a moment of distress, only that I feel that I cannot ask him to make the smallest personal sacrifice for my advantage.

"I wish you may seize the spirit of my confessions, for I really cannot stay the process of writing one moment for a more explicit and luminous statement. I write in pain and great distraction of mind, knowing the injury I do myself. I feel most gratefully your kind wishes for my health. Without indulging an unmanly despondency, I may say after some years continued struggle, I see no prospect of permanent amendment. I left town a day or two after you saw me in Bedford Row. Let me have a line from you when you have received the £100.

"With the sincerest wishes for your happiness, I remain, dear Godwin, faithfully and cordially yours, THOS. WEDGWOOD."

Thomas Holcroft to William Godwin.

"*Sep.* 25, 1804.

"I am sorry our feelings are not in unison. I am sorry that a work which cost me such deep thought, and was, in my own opinion, so happily executed, should excite in your mind nothing but the chaos of which you inform me. I came up to town with

a high hope of having rendered my friend an essential service, with which, when he saw it, he would be delighted, and would perfectly understand all the emotions which passed in my mind, while stimulated by such an endearing reflection. I must bear my disappointment as well as I can, and have only to request that, since you think all conference must produce painful sensations, you will either adopt the piece as I have sent it you (which I by no means wish, since you think as you do), or put the whole of it into your own language. I don't in the least expect, after your long hesitation, that it corresponds with your ideas of good writing, for which I am sorry, but I hope that you will not think it unreasonable that I should object to that which your judgment shall direct, unless I could be made acquainted with it. I hope I have not spent my time wholly unprofitably, since you cannot be insensible that my zeal to serve you effectually has been great.

"Respecting the £20, we were much distressed last week, but shall not be this, or the next. The week after, I am afraid, it may still prove inconvenient to you, though I know we shall be *very* short. Louisa mends so slowly, that my mind is quite uneasy. I came up to town with high hopes of various kinds, but hope was always a sad deceiver, and the error of my life is that of being too sanguine. Forgive me that Fanny copies this. She copied the tragedy, and it was inevitable she should know the whole transaction. . . .

T. HOLCROFT."

Mrs Godwin, sen., to William Godwin.

"*December*, 1804.

"DEAR WILLIAM AND MARY,—You must excuse my incorrectness in writing. I can scarce write, my memory is so bad. I can say no more about Harriet than I have in a former letter. I am the unhappy grandmother of such naughty children, and must say that the parents are as much to blame as their children, for that they have set no better guard on them, and instructed them no better, have Idled away their own time on Sabbath days. . . . In answer to yours, relating to young John, I'm much obleged to you that you show such frendship to him. I purpose sending you and

his father and all of you equal alike, what I have scraped together with the utmost frugality, and if you please to lay out £5 for the tooles he wants, I will keep it back out of his father's and send it to you and am much obleged to your wife for the regard she professes for your brother John, but fear most, if not all, are so deep in debt as not to be the better for anything I can do for them, am affraid that London streets will be filled with begging Godwins when I am gone, but that's not the worst. Idleness is the mother of all vice, forgers, pickpockets or Players, which I take to be very little better. Do you know of any of them that are following the precepts of the precious Redeemer who suffered the Ignominious deth of the Cross to save sinners from eternal death? I wish you to let me know if you will lay out what I mentioned for young John by a parcel we expect from Hannah. I don't know if it will be soon, but that's no matter, if you set him in a way of geting his bread. I shall send a few things for his wife against she lies in, as a bed-gown, a decent shirt and shift. And if you can give 10s. for interist of the £10 you have in hand for 4 yards of strong cloth for a shirt, and get it made for him, there will be some left to mend it, and any little old things for the child. I am in hopes it will not be ill bestowed, and will be returned to you in better blessings than earth affords, for without the Lord bless, vain is the help of man. I hope Hannah will be wiseer than to make any entertainment this year. coles are 46s. the chaldron, and 15s. carriage to Dalling. Hully finds enough to do with all his industery. You will receive a turkey from me. Don't once think of sending me the least thing. I shall be very angry if you do. I wish your happiness most sincearly. Hully, his wife, and children are well. Their little one just begins to go alone, a year and a quarter old. I would recommend you to get an oven to hang over the fire to bake pudding and meat upon it. If you can get smal wood to burn on the top, it takes very little fire under it. We bake most of our victuals so: it will save many steps for y^r^ servants. Young Mr Raven is not likely to live many days; no medican has been found successful. It would surprise you to know how greedyly he swallows physic, so

loth to die. They all think his mother will loose her sences for him, she is shrunk with grief and fiteague in a surprising manner, but, I am afraid, looks not up to the supreem being; reads the prayer-book to him, but that's all.—Your affectionate mother,

A. GODWIN."

The year 1805 is the date of Godwin's greatest and most disastrous venture. If he could but have let well alone, if Mrs Godwin had not been a speculative, and, as she calls herself, "a managing woman," there was at the same moment a tide in his affairs which, had he taken it at the flood, would have led to a very different state of things.

The account had best be given in an autobiographical letter, of which the copy is unfinished and unaddressed.

"My manner of life for several years in respect of pecuniary matters, you, I daresay, are acquainted with. . . . As long as I remained alone, I neither asked nor would accept aid from any man. I even contrived to bring up by my own means, and to inform by my own instructions, the son of one of my poor relations, as well as frequently to afford assistance to others. I lived entirely as I listed.

"Since I have been a married man, the case has been otherwise. I never repented the connections of that sort I have formed; but the maintenance of a family and an establishment has been a heavy expense, and I have never been able, with all my industry, which has been very persevering, entirely to accomplish this object. . . . I have five children in my house. Fanny, the daughter of Mr Imlay, who bears my own name, Mary, my own daughter by the same mother, two children of my present wife by a former husband, and a son, the offspring of my present marriage.

"My temper is ot a recluse and contemplative cast; had it been otherwise, I should, perhaps, on some former occasions, have entered into the active concerns of the world, and not have been connected with it merely as a writer of books. My present wife

is of a different complexion. She did her best for some years to assist our establishment by translations; but her health and strength have somewhat given way, I really believe, for want of those relaxations and excursions to sea-bathings and watering-places, which are the usual lot of women in the class of life in which she was born.

"Under these circumstances, and being by nature endowed with a mind of prudence and forecast, her thoughts forcibly turned towards some commercial undertaking. With united health and strength we could hope for no more, in the mode of selling MSS. to booksellers than making our yearly income equal our yearly expenditure. But the health of one or both of us might give way, the advance of age might diminish my powers of unintermitted exertion, or death might cut off one or the other of us; then, what was to become of the maintenance and education of our children? The commercial undertaking which most naturally offered itself was a magazine of books for the use and amusement of children, and my wife, with a sagacity commensurate to her forecast, pitched upon a person singularly well qualified to superintend the details of the concern. . . .

"On the 15th of March [1805] I concluded a contract with my bookseller for writing a History of England, of the same size with that of David Hume, which would of course be the occupation of years, and for which I was to receive £2000, besides a share of the copyright. . . . This contract secured me a provision in part for some years to come, and assigned me an employment to my heart's content.

"While this negotiation was pending, my wife laid before me her plan, and I felt that the arguments by which it was recommended were such as I could not resist. As the discussion with my bookseller, previous to signing the contract, occupied some weeks, I employed that time in writing the chief of a work which was to be the first-born child of our new undertaking.

"Among many difficulties which were to be conquered in this enterprise, one arose from the absolute necessity there was that the public should entertain no suspicion that I was connected with

the concern. The popular cry for some years past on the topics of government and religion has been so opposite to the principles I am known to entertain as to fill the Reviews and other ordinary publications of the day with abuse against me of the most scurrilous cast. I had seen several things treated in this style, borrowed from the fish-market, for no other reason than that they were mine. I knew that I had nothing to do but to suppress my name, and I should immediately have all these gentlemen in my train. That I was not mistaken in this will appear in part from a paper I enclose containing their character of my first production under this plan, entitled 'Baldwin's Fables,' published in October last [1805].

. . . . . .

"Thus prepared I placed my agent at Midsummer last in a little house in Hanway Street, Oxford Street, a small street, but of great thoroughfare and commerce. The rent of the house is £40 per annum (£35 of which are made by lodgers), and the coming in and fixtures were £60. I have a renewable agreement for the house for a term of years . . . [*Unfinished*].

The Fables of which Godwin speaks were begun on Feb. 22d, were rapidly written, and finished on March 26th. The books published by him under the name of Baldwin were:—

"Fables Ancient and Modern."

"The Pantheon, or Ancient History of the Gods of Greece and Rome."

"The History of England."

"The History of Rome."

"The History of Greece."

Many men of middle age must remember that their first introduction to History was through the medium of these little books, excellently printed and illustrated. Uncritical they necessarily were, in pre-Niebuhrian days, nor could they now be read with advantage by the young, in whom

we might wish to cultivate, if it might be, some historic sense.

But they may be turned over with interest, for they show how fresh and keen was the interest Godwin took in the young, how he, who evidently had some difficulty in placing himself at the standpoint of other men, could do so at that of a little child, and hence we grow more and more to understand the power and attraction he still had for the young.

The Prefaces are all worth reading now, and are couched in clear, vigorous English. One passage is so far reaching and pregnant that it may well bear quotation here. It is from the Preface to the History of Rome.

"It has been disputed whether Mucius ever thrust his hand into the fire, whether Curtius leaped into the gulf, or Regulus returned to Carthage, and some writers, following up this hint, have endeavoured, by sophistical reasonings and subtle distinctions, to set aside almost every example of Roman virtue on record. In answer to this I shall only say here that the stories were thus understood by the Romans themselves, who had the best means of information, and who felt in their own bosoms what a Roman was, and that the different parts of the Roman History, considered as the different stages of a particular scene of civilization, hang together with a consistency beyond all fiction, and even beyond the real history of any other country or people in the world. Youth is not the period of criticism and disquisition. If these narratives are to be destroyed, let that task be reserved for a riper age, when books of the plan and size of the present are no longer applicable; and in the meantime, let our children reap the benefit of such instructive and animating examples. If they are fables (which I hope no one of the juvenile readers of my work will at any time be induced to believe), they are at least more full of moral, and of encouragement to noble sentiments and actions than all the other narratives, fictitious or true, which mere man ever produced."

The books were one and all admirably printed, and well illustrated, Godwin made no vain boast when, in the Preface to the "History of England," he claims for his pages that "they are so printed as to be agreeable and refreshing to the eye of a child." And though Godwin is in error in ascribing Montaigne's practice to Molière, the following autobiographical sentence, which takes us into the home circle at the Polygon, is worth retention:—

"Molière, when he wrote his admirable comedies, was accustomed to read them in manuscript to an old woman, his housekeeper, and he always found that when the old woman laughed or was out of humour, there the audience laughed or was out of humour also. In the same manner, I am accustomed to consult my children in this humble species of writing in which I have engaged. I put the two or three first sections into their hands as a specimen. Their remark was, 'How easy this is! Why, we learn it by heart almost as fast as we read it!' Their suffrage gave me courage, and I carried on my work to the end."

The "Fables," modernized and rewritten, are full of merit, excellently adapted for children, and well deserve the honour of a reprint, having gone, in their day, through more than a dozen editions, and having been translated into French.

Although the pseudonym of Baldwin was continued to the end for Godwin's own productions, the business was, after a short time, carried on by Mrs Godwin, under the style of M. J. Godwin and Co. She translated several children's books from the French, which were published by her with success; but, beyond all doubt, the work which will live, written at Godwin's request and published by Mrs Godwin, is the "Tales from Shakespere," by Mary and Charles Lamb. The latter also contributed his "Voyages of Ulysses," to which a letter which will be quoted refers; the "Stories of Old Daniel," delight of the past generation;

and, for its date, an excellent "English Grammar," by Hazlitt, also came from the busy Skinner Street house.

It was a meritorious attempt, but starting without capital, the twenty years during which the business was carried on, were one long struggle, a series of shifts and a series of failures.

The Diaries for this year give no new facts of importance, old friends and new came and went, Mrs Godwin fell out with them, and Godwin resented their resentment. Yet on the whole he had settled down, as so many men before and since, into an acquiescence with his lot; he grew to have some admiration and regard for his wife, though she irritated him at every turn. The letters, however, which passed between them, during a visit paid by Godwin to his relatives in Norfolk, in the autumn, show a painful effort at a profession of affection, as though to meet a certain exaction. Their ring is wholly different to those which disclosed his truer and deeper feelings in past years.

One only is given, describing the state in which he found his mother, whose letters of this year will be the last which we shall read. Her long and kindly life was setting in as much outward comfort as she needed or desired, though her health had been for some time indifferent, and her mental powers now in great measure failed her. The children who were nearest to her were well to do in their stations, were prosperous and affectionate, and at her age the misdoings of those at a distance moved, but did not deeply distress her. Age, if it brings loss and disappointment, deadens the mind against the poignant misery which the same accidents entail upon the younger; and the religion which had comforted Mrs Godwin's earlier life supported her in her last years. To be absolutely certain of the divine favour, and of a happy immortality is a pleasant

anodyne during sickness and in the last agony, for such minds as are illogical enough to disregard the other side of Calvinism, and refuse to contemplate the condition of those who are not so favoured and not so confident.

Such soothing comfort her stern creed gave to the good old lady, whose shrewd worldly sense was in such remarkable, though not singular, contrast to the unreason of her belief.

Mrs Godwin, sen., to William Godwin.

May 1, 1805.

"DEAR WILLIAM,—You and your wife have been exceeding kind to young John. I hear the youngest child is a fine boy, the eldest a poor little sickly girl. It was your kindness and good intention to set him to work for himself, but what does he do, or how is he to be employed? Is he industerous? He wrote me a very prity letter some time agoe to thank me. I hope your wife is better of her rhumatism, and the blister had a good effect. I prescribe it to everybody since you was advised to it, for our country doctors have not found out a cure for it. Miss Woodhouse have had it in her head all this winter very violently, but I have not got her in the mind to try a blister. . . . He has begun his shop, and has met with some incouragement, but when the weather is bad and nobody comes his spirits flag, and he says he don't care what he doth if he could get a living. He wants a good wife to spend his vacant hours with, but they are hard to find and he fearfull to try. How doth John go on? I have heard he is out of Mr Wright's place again: he talked of advertising for a place: he should not delay, but not quit his old one till he is sure of another, for half a lofe is better than no bread. . . . If you live to see me, I am brown, wrincled, week, my eyes rather dim, hands and head shake. . . . Give my kind love to your wife. I hope she will excuse me, I cannot write to her this time. If you and she can come to see me, set your time, for I live in a barren land, but the

best entertainment I can give you shall be welcome to. Has Joseph chose a buisness for his son? I can't write to him. Caushon him not to indulge him too much, nor give him money to spend as he please. Children cannot be fit to be masters. If he don't employ him, he will run into vice immediately, and there is no staying in the down hill road. We are all tolerable. Accept my best wishes for time and eternity. A. GODWIN.

"Your brothers desire their best respects to you."

Mrs Godwin, sen., to William Godwin.

"WOOD DALLING, *July* 9, 1805.

"DEAR SON WILLIAM,—I have received your wife's kind letter and your children's. I think they have made great improvement. May they go on and prosper, and be bles'd of god, but that is impossable without prayer and watchfulness against their strong enemys, Satan, the world, and their own depraved hearts. There is much duty lies upon you as a parent. If it was but a few miles of, and I could visit them, and they me, one or two at a time, it would be a pleasure; but as it is, we must content ourselves with now and then hearing of one another. If I live till the time of your Tower into Norfolk, I need not tell you I shall be glad to see you and your wife; but why cannot you attend on Lord's-day at Guestwick, on such a Judishous man as Mr Sykes. . . . We are all tolerable, Mrs G. in a family way again, your brother very industerous but not strong to labour, Natty much the same. He is unsuccessful in his business, and must seek a jorneyman's place again. O my trials and difficulties increase! how heavy when so old. I wish Pheby not to come: I cannot help her, nor do I think her aunt Barker can. Young John is, I fear, next to starving; but who can help it? They are taught nothing but pride, so must fall into ruin. My kind love to Mrs Godwin and all your children, and to your sister.—Your ever affectionate mother,

"A. GODWIN."

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

"NORWICH, *Sep.* 8, 1805.

"MY DEAREST LOVE,—I am now again at Norwich. I arrived at Dalling between six and seven on Wednesday evening, and staid there till Friday morning at eleven. By the man who came with me to drive back the gig which I hired at Norwich, I despatched a line to you, scarcely less hasty than the one of yours which accompanied my 'customary garb of solemn black.' This I suppose you received on Friday.

"During the whole of my stay at Dalling I applied my attention principally, every time I saw my mother, to discover whether she knew me. I speedily found that she was lying under a stroke of palsy or apoplexy (the country apothecary decides for the latter), and that she would very probably continue in the same state for weeks, and perhaps for months. She was seized in the night of Wednesday, August 28th. The next morning she rose, seemingly unconscious that anything extraordinary had occurred, dressed herself, came downstairs and made her tea, though all these offices were performed by her with awkwardness and difficulty. She did not even go to bed that night before her usual hour. She spoke, however, very little all day, and seemed scarcely to know anybody. She has never risen since, except to have her bed made. For the first day or two she frequently fed herself, but since has constantly been fed by the maid, and drinks only from a teaspoon. Yet she feeds tolerably heartily, and looks well, fresh and plump in the face. No one of her limbs are affected, or features distorted, by the present attack, which is the circumstance that convinces the apothecary that her disorder is not palsy. She has been visited by Mr Sykes, the minister, to whom she was exceedingly partial, and by his wife, but seemed scarcely to take any notice of them, though I think she called Mr Sykes by his name: this happened before I came down. She takes no notice of my brothers. When spoken to, she scarcely ever answers to the purpose, except sometimes by 'Yes' or 'No,' but goes off into a few incoherent words in the form of a prayer. She scarcely ever utters

these ejaculations, unless when roused by some question proposed to her. She is very positive and obstinate in anything she has determined to do, and will not suffer any one to feed her but her own maid.

"On Thursday morning I took down from my brother Hull's dictating an inventory of her income. Afterwards I mounted on horseback, and rode over to Mr Sykes, who I found was principally trusted by her in her pecuniary affairs. His account agreed in all essential points with my brother's. I then rode over to the apothecary's, whom I did not find at home in the morning, but who called in the afternoon. I thought it necessary to learn from his own lips his ideas of my mother's complaint, which were as above stated. My mother was exceedingly distressed, as she had been before, by his visit, and expressed the strongest aversion to all medical applications, whether external or internal. One incident, evidently marking the remains of recollection and understanding, amidst this general failure of faculties, occurred on Thursday night. When she had ordered the maid to go to bed, who had risen in the middle of the night to give her some assistance, she suddenly called to mind that she had a bolster of the maid's bed, which had been put under her to raise her head in the middle of the day, and pulled it out and gave it her. She has hitherto had one person sit up with her every night, besides the attendance of the maid, who sleeps in the room.

"I thought, when I first saw her on Wednesday, that she knew me. But finding that every time she saw me on Thursday she took no notice of me, and that I could not excite her to acknowledge me, I doubted. 'O Lord,' 'Spare me,' 'Pardon my sins,' 'Grace,' and 'Jesus,' were all the answers I could obtain to everything I said. On Friday morning I took infinite pains to ascertain this point. I used every expression and gesture of taking leave, repeated my name, and 'Do you know me?' mentioned that I was going to London, and asked whether she had anything to say to her daughter, or anybody there. Frequently before she had pressed my hand, but with so vague an expression that I could not be sure of her meaning. At the last moment she re-

peated this action, and said with much emphasis, 'My *dear* son, I love you *dearly*.' Still, as she did not mention my name, it is not absolutely certain that she knew to whom she was speaking. I mentioned in my note of Wednesday, immediately after my arrival, that she said to me, 'I have my senses.' My brother, and my brother's wife, when I mentioned this to them, would not believe that these were her words; and from what I myself observed afterwards, I am inclined to think that what she said was, 'I have no sense,' a phrase she often repeated. Her utterance was very indistinct, and it was considerably difficult to make out what she said. She lies, however, apparently free from pain of body, or disturbance of mind, except when she is thwarted, or when she sees the apothecary.

"The most material point, perhaps, that I have ascertained by this journey is that she is in excellent hands in her present situation. I learn from the most decisive testimony of Mr Sykes, and my brother, and my brother's wife, that she is exceedingly attached to Molly, and that Molly is the pattern of integrity and tenderness towards her. Molly tells me that it was her mistress's constant desire that she should continue with her as long as she lives, and go to my sister when she is no more. When we consider the helpless situation to which my poor mother is now reduced, nothing could be more deplorable than the idea of her being treated with harshness and neglect, and nothing can be more consoling than the recollection that she has a person about her who places her pleasure and her pride in serving and gratifying her. Molly's integrity too, I am assured, is not less than her attachment. She has now the sole possession of my mother's keys, and no idea is entertained by anyone that they could be in more trustworthy hands. . . ." [*Unfinished.*]

William Godwin to Hull Godwin.

"*Oct.* 17, 1805.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I am exceedingly gratified by the information of your last letter, and hope you will continue the same kindness to me as long as circumstances shall remain the same. . . .

"You will of course favour me with a letter when you send the certificate I mentioned, and will write sooner if anything new occurs.

"I have consulted the most eminent man in the medical profession among all my acquaintance in London, and he says, from my description of the symptoms, that our mother's complaint is apoplexy. He would not advise anything to be done, and further gives it as his opinion that she will not die till she has had a fresh attack of the complaint.

"Love to your wife and children. We are all well. How is poor Nat?—Your affectionate W. GODWIN."

Harriet to Hull Godwin [*on the same sheet.*]

"DEAR HULL,—. . . I avail myself of this opportunity of writing a few lines, though I have but little to say, except to thank brother Nat for his letter, and that I will write to him when next I send a box or parcel. Yes, one thing I have thought several times I would say to you: which is, that I wish much before my busy time comes on again to read Henry's Exposition of the Bible or Testament. If you can either borrow it for me, or are not using our mother's yourself, will you send it to me? . . . If it is not extravagantly dear, I shall send you a bit of salmon next week, so you must send to the carrier's on Saturday night that you may unpack it as soon as possible, for I am a little fearful about the keeping except I send it pickled, which I think will not be so well, as my dear mother cannot then have a hot dinner of it. . . . —Your affectionate sister, H. GODWIN."

Harriet to William Godwin.

"DEAR WILLIAM,—I had a letter from Hull yesterday. He says our dear mother has taken a little more notice of things lately, and seems to understand some things a little better, but speaks very imperfectly and looks thin. She is extremely anxious about their attending to religion. O that I had attended to her anxiety on this head always! O that all my dear brothers would, ere it be too late, that we might hereafter all meet together with her in that

state of happiness and perfection which she will assuredly ere long enjoy. How earnestly has she prayed, for how many years, that she might hereafter say to God Almighty, 'Here am I, and the children that Thou hast given me.' Molly told me that before she was deprived of her senses, she would sometimes scarcely speak for half a day, but sigh most deeply, and then break out in an agony, 'O Molly, Molly, what will become of my children?'"

The letters from acquaintances during this year require little explanation. That from Thomas Wedgwood was written in answer to an application from Godwin for a further advance of £100 to enable him to carry out the Baldwin scheme. It seems to have been the last which passed between the friends. Thomas Wedgwood closed his kindly life on July 10, 1805, his kindness to Godwin was in a measure continued by Josiah Wedgwood; but the friend of so long standing could not be replaced.

Extract from Letter from Thomas Wedgwood to William Godwin.

"*March* 28, 1805.

"I am sincerely glad you have made so promising an engagement, and that you are likely to have your mind undisturbed for so long a period by harassing negotiations with booksellers.

"My illness is of a nature absolutely to preclude writing, and I have no prospect of any change from constant and dreadful suffering.

"I honour exceedingly the perfect openness of the statement preceding the request in your letter. I allude particularly to the use you made of the probability of another advance from me, if necessity should urge you to apply again. Let there never be any false shame or concealment between us.—Farewell, and believe me ever your attached and faithful friend,

T. WEDGWOOD."

After a separation of several years, Godwin and Mrs Inchbald again corresponded and met. But their inter-

course was a little stiff, and the lady's sprightliness was gone. Few passages out of many letters deserve quotation. Godwin was looking over Mrs Inchbald's MS., and objected to a sentence in which she had written "Osah is prettier than me." She writes as follows:—

Mrs Inchbald to William Godwin.

"SATURDAY MORNING, *11th of May*, 1805.

. . . "Permit me here to make an observation, to which I will not give you the trouble to reply, because it is on a subject of which I myself am not the slightest judge—Grammar. I once thought that Grammar was a point established and immoveable by taste or custom. I have of late heard this contradicted, and have been shown precedents of the very best writers differing extremely in their modes of Grammar, and I am even told that correctness is often inelegant.

"If this be true, it is a fine thing for women, and for some men.

"But it seems that 'Osah is prettier than I;' has Godwin, Lowth, and Scripture on its side. Three high authorities.—Yours most truly, E. INCHBALD."

The Same to the Same.

". . . I am glad you are going to see my play again. . . .

"I am more proud to hear of Kemble's praise in his character than of any other part of the play, because my whole aim was directed to represent him as a Lover, though I knew at the same time that it was not in his power to *make love*. So I left him to *act*, and not to *speak* the passion.

"Finely as he plays, he has hurt the part by his spruce manner of dressing. I wanted him to be clean, but not nice. To be somewhat rugged in appearance as well as in manners, to prove his fondness of books in his neglect of dress. The power of Love on such an object had been doubly comic, but when I saw how neat and smart he looked, I feared every effort for which I had laboured would be lost. . . .

The following letter from Phillips the publisher, or, since the business was then one, the bookseller, is interesting. It is evidence that the trade of mere book-making was as well known then as now, and of a very natural fear that Godwin might be suspected of the trade. He had offered to "compile" a History of England; as his letters recount he had written a prospectus for publication in which the word was used, and Phillips thus replies:—

R. Phillips to William Godwin.

"BRIDGE STREET, *June* 26, 1805.

"DEAR SIR,—I still object to the word *compile*—it indicates a work of shreds and patches, and the compiler is one of the lowest pioneers in Grub Street. The word is not susceptible of a good sense except when it is honestly meant to confess the author's obligation to scissors and paste. If you will have a dissyllable, take *compose*, anything rather than compile. Don't let it be said that 'Mr Godwin is *compiling* a History of England.' What will be said, if this passes, even by your friends, and by your enemies in the obnoxious sense to which the words are liable.

"Now, Sir, for another point, but I have a garrulous old gentleman at my elbow, while I write, who, I fear, may disturb my chain of argument.

"It appears to me that you have not made the best of your cause. It would not seem from the connection of your reasoning that you have as yet any new materials on which to found your 'History,' but that having '*undertaken to compile*' such a work, you have begun to look about you for materials, and that the readiest way is to advertize for them. I could then *most humbly* suggest that some idea like the following should be introduced. That since the time when Mr Hume wrote his 'History,' or during some late years, much attention has been paid to our national records, and all descriptions of Literati have been labouring to collect materials for the illustration of our 'History,' that the collections of the British Museum have been formed or greatly

enlarged since that time, that many disputed points have been elaborately discussed by the most able men, that many curious tracts have been published, and that in the estimation of many persons, Mr Hume's 'History' is deformed by obvious partialities, &c., that therefore the said William Godwin is led to undertake to write a new History, &c., &c., &c.

"Treat all this as you will, believing me to be, Dear Sir, devotedly and truly yours, &c. R. PHILLIPS."

Godwin's novel of "Fleetwood; or, The New Man of Feeling," was published by Phillips in the same year, but neither it, nor other later novels, had such distinguishing merit as saved them from the fate of all but the very highest works of prose fiction,—forgetfulness after the lapse of a few years. The beauty of style remained, but the power and originality which had marked "Caleb Williams" and "St Leon," were wanting.

J. Horne Tooke to William Godwin.

"WIMBLEDON, *Oct.* 22, 1805.

"DEAR SIR,—A letter from you, announcing a visit, is at all times pleasant to me; but the present is peculiarly so, because Mr Jer. Joyce gave me much sorrow on Sunday last by informing me that Mrs Godwin was ill.

"I shall therefore see you on Friday with more pleasure than usual, and you may depend upon it, that if I was half so good at a leap as I am persuaded Mrs Godwin is, I should often leap to Somers Town.

"Mind, I do not say *at* Somers Town; for I am very careful how I employ the English particles, and am besides your most obedient servant, J. HORNE TOOKE."

Mrs Knapp was the lady to whom the Somers' Town House belonged. The letter subjoined is valuable as showing at once Godwin's difficulties and the estimation in

which he was held, even by those who were the sufferers in consequence of his necessities.

Mrs Knapp to William Godwin.

"*Dec.* 10, 1805.

"DEAR SIR,—On my return the other day from a five months' excursion, I was gratified by a note from you, expressive of your esteem, and a present of two volumes of fables from the great and worthy Mr Baldwin, to whom I send my thanks, with the hope that he will continue the career he has begun, of writing books so well calculated to benefit the rising generation.

"With respect to your note of Sunday, I have only to observe that you are welcome to stay in the house till you have perfectly suited yourself with another, and when the golden cloud descends, that some drops of it would be *very very* acceptable at Kentish town.—With respects to Mrs Godwin, I remain, dear Sir, your much obliged, LEONORA KNAPP."

A vast mass of correspondence exists extending over 1806, and the following years, some of it interesting, but the events to which it relates are few.

Those in 1806 need no elucidation. The family letters show a pleasant calm after storm, and before storms which were to come in years when Mrs Godwin's stepdaughters needed more and more, a tenderness which they did not find.

Extract from letter from William to Hull Godwin.

"*Jan.* 16, 1806.

"DEAR BROTHER,—. . . I should take it as a very great favour if you would send me up the quarter of sheet of paper that my mother made you write on the first of January. Though you can make nothing of it, perhaps I should, or should fancy I did. It would be a gratification to me.

"I thank you very much for the turkeys. They contributed to our cheerfulness and enjoyments in this social season. Mat. brought his to our house, and we ate it together, with two or three friends. Joe should have been of the party, but was prevented by business.

"I approve by all means of continuing my mother's subscription to the meeting, as long as she lives. Remember me respectfully to Mr Sykes.

"We are all well here. My wife desires to join in kind remembrances to all, with,—Yours very affectionately, W. GODWIN."

Hull to William Godwin.

"*Feb.* 9, 1806.

"DEAR BROTHER,—According to your request, I take the pleasure of letting you know that my wife was brought to bed Friday evening with a girl, and is finely, thank God. Our mother pays great attention to her: she's very finely, have a good appetite, and looks healthy. My wife's doctor say he thinks it possible she may live these seven years. Mother takes so much notice of her money I durst not think of removing it. I'll order and send the certificate against the time. I suppose you are got through the stock business before now.

The other side is the copy of whatever mother said on New Year's day, and insisted on me to write. HULL GODWIN."

[This is a copy of quite incoherent rambling.]

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin [at Southend.]

"*June* 2, 1806.

"Thank you a thousand times for what you call your dull letter. There are two or three words in it, which though of very plain stuff, without either edging or brocade, are worth more than the eight pence I gave for them.

"I can promise you an answer not inferior in dulness to your own. I have got one of my sick-headaches, which though in the way in which I have them, they are the pettiest and most despic-

able of all complaints, are death to poetry and sentiment, and every kind of refinement. I have been trying Cowper's Task, and many other approved medicines, but the intellectual shroud, the symbol of my disease, clings to my heart, and I may tear my heart out, but cannot separate it from the vile and loathsome covering that stifles it.

"Mr Burton and your letter knocked at the door together. The children say they were to have no lessons from him as long as Fanny was away. Mr Burton says they were to have half-hour lessons as usual. Neither to me, nor to Miss Smith, as she says, did you utter a word on the subject. So, till further orders, I yield to the authority of the adult party in the dispute.

"I have had specimens of colouring from Watts and Stodhart, as well as from Hardy, of the Gaffer Gray, and am so far satisfied, that I am the less solicitous for your return home on that account. I should have sent you a copy with this, as well as some letters that the children have written you, but Charles, whom I sent for a frank, has contrived to return without one.

"Do begin to talk in your next about the time and manner of your return. . . . ."

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

June 5, 1806.

"Yesterday (was that right or wrong?) we kept Charles's birthday, though his mother was absent. . . . Charles has written an account of the day to Fanny; it passed pleasantly enough. . . .

"Do not imagine that I took Charles into my good graces the moment your back was turned. He indeed took care to prevent that if I had been inclined, by displeasing me the day I sent him for a frank, and on another errand. So that I had only just time to forgive him for his birthday.

"I wish to impress you with the persuasion that he is infinitely more of a child, and to be treated as a child, than you imagine. Monday I sent him for a frank, and set all the children to write letters, though by his awkwardness the occasion was lost. The

letter he then wrote, though I took some pains previously to work on his feelings, was the poorest and most soulless thing ever you saw. I then set him to learn the poem of "My Mother" in Darton's Original Poetry. Your letter to him came most opportunely to re-inforce the whole, and at last he has produced what I now send you. I went upstairs to his bedside the night before you left us, that I might impress upon him the importance of not suffering you to depart in anger: but instead of understanding me at first, he, like a child, thought I was come to whip him, and with great fervour and agitation, begged I would forgive him. He is very anxious that no one should see his letter but yourself, and I have promised to enforce his petition. . . .

"I shall be very happy to listen to you on that subject, on which so many poets have shone already, the praise of the country. But will you give me leave, my dearest love, to recall to your consideration the ties and bonds by which we are fettered? We cannot do as we would, and must be satisfied, for some time at least, if we can do at all. And do you really believe that 'the sordid thoughts that in London make a necessary part of your daily existence' could never find their way to Tilford? Alas, I am afraid that a narrow income, a numerous family, and many things to arrange and provide for, are the same everywhere. I am of my old friend Horace's opinion, 'that happiness may be found even in Rag fair (allow me the license of a translator) if we do but bring with us to the shed that covers us a well regulated mind.' Yet I swear to you, I will with all pleasure retire with you to the country, the moment you shall yourself pronounce it to be practicable.

"Will you allow me to play with you the part of a monitor? or will you think that is incompatible with the feelings of a lover? You have effected, as you have repeatedly told me, one most excellent revolution in yourself since your marriage, that of taking many things quietly that were once torture, for example, money embarrassments and importunities. That you did not so from the first, was owing to your estrangement from the usages of the world, and to the want of that easily acquired tincture of philosophy, that

enables us to look at things as they will appear a week hence, or, for the most part, even to-morrow. That sorrow which will be no sorrow to-morrow, should not touch a wise woman's heart. The offences of children should be taken as from that sort of beings that children always are, yourself in your early years only excepted; the offences of tradesmen as from tradesmen; and the nonsense of servants as from servants. Indeed, best beloved Mamma, if we do not learn this little lesson of prudence, it is not Tilford, no, nor Arno's Vale, nor the Thessalian Tempe, that will make us happy. Our vexations will follow us everywhere with our family, and, if you will allow me once more to quote Horace, when we mount our neighing steeds, Care will mount too, and cling close behind us. It is a sad thing, but such is the nature of human beings: we cannot have 'the dear, beyond all words dear objects,' as you so truly call them, that this roof covers, without having plenty of exercise for the sobriety and steadiness of our souls. Oh, that from this moment you would begin to attempt to cultivate that firmness and equanimity! You would then be everything that my fondest and warmest wishes could desire: you would be Tilford and Tuscany and Tempe all together, and you would carry them ever about in your heart. . . .

"The most extraordinary thing I send is William's letter. Miss Smith, and all three children attest the fact. He asked Miss Smith to rule him some lines. When he began, she said to him, William, do not go out of the lines, and this was all the instruction he received.

"I think it is a little cruel of Fanny to have written to Charles and Jane, and not a line to her own sister.

"I called at Rowan's on Monday evening. Not at home. I then passed on to Carlisle's, and supped by accident on Carshalton fish. Tuesday I supped at Lamb's, and they are engaged to be here on Sunday evening. G. M. C. dined with us last Sunday. This is all I have to tell you of that sort.

"My foot is nearly well. I could distinguish you in the coach as far as the corner of Chancery Lane. I thought you would have gone over Blackfriars' Bridge: but, as you went my way, I deter-

mined to leave you, as a last legacy, my figure popping up and down in the act of running.—Ever your friend, brother, husband,

"W. GODWIN.

"Mrs Fraser called, Tuesday evening, to recommend a housemaid. I have seen and rather like her. I will swear she is sober and good-tempered. She is 21 years of age."

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

"*June* 11, 1806.

"Here is a sheet of paper that says, How do you do Mamma? Bless me! why, you have travelled almost forty miles to-day. Are you not very much fatigued? . . .

"I am almost angry with Dr Wolcot for engaging me on Thursday, and have more than half a mind to break the engagement. I am afraid, however, that you will say, now, I should like to have this evening to myself with the family at Wimbledon, for, wicked wretch that you are! how often have you complained that my presence spoiled your pleasures. Not all your pleasures. . . . What a heavenly western breeze! It almost tears my paper from me as I write. God send you may have had that, or something as refreshing as that, on your Thursday's ride!

"Remember how complete a Jesuit H[orne] T[ooke] is. Do not let him worm anything from you, to be employed in assailing your lord and master afterward. . . .

"Adieu. God bless you, as William says."

The occasion of the letter from Lamb cannot now be discovered, but it is too characteristic of the writer to be omitted. The disposition shown in it, at once so genial and so humble, prevented his little tiffs with Godwin from assuming such serious proportions as did Godwin's misunderstandings with other friends.

Charles Lamb to William Godwin.

"1806.

"I repent. Can that God whom thy votaries say that thou hast demolished expect more? I did indite a splenetic letter, but did the black Hypocondria never gripe *thy* heart, till thou hast taken a friend for an enemy? The foul fiend Flibbertigibbet leads me over four inched bridges, to course my own shadow for a traitor. There are certain positions of the moon, under which I counsel thee not to take anything written from this domicile as serious.

"*I* rank thee with Alves, Latinè, Helvetius, or any of his cursed crew? Thou art my friend, and henceforth my philosopher—thou shalt teach Distinction to the junior branches of my household, and Deception to the greyhaired Janitress at my door.

"What! Are these atonements? Can Arcadias be brought upon knees, creeping and crouching?

"Come, as Macbeth's drunken porter says, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock—seven times in a day shalt thou batter at my peace, and if I shut aught against thee, save the Temple of Janus, may Briareus, with his hundred hands, in each a brass knocker, lead me such a life. C. LAMB."

CHAPTER VII.

POLITICS AND LITERARY WORK. 1806—1811.

A RENEWED intimacy, of which more hereafter, with Lords Holland and Lauderdale, awakened Godwin's somewhat waning interest in politics, which however, had only waned, because he had drifted out of political into purely literary circles. On the death of Charles James Fox, for whom his admiration had always been sincere, he wrote the éloge which is subjoined, and which was printed in the *Morning Chronicle.* It is an excellent specimen of his style at this period of his life, dignified and worthy of the great statesman, whose frailties are too well, whose services to liberty are too little remembered by this generation.

To the Editor of the 'Morning Chronicle.'

"SIR,—You will, if you think proper, insert the inclosed in your paper, and subscribe it with my name. It is an unexaggerated statement of what I think of the character of our lately deceased Minister, taken in a single point of view. In writing it, I have dismissed from my mind all temporary feelings of regret, and expressed myself with the severity and plainness of a distant posterity. I have nothing to do with Administration, and have scarcely a slight acquaintance with a few of its Members. My character, such as it is, and my disposition, are subjects of notoriety; and every one capable of judging righteous judgment, has a tolerably sound idea respecting them. Perhaps then even my

testimony, individual and uninfluenced as it necessarily is, may not be an unacceptable tribute to the memory of the great man we deplore.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, W. GODWIN.

"LONDON, *October* 21, 1806.

CHARACTER OF FOX.

"Charles James Fox was for thirty-two years a principal leader in the debates and discussions of the English House of Commons. The eminent transactions of his life lay within those walls; and so many of his countrymen as were accustomed to hear his speeches there, or have habitually read the abstracts which have been published of them, are in possession of the principal materials by which this extraordinary man is to be judged.

"Fox is the most illustrious model of a Parliamentary Leader, on the side of liberty, that this country has produced. This character is the appropriate glory of England, and Fox is the proper example of this character.

"England has been called, with great felicity of conception, 'The land of liberty and good sense.' We have preserved many of the advantages of a free people, which the nations of the Continent have long since lost. Some of them have made wild and intemperate sallies for the recovery of all those things which are most valuable to man in society, but their efforts have not been attended with the happiest success. There is a sobriety in the English people, particularly in accord with the possession of freedom. We are somewhat slow, and somewhat silent; but beneath this outside we have much of reflection, much of firmness, a consciousness of power and of worth, a spirit of frank-dealing and plain-speaking, and a moderate and decent sturdiness of temper not easily to be deluded or subdued.

"For thirty-two years Fox hardly ever opened his mouth in Parliament but to assert, in some form or other, the cause of liberty and mankind, and to repel tyranny in its various shapes, and protest against the encroachments of power. In the American war, in the questions of reform at home, which grew out of the American war, and in the successive scenes which were produced

by the French Revolution, Fox was still found the perpetual advocate of freedom. He endeavoured to secure the privileges and the happiness of the people of Asia and the people of Africa. In Church and State, his principles were equally favourable to the cause of liberty. Englishmen can nowhere find the sentiments of freedom unfolded and amplified in more animated language, or in a more consistent tenor, than in the recorded Parliamentary Debates of Fox. Many have called in question his prudence, and the practicability of his politics in some of their branches; none have succeeded in fixing a stain upon the truly English temper of his heart.

"The reason why Fox so much excelled, in this reign, William Pulteney, and other eminent leaders of Opposition, in the reign of George II. was, that his heart beat in accord to sentiments of liberty. The character of the English nation has improved since the year 1760. The two first Kings of the House of Hanover, did not aspire to the praise of encouragers of English literature, and had no passion for the fine arts; and their minister, Sir Robert Walpole, loved nothing, nor pretended to understand anything, but finance, commerce, and peace. His opponents caught their tone from his, and their debates rather resembled those of the directors of a great trading company, than of men who were concerned with the passions, the morals, the ardent sentiments, and the religion of a generous and enlightened nation. The English seemed fast degenerating into such a people as the Dutch; but Burke and Fox, and other eminent characters not necessary to be mentioned here, redeemed us from the imminent depravity, and lent their efforts to make us the worthy inhabitants of a soil which had produced a Shakespeare, a Bacon, and a Milton.

"Fox, in addition to the generous feelings of his heart, possessed, in a supreme degree, the powers of an acute logician. He seized with astonishing rapidity the defects of his antagonist's argument, and held them up in the most striking point of ridicule. He never misrepresented what his opponent had said, or attacked his accidental oversights, but fairly met and routed him when he thought himself strongest. Though he had at no time studied

law as a profession, he never entered the lists in reasoning with a lawyer that he did not show himself superior to the gowned pleader at his own weapons. It was this singular junction of the best feelings of the human heart, with the acutest powers of the human understanding, that made Fox the wonderful creature he was.

"Let us compare William Pitt in office, and Charles James Fox out of it; and endeavour to decide upon their respective claims to the gratitude of posterity. Pitt was surrounded with all that can dazzle the eye of a vulgar spectator: he possessed the plenitude of power; during a part of his reign, he was as nearly despotic as the minister of a mixed government can be: he dispensed the gifts of the Crown; he commanded the purse of the nation; he wielded the political strength of England. Fox during almost all his life had no part of these advantages.

"It has been said, that Pitt preserved his country from the anarchy and confusion, which from a neighbouring nation threatened to infect us. This is a very doubtful proposition. It is by no means clear that the English people could ever have engaged in so wild, indiscriminate, ferocious, and sanguinary a train of conduct as was exhibited by the people of France. It is by no means clear that the end which Pitt is said to have gained, could not have been accomplished without such bloody wars, such formidable innovations on the liberties of Englishmen, such duplicity, unhallowed dexterity and treachery, and so audacious a desertion of all the principles with which the minister commenced his political life as Pitt employed. Meanwhile, it was the simple, ingenuous and manly office of Fox to protest against the madness and the despotic proceedings of his rival in administration; and, if he could not successfully counteract the measures of Pitt, the honour at least is due to him, to have brought out the English character not fundamentally impaired, in the issue of the most arduous trial it was ever called to sustain.

"The eloquence of these two renowned statesmen well corresponded with the different parts they assumed in public life. The eloquence of Pitt was cold and artificial. The complicated, yet harmonious, structure of his periods, bespoke the man of contriv-

ance and study. No man knew so well as Pitt how to envelope his meaning in a cloud of words, whenever he thought obscurity best adapted to his purpose. No man was so skilful as Pitt to answer the questions of his adversary without communicating the smallest information. He was never taken off his guard. If Pitt ever appeared in some eyes to grow warm as he proceeded, it was with a measured warmth; there were no starts and sallies, and sudden emanations of the soul; he seemed to be as much under the minutest regulation in the most vehement swellings and apostrophes of his speech, as in his coldest calculations.

"Fox, as an orator, appeared to come immediately from the forming hand of nature. He spoke well, because he felt strongly and earnestly. His oratory was impetuous as the current of the river Rhone; nothing could arrest its course. His voice would insensibly rise to too high a key; he would run himself out of breath. Everything showed how little artifice there was in his eloquence. Though on all great occasions he was throughout energetic, yet it was by sudden flashes and emanations that he electrified the heart, and shot through the blood of his hearer. I have seen his countenance lighted up with more than mortal ardour and goodness; I have been present when his voice has become suffocated with the sudden bursting forth of a torrent of tears.

"The love of freedom, which marks the public proceedings of Fox, is exactly analogous to the natural temper of his mind; he seemed born for the cause which his talents were employed to support. He was the most unassuming of mankind. He was so far from dictating to others, that it was often imputed to him, though perhaps erroneously, that he suffered others to dictate to him. No man ever existed more simple in his manners, more single-hearted, or less artificial in his carriage. The set phrases of what is called polished life, made no part of his ordinary speech; he courted no man; he practised adulation to none. Nothing was in more diametrical opposition to the affected than the whole of his behaviour. His feelings in themselves, and in the expression of them, were, in the most honourable sense of the word, child-like. Various anecdotes might be related of his innocent and de-

fenceless manners in private and familiar life, which would form the most striking contrast with the vulgar notions of the studied and designing demeanour of a statesman. This was the man that was formed to defend the liberties of Englishmen: his public and his private life are beautiful parts of a consistent whole, and reflect mutual lustre on each other.

"To conclude, Fox is the great ornament of the kingdom of England during the latter part of the eighteenth century. What he did is the due result of the illumination of the present age, and of the character of our ancestors for ages past. Pitt (if I may be excused for mentioning him once again) was merely a statesman, he was formed to seize occasions to possess himself of power, and to act with consummate craft upon every occurrence that arose. He belonged to ancient Carthage—he belonged to modern Italy—but there is nothing in him that expressly belongs to England. Fox, on the contrary—mark how he outshines his rival—how little the acquisition of power adds to the intrinsic character of the man!—is all over English. He is the mirror of the national character for the age in which he lived—its best, its purest, its most honourable representative. No creature that has the genuine feelings of an Englishman, can recollect, without emotions of exultation, the temper, the endowments, and the public conduct of Fox."

The business in Hanway Street and the books issued from it took up a great amount of time, and Godwin's devotion to it, as well as that of his wife, was great. His literary work was more incessant than it had been since the years of his early residence in London. His correspondence with friends was almost wholly on this subject, and the help he received was very considerable. Old friends and new, whose acquaintance had hitherto been only with his writings, came forward with loans or gifts, among them conspicuously Sir Francis Burdett, Lords Holland, Selkirk, and Lauderdale, and the sale of the books themselves was large. In the spring of 1807 it seemed desirable to move

into more spacious premises than those in Hanway Street, and a shop was taken in Skinner Street, Holborn.

Attached to this was a good dwelling-house; and since Godwin's identity, or at least close connection with Baldwin, had ceased to be a secret, there was no need for a double establishment. The business was removed to the new house on May 18, and on August 11th, 1807, Godwin and his wife took up their abode there. The home at Somers Town was not entirely abandoned for a few months, however: the children only joined them in Skinner Street late in the autumn.

There was now a fair ground for believing that the experiment would prove remunerative, and ensure a competence when actual brain work could no longer be depended on for the needs of each year. To render this more certain, however, it occurred to Marshal and others, among Godwin's most intimate friends, to start a subscription for him over and above the sums which had been advanced or given in aid of the business by the friends named. So soon as this was mentioned to Godwin, he, who never thought his merits had been fully or sufficiently recognized, took the conduct of the scheme into his own hands. And though it is a sorry sight to see and hear a man blow his own trumpet so loudly, the letters which passed on the subject, and the appeal circulated by Marshal, but drawn up by Godwin himself, are too characteristic to be omitted.

The list of subscribers is very incomplete in the rough draught from which the copy is taken. The Diaries show very considerable additions, but from whom they came is too uncertain for extract here. The help thus given tided over the difficulty, and did much to place the household in Skinner Street on a more comfortable scale. Among the subscribers there were, no doubt, many who gave their aid rather to the veteran liberal than to the needy man of letters, since we find in the list most of the leading Whigs.

William Godwin to J. Marshall.

"*March* 19, 1808.

"I have seen Johnson this morning, and laid before him every paper that I thought could throw light on this subject. He says that I am wrong to think of £50 subscriptions, and that, in his opinion, there ought to be none less than £100. He also objects to attending a meeting, and thinks (in which I agree with him) that if he writes a proper letter, it will answer every purpose. Perhaps in that case there will be no need of any meeting. I am to see him again on Monday: it would best forward the purpose if you would come here Monday evening or Monday to dinner, to settle final arrangements."

The Same to the Same.

"*June* 9, 1808.

"Once again I trouble you. You gave me reason to expect you to-day. Perhaps the rain has prevented you.

"I am much more resolute than when I saw you last. I feel it an indispensable duty to know the mind of Lord Grey, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Norfolk, Coke of Norfolk, &c. &c. If you and nobody else will go to them, I *must*, and I *will*. We will dispense with authority to receive money, and merely use a name, Grattan or Sharp, or &c. at the door.

"I am prepared for the worst. I will go to prison. I will be in the *Gazette*. I will move to a meaner situation, or anything else that is necessary. But I must first know these men's minds. Look at the enclosed list of subscriptions (I have distinguished those that are not present money). Will Lord Grey, or Lord anybody else, venture to regard this as a scheme to be blown upon? But we must be beforehand with evil reports.

"Let them say to you personally, 'Put down our names,' and I will contrive a way to receive their money.

"I also wish much to close Phillips' question.

"Surely I need not tell you, that to be beforehand with evil reports, not a moment, not half a moment, is to be lost. Come, then, instantly.

"Johnson says in his letter many things to our purpose; among others, that our copyrights, with moderate care, would net £300 a year."

The Same to the Same.

"*June* 11, 1808.

"By all means begin with Fox's men—Grey first, Bedford second, &c.

"If you see them, be eloquent.

"Mr William Godwin, a gentleman well known to the public by his various writings, but who in worldly circumstances partakes of the usual fate of authors, has lately digested a plan for providing for himself and family by entering into the business of a bookseller, principally in the mode of supplying books for schools and young persons. He has composed several works in prosecution of this plan under the feigned name of Edward Baldwin, an expedient to which he felt himself obliged to have recourse in consequence of the prejudices which have been industriously circulated against him. These books are so written as to be incapable of occasioning offence to any; as, indeed, Mr Godwin would have held it an ungenerous and dishonourable proceeding to have insinuated obnoxious principles into the minds of young persons under colour of contributing to their general instruction. The books have accordingly been commended in the highest terms in all the reviews, and are now selling in the second and third editions respectively. A commercial concern, however, can only have a gradual success, and requires a capital greater than Mr Godwin can command. He has cheerfully devoted himself to this species of pursuit, that he might secure independence and competence to his family, and nothing can be more promising than the progress the undertaking has already made. But it is feared that it cannot be carried on to that maturity to which it naturally tends, unless such opulent persons as are impressed with favourable sentiments of the talents and personal character of Mr Godwin will generously contribute to supply him with those means which he does not himself possess.

"Influenced by these considerations, and by the opinion that it is a much truer act of liberality to assist a man we esteem in giving effect to the projects of his industry, than to supply his necessities when such industry is no more, the undernamed gentlemen have respectively engaged to advance for the furtherance of Mr Godwin's project the following sums:—

Earl of Lauderdale,	£100	Rt. Hon. H. Grattan,	£50
Lord Holland,	100	Rt. Hon. J. P. Curran,	100
Duke of Devonshire,	50	Hon. J. W. Ward,	50
Earl Cowper,	50	S. Whitbread, Esq., M.P.,	50
Earl of Thanet,	50	W. Smith, Esq., M.P.,	50
Duke of Bedford,	50	R. Sharp, Esq., M.P.,	50
Earl Grey,	50	S. Rogers, Esq.,	50
Earl of Rosslyn,	50	Mr J. Johnson,	100
Earl of Selkirk,	50	Sir R. Phillips,	100
Lord Kinnaird,	50	Sir F. Baring,	20

Lord Holland to William Godwin.

"*May* 11, 1808.

"DEAR SIR,—£150 will be placed payable to your draft at Messrs. Coutts & Co. to-morrow.

"The Duke of Devonshire and Lord Cowper, the only persons to whom I mentioned the subject, having immediately advanced me £50 each, I thought it might be convenient to you to have the £150 without loss of time; and when the time of the pending elections is over, and my friends returned to town, I have no doubt of being able to send you the other moiety of the loan, or at any rate you shall receive in a few days ample legal security for such a sum.

"I have been studying Mr Baldwin's books, and think them very good indeed.—Yours ever, HOLLAND."

The Same to the Same.

"*May* 19, 1808.

"DEAR SIR,—On Friday next there will be another £150 answerable to your draft at Messrs Coutts, Strand. I ought to

add that Lord Kinnaird, to whom I ventured to mention some of the circumstances detailed in your letter, begged me to let him concur in showing you this mark of attention and respect.—Yours,

"HOLLAND."

The Same to the Same.

"*May* 21, 1808.

"DEAR SIR,—You do very right in letting me know the whole of the case, as, if in my power, I should have been happy to have *secured* the success of your undertaking; but I assure you that I have exceeded rather than fallen short of what I could do with any convenience to myself. I hope you received the letter I wrote yesterday, which will have relieved you from your embarrassment as to the mode of making out the draft.—Yours ever, HOLLAND."

The tragedy of "Faulkener" had been at last played at Drury Lane on Dec. 16, 1807. It was received with favour, and repeated for several nights.

The delay in the representation of it, though it had been accepted so long before, arose from the vacillation of the boy Betty, then called the young Roscius, who gave himself great airs, and seems to have dealt precisely as he pleased with the management of Drury Lane Theatre. He would and he would not play the part, he studied and left it off, sent for Godwin to read it to him, accepted it, then would not fix a time to play it, and a definite arrangement for its production more than once fell through, to Godwin's great annoyance, which in this case was certainly not unreasonable. He did not finally undertake the part, and the hero was played by Elliston. Lamb again wrote the Prologue, this time to a more successful play, and announced the fact that for the motive of the play Godwin was indebted to an incident in some of the editions of Defoe's "Roxana." Wolcot wrote an Epilogue, but it

came too late to be spoken by Mrs Henry Siddons, who played the Countess Orsini.

The tragedy is powerful, though disagreeable, turning on a son's discovery that his mother has been unfaithful to his father. She is now married again, and the second husband, who had believed himself to have married a chaste woman, falls by her son's hand. Its power preserved it from damnation, but it took no permanent hold of the stage.

Among the books already mentioned as published by Godwin in Skinner Street was the "Adventures of Ulysses," by C. Lamb. When the MS. was placed in Godwin's hands, he objected to some portions of it. The correspondence which ensued, treats of a matter of still daily interest to authors and publishers alike. It is one which will probably for some time remain unsettled till the happy hour, still far distant, when the literary and commercial value of a book are necessarily the same. We may be grateful that Godwin's criticism saved us from some details sketched by Lamb's too vivid imagination.

William Godwin to Charles Lamb.

SKINNER ST., *March* 10, 1808.

"DEAR LAMB,—I address you with all humility, because I know you to be *tenax propositi*. Hear me, I entreat you, with patience.

"It is strange with what different feelings an author and a bookseller looks at the same manuscript. I know this by experience: I was an author, I am a bookseller. The author thinks what will conduce to his honour: the bookseller what will cause his commodities to sell.

"You, or some other wise man, I have heard to say, It is children that read children's books, when they are read, but it is

parents that choose them. The critical thought of the tradesman put itself therefore into the place of the parent, and what the parent will condemn.

"We live in squeamish days. Amid the beauties of your manuscript, of which no man can think more highly than I do, what will the squeamish say to such expressions as these,—'devoured their limbs, yet warm and trembling, lapping the blood,' p. 10. Or to the giant's vomit, p. 14; or to the minute and shocking description of the extinguishing the giant's eye in the page following. You, I daresay, have no formed plan of excluding the female sex from among your readers, and I, as a bookseller, must consider that if you have you exclude one half of the human species.

"Nothing is more easy than to modify these things if you please, and nothing, I think, is more indispensable.

"Give me, as soon as possible, your thoughts on the matter.

"I should also like a preface. Half our customers know not Homer, or know him only as you and I know the lost authors of antiquity. What can be more proper than to mention one or two of those obvious recommendations of his works, which must lead every human creature to desire a nearer acquaintance.—Believe me, ever faithfully yours, W. GODWIN."

Charles Lamb to William Godwin.

"*March* 11, 1808.

DEAR GODWIN,—The giant's vomit was perfectly nauseous, and I am glad you pointed it out. I have removed the objection. To the other passages I can find no other objection but what you may bring to numberless passages besides, such as of Scylla snatching up the six men, etc., that is to say, they are lively images of *shocking* things. If you want a book, which is not occasionally to *shock*, you should not have thought of a tale which was so full of anthropophagi and wonders. I cannot alter these things without enervating the Book, and I will not alter them if the penalty should be that you and all the London booksellers should refuse

it. But speaking as author to author, I must say that I think *the terrible* in those two passages seems to me so much to preponderate over the nauseous, as to make them rather fine than disgusting. Who is to read them, I don't know: who is it that reads Tales of Terror and Mysteries of Udolpho? Such things sell. I only say that I will not consent to alter such passages, which I know to be some of the best in the book. As an author I say to you, an author, Touch not my work. As to a bookseller I say, Take the work such as it is, or refuse it. You are as free to refuse it as when we first talked of it. As to a friend I say, Don't plague yourself and me with nonsensical objections. I assure you I will not alter one more word."

Charles Lamb to William Godwin.

[*Undated.*]

"DEAR GODWIN,—I have found it for several reasons indispensable to my comfort, and to my sister's, to have no visitors in the forenoon. If I cannot accomplish this I am determined to leave town.

"I am extremely sorry to do anything in the slightest degree that may seem offensive to you or to Mrs Godwin, but when a general rule is fixed on, you know how odious in a case of this sort it is to make exceptions; I assure you I have given up more than one friendship in stickling for this point. It would be unfair to those from whom I have parted with regret to make exceptions, which I would not do for them. Let me request you not to be offended, and to request Mrs G. not to be offended, if I beg both your compliances with this wish. Your friendship is as dear to me as that of any person on earth, and if it were not for the necessity of keeping tranquillity at home, I would not seem so unreasonable.

"If you were to see the agitation that my sister is in, between the fear of offending you and Mrs G. and the difficulty of maintaining a system which she feels we must do to live without wretchedness, you would excuse this seeming strange request, which I send with a trembling anxiety as to its reception with you, whom I would never offend. I rely on your goodness.

"C. LAMB."

The next two letters also relate to a matter which not all consider wholly decided—the respective claims of parents and masters over the time and punctual attendance of a school-boy, though there would scarcely seem room for doubt that home claims must, as a rule, give way, if discipline and regularity are to obtain in a school. The position taken by Dr Raine is one to which even Godwin, with all his love of argument, could find no satisfactory reply.

William Godwin to Dr Matthew Raine.

"*April* 12, 1808.

"Dear Sir,—I am a little shocked at a message I received from you yesterday by Clairmont.

"This message is, 'That you were the proper judge whether my reasons from detaining him from school were sufficient.' To this I cannot agree.

"The authority of the tutor is in my opinion derived from that of the parent, and cannot supersede it. I could never consent to lay my reasons for detaining him before you for your approbation.

"I should, however, be exceedingly sorry to be wanting in any sort of attention or on ceremony. If the meaning of your message is, that you would wish to receive a line beforehand, requesting leave for his absence, I will cheerfully comply whenever it is possible, which is not always.—I remain, etc., W. GODWIN."

Dr Matthew Raine to William Godwin.

"CHARTER HOUSE, *April* 12, 1808.

"Dear Sir,—It may spare you and myself some trouble if, without entering into the accuracy or inaccuracy of the statement of my message by Clairmont, I should explain to you the general rule at this place, relating to attendance upon school business. A rule of this sort I have. I hold it to be indispensably necessary; and bold as the position may be, it is a rule with which I cannot

allow parental power or parental caprice to interfere. The rule is this :—That during the time for the performance of school business, no boy is allowed to be absent, except on the score of ill-health or with the leave of a master, previously had. For granting this leave I have ever been accustomed to expect, and never was refused, a sufficient reason in my own judgment, independent of the parent's will.

"I have no wish certainly to pry into matters which do not concern me; but I must think that a scholar's absence always concerns a master, and it materially improves the discipline of a school that the master alone should decide on the propriety of a scholar's absence. Nor do I believe this rule to be peculiar to Charter House, but if it were, I feel so little disposition to give it up, that I should rather part with my scholar than relinquish a principle so just, and, so far as I have been concerned, so universally acknowledged. It will not be denied that the mere request of a parent for his child's absence would occasionally be complied with; but I should strongly protest against a frequent repetition of such a request. A man must be everything in his school, or he is nothing; and that parent would seem to me to act the wisest part who should so contrive that his and the schoolmaster's authority would never clash. If this cannot be without inconvenience in this or that case, I am still of opinion that the individual instance must bend to the general rule. I trust you will believe that I have no wish to perplex you, and that I am very far from seeking to hurt any man's feelings. The point we differ upon may be a point of etiquette, but I have a rule; and, as the venerable Sergeant Hill said, 'If I part with my rule I do not know where I shall find another.'

"I am, dear Sir, your very obedient servant,

"MATTHEW RAINE."

Charles Clairmont's letter was written during a visit which Godwin paid to Norfolk, and gives a pleasant picture of the brighter days in a home where all was not always so smooth, and the letter which follows it closes with one of

those bits of true philosophy which so often lend brightness to Godwin's least important letters.

Charles Clairmont to William Godwin.

"*May* 6, 1808.

"Dear Sir,—Mamma has got franks for each of us to send you a letter, and hopes you will not think us too troublesome. We are all going to-morrow to Hampstead Heath to spend a whole day, and Mr and Mrs Mulready, Mr and Miss Dawe, and Mr Linnell, are all going with us. Mr Linnell and Mr Mulready will sketch part of the time, which will be very amusing, and I hope to do something in the same way, which, when you come home, you will see. I think you have had very fine weather for your journey, which is very fortunate; and we are all thinking we shall have a rainy day for Fanny's birthday. It has been fine weather for bathing, and I have already been into Pearly's Pool twice, which, by the by, is now Watt's Pool, and can swim much better than last summer, and we can subscribe monthly or quarterly. But now I should wish to know something of your journey, how you find poor grandmamma. I hope she is not worse. Pray send us word whether she knows or can converse with you. We were very much baulked at finding we did not say either our history or lecture, as we had learned it so very perfect; and as you will be home to Fanny's birthday, on the Saturday after next, we hope to say it to you on the Sunday.

"I hope that Mr Capel Lofft and his family will be well, and that he will tell you a few odd stories to tell us. William does not talk of you and when you will come back, at which I am not a little surprised.

"Mr Mulready says that Linnell is the best painter he knows, and I asked him if he was as good as Wilkie, and he said that Wilkie painted better, but that Linnell had a great deal more taste; he says I have got a cleverer master than I think for. I think him very clever; as to his being the best painter in England, I cannot believe it.

"I was at Mr Mulready's on Thursday when he told me all this, and at the same time gave me a lecture on boxing, and he says that Linnell is almost as good a boxer as himself.

"When mamma went to Mr Mulready's to invite him, Linnell was there, and mamma, thinking it would be a civility to make him know a little more of us, asked him to be of the party, to which he answered in his bluff way, It's too hot. Mamma then asked him to consider of it, and he said, I'm obliged to you, ma'am; I'll go, and so it was agreed. . . .

"Farewell, dear Sir, and I still remain your ever affectionate son-in-law, C. CLAIRMONT."

"*P.S.*—As we cannot all of us expect a whole letter apiece from you, you will be so good as to send a line or two to each of us in your next letter to mamma."

This is the last glimpse we shall have in life of old Mrs Godwin. Her good old age was passing painlessly, and soothed by all possible attentions from her eldest son and his wife.

Mrs Godwin, sen., to William Godwin.

"DEAR W^M.,—I'm very uncapable of writing now, but would have you loose no time waiting for the fall of Stocks, put y^r. £25 out to a bank which gives 4 pr. cent., as Carrisons of Norwich. am sorry its loosing interest waiting the fall, I know the buying in or selling out ever so small a sum is 2s. 6d. brokrage, the same as one hundred. Let me know it is in in your name, and I will rest myself sattisfied that you will act a father's part to your brother's Jos^h. children for wish not to be encumber'd any further. I am next June 21 new stile 78 years of age, and find my days attended with labour and sorrow. wish to be desolv'd and be with Christ. not my will but the will of my God in Xt be done. think myself obleged to you that Joe's son W^m. is got into the blue Coat school. I know If its in his mother's power to unsettle him or

get him out, She is such an imprudent woman, She will; but I hope you'll prevent it.

"I gave yr. thanks to Hullys wife for ye Turkey the Farmers now don't put them up to fat only give them corn in ye. yard for their own use or to sell yet will not sell them under 10d pr pound, and country carriers extortion very much I sent a brace of chickens to Joseph ye. carrier wou'd fain have had 1s to Norwich but at last with many words took 8d ye. London carrs. is but 1s & 1d booking will have 3 half pence if more than 8 pound all above. O this dreadful war what will become the midle sort as well as ye. poor malt 46 pr Coomb and 8d and 9d for pork a pound, Saccages 1s veal 6½, bread 4d per lb fine flower 7s per sto I wish you coud advise Hanh. to be more frugal you can do more with her than anybody in particular her Sundays excurtions she will never be in better case till she alter that and go to a place where ye. word of God is preached but that is unfashonable We have souls and therefore are not at liberty to live as ye. bruits that have no life after this. Its a mercy yr. children have got over ye. measles so well but there is a great duty belongs to you to instruct them in the word of God in their youth for they are nateraly prone to vanity and idleness there is no need to teach them that

"Mrs H Godwin is near her time they Joine me in wishing you hapyness Natty also

"Yr. affecate. Mother A G

"Yr. Sister will not its likely be long before she sends or if G pleas when ye. have put out yr. money may write by post Mr Copland has sold his farm so Tim Tomson leves it next Mic"

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

"EAST DEREHAM, *May* 5, 1805.

"I found my mother in bed yesterday, but to-day she rose to breakfast. There is little satisfaction in seeing her: her intellect is exceedingly slender: she understood that I was one of her children, but she would not own that she knew more than that, I mean who I was: and her continual talk was that she wished me

to be gone, for she had nothing, no provisions, nothing at all, to give me. Her speech is very imperfect; she calls everything by a name of her own, and changes it often. But she compared my watch, which she asked me by signs to take out of my pocket, with hers, though I believe she saw nothing, and showed me a letter of my sister's, addressed to her, written about eighteen months ago, and a book in which Joseph had written the names of all his children. . . . In the description of my mother, which I wished to make complete, I purposed to have added, that though her thoughts are imperfect, her speech, when the visible objects to which it relates are before her, is not so. She said to me at breakfast this morning: 'Do not wait no more for me.' She walks firmly and steadily, and drank her tea three or four times with her spoon, which she carries steadily to her mouth without losing a drop."

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

"TROSTON, *May* 8, 1808.

"My last letter was addressed to you from Dereham, the scene of the death and burial of Cowper. I was there on Thursday, taking shelter from the intense heat of the mid-day sun. I have suffered indeed (I wish we had another word less solemn than *suffered* to express these petty misfortunes) more than you can imagine, from the warmth of the season. The skin of the greater part of my face is completely peeled off, and my nose and nether lip are adorned with small protuberances, as a sort of fungus which Phoebus has raised from the richness of the soil.

"In the evening of Thursday I proceeded once more to Bradenham, where I felt no temptation to stay, and of consequence set off the next morning for Thetford. My brother conveyed me twelve miles out of the twenty, which separates his habitation from that town, and I walked the rest, having arrived there at three o'clock on Friday. I had written from Dereham to Mr Lofft, but was uncertain when my letter would reach him, and therefore only said I should sleep on Friday at Thetford, leaving to his mercy when he would appear there to release me. I migh

have staid a day and a half longer at Bradenham, and this would have been economy. But though I tasked my resolution to bear the squalidness of the good people there, I assure you I felt it high time to get away after my breakfast of Friday. I had a serious motive for my journey into Norfolk, but one view that made me consider it with pleasure was that I contemplated in it a means of renewing my youth and recruiting my spirits. I sought, therefore, a little for indulgence and not altogether for penance. . . . Friday evening and Saturday morning were, if possible, hotter than the preceding days. Saturday (having just taken a slice of cold beef and a glass of brandy and water) I set off at half after four in the afternoon, on foot, for Troston: the distance seven miles. The evening was favourable, the extreme heat was gone, and the weather was apparently changing. When I had walked four miles and a half, and had already turned into an obscure cross road, I saw a handsome carriage advancing in the opposite direction. I gazed attentively upon it, and soon found that it contained Mr Capel Lofft. He, good man, had only received my letter at four o'clock, and, having gobbled up his dinner, set off in an immense hurry, in his list slippers, to meet me. . . .

"Mr Lofft put into my hands your letter of Friday, the perusal of which quite revived my soul: it is so considerate, so provident, so encouraging! The bill of the Br. had begun to spread its raven wings over my head. I hope you will not have failed to write again on Monday, as you seem to promise. I will then remain at peace. . . . I shall be very happy to receive the children's letters. Give my love to them all, and a kiss to William, whom you do not mention. I will endeavour, as you say, to keep up my spirits. I can bear prosperity, and I know I can bear adversity. The dreadful thing to endure is those uncertain moments, which seem to be the fall from one to the other, which call for exertions, and exhibit faint gleams of hope amidst the terrible tempest that gathers round."

In 1807-8 the Diaries not unfrequently record "Deliquium" day after day, and even "Deliquia duo." A natural

feeling of anxiety about his health drew from Godwin the following letter to Dr Ash. His old habit of self-analysis is now applied with the same unimpassioned minuteness to his bodily aliments as once it had been to his mental constitution. It is an interesting evidence of his calmness and power over himself that these attacks were in no degree allowed to interfere with his daily occupations, about which he went as usual, even when it might appear that a fit might reasonably be expected.

It would seem, however, that the attacks were cataleptic rather than simple fainting fits.

William Godwin to Dr Ash.

May 21, 1808.

"Sir,—Upon reflection I deem it most advisable to trouble you with the leading particulars of my case in writing; as now, in the fifty-third year of my age, I am desirous of arriving, if possible, at a clear view of the affair, and the safest and most judicious way of treating it.

"As this complaint has attacked me at many different periods of my life, I am inclined to suppose that it has a deep root in my frame, and that it may most usefully be explained by historical deduction.

"Its first appearance was in the twenty-eighth year of my age; the fits continued to visit me for some weeks and then disappeared. They did not return till 1800, after an interval of seventeen years.

"In 1792 I had an attack of vertigo, accompanied with extreme costiveness, the only time at which I have experienced that symptom in an excessive degree.

"In 1795 I first became subject to fits of sleepiness in an afternoon, which have never since left me, and occasionally seize me even in company.

"In 1800 and 1803 my old disorder revisited me; the attacks were preceded by a minute's notice, and each fit (of perfect insen-

sibility) lasted about a minute. Air was of no service to repel a fit, but hartshorn smelled to, or a draught of hartshorn and water, seemed to drive them off, particularly in the last days of an attack. If seized standing, I have fallen on the ground, and I have repeatedly had the fits in bed.

"It should be observed, that when first attacked in 1783, it was difficult to have been of more temperate habits than I was, seldom tasting wine or spirituous liquors. Since that time I have never been intemperate; but for the last twenty years have indulged in the moderate regular use of both, not more than three or four glasses of wine in a day.

"All these three attacks were in the midst of a hot summer; in every instance each single fit seemed to find me and leave me in perfect health. . . . The approach of the fit is not painful, but is rather entitled to the name of pleasure, a gentle fading away of the senses; nor is the recovery painful, unless I am teazed in it by persons about me. . . . I am, etc., W. GODWIN."

On March 23, 1809, Holcroft died, aged 63. He had been in failing health for some time, but the end came rapidly at last. Of all Godwin's friends he was perhaps the one who had loved him and known him best; their differences, though many, had never been deep. Each had been associated with the other in the deepest joys and sorrows that had come to their lives. When Holcroft was dying, Godwin was the friend he most desired to see, and though too weak for conversation, he pressed Godwin's hand to his heart with the words, "My dear, dear friend."

Hazlitt undertook to compile Holcroft's life and edit his letters, and the work appeared in the following January. During its composition the following correspondence took place. Godwin's views had altered, since he himself had thought it right to print the letters which had passed between Gilbert Imlay and Mary Wollstonecraft.

W. Hazlitt to William Godwin.

' [*Undated.*]

Dear Sir,—I am forced to trouble you with the following questions, which I shall be much obliged to you to answer as well as you can.

"1. At what time H[olcroft] lived with Granville Sharpe? whether before or after he turned actor? and whether the scene described in "Alwyn," as the occasion by Holkirk (*i.e.*, himself in the subsequent part) went on the stage, really took place between Sharpe and Holcroft? I mean the one when Seddon discovers his appearance at a sporting club, in the character of Macbeth.

"What was the maiden name of Mrs Sparks?

The Same to the Same.

"I received yours of the 2d yesterday. As to the attack upon Murray, I have hit at him several times, and whenever there is a question of a blunder, 'his name is not far off.' Perhaps it would look like jealousy to make a formal set at him. Besides I am already noted by the reviewers for want of liberality, and an undisciplined moral sense. . . . I was, if you will allow me to say so, rather hurt to find you lay so much stress upon the matter as you do in your last sentence; for assuredly the works of William Godwin do not stand in need of those of E. Baldwin for vouchers and supporters. The latter (let them be as good as they will) are but the dust in the balance compared with the former. Coleridge talks out of the Revelations of somebody's 'new name from heaven;' for my own part, if I were you, I should not wish for any but my old one.

"I am, dear sir, very faithfully and affectionately yours,

"W. HAZLITT.

"I send this in a parcel, because it will arrive a day sooner than by the post. Will you send me down a copy of the grammar when you write again, by the same conveyance? As for the postage of the proof sheets, it will not be more, nor so much, as the extra expense of correcting in the printing, occasioned by blurred paper in the author. It may therefore be set off."

Draft of letter from William Godwin to Mrs Holcroft.

"Dear Madam,—You ask my feelings respecting the manuscript life of Mr Holcroft. When your note reached me, I had no feelings on the subject worth communicating. The two or three slight criticisms that suggested themselves to me I mentioned to Mr Hazlitt, and he promised to attend to them. The narrative which Mr Holcroft dictated in the last weeks of his existence impressed me with the strongest feelings of admiration, and the life appeared a very decent composition, with a few excellent passages, sufficiently fitted on the whole for the purpose for which it was intended.

"I had not then seen the diary part, this was detained from me till yesterday, I believe by accident. This part is a violation of the terms originally settled with Mr Hazlitt. The book, it was agreed, should consist of life, and a selection of letters. I knew of the existence of this diary, but had not read it; and had not the least imagination that it was ever to be printed. When Mr Hazlitt told me he had inserted the greater part of it, I did not immediately set up my judgment, who had not read it, against his, who had.

"I have now examined it, and consider it (as a publication) with the strongest feelings of disapprobation. It is one thing for a man to write a journal, and another for that journal to be given to the public. I am sure Mr Holcroft would never have consented to this. I have always entertained the highest antipathy to this violation of the confidence between man and man, that every idle word, every thoughtless jest I make at another's expense, shall be carried home by the hearer, put in writing, and afterwards printed. This part will cause fifty persons at least, who lived on friendly terms with Mr Holcroft, to execrate his memory. It will make you many bitter enemies, who will rejoice in your ruin, and be transported to see you sunk in the last distress. Many parts are actionable.

"I will give you instances of each sort. There is a story of one Marriott, an attorney, whom Mr Holcroft never saw; that is, no

doubt, actionable, if the man is living. Mr Dealtry, an intimate friend of Dr Parr, is introduced, saying that the Doctor could not spell. There is probably an eternal breach between them, and how occasioned? By the circumstance of a thoughtless joke, uttered with no evil intention, being caught up by the hearer, and afterwards sent to the press. Two or three detestable stories (lies, I can swear) are told of Mrs Siddons; and Miss Smith, the actress, is quoted as the authority; that is, Miss Smith, as other people do, who are desirous of amusing their company, told these stories as she heard them, borne out with a sort of saw, 'You have them as cheap as I.' The first meeting of Emma Smith and Mr Holcroft occurs, and he sets her down, and Mr Hazlitt prints her, as a young woman of no talents; I believe Mr Holcroft altered his opinion on that subject. A tale is introduced about the private transactions and affairs of Mrs Wollstonecraft and Mr Imlay; what right have the publishers of this book to rake up and drag in that subject? For myself, I can fairly say that if I had known that every time I dined with or called upon Mr Holcroft, I was to be recorded in a quarto book, well printed, and with an ornamental frontispiece, in the ridiculous way of coming in to go out again fifty times, I would not on that penalty have called upon or dined with him at all. In short, the publication of the whole of this part of the book answers no other purpose than to gratify the malignity of mankind, to draw out to view the privacies of firesides, and to pamper the bad passions of the idle and worthless with tittle-tattle, and tales of scandal.

"I would have gone to Mr Nicholson immediately on the subject, had he not by a letter of the most odious and groundless insinuations rendered that, at least for the present, impossible. By what I here write, therefore, I beg leave to enter my protest on the subject, and so to discharge my conscience. I will be no part or party to such a publication.

The chief literary work of the year 1809 was the "Lives of Edward and John Philips, nephews and pupils of Milton." In a letter to his daughter, which will hereafter be quoted,

Godwin says plainly that this work was no real part of himself, and though it has considerable merit as a painstaking Biography, would not at all occupy our time but for one circumstance. This is, that Godwin was the first English writer since the year 1612 who gave any lengthy and appreciative notice of the Don Quixote of Cervantes.

This is all the more remarkable since the first translation and the best—if we except that of the Italian by Franciosini in 1612—was that by Thomas Shelton. Smollett's so-called translation was made, as is well known, from the French, and gives but a slender idea of the great original. Neither Addison, or Steele, or Swift, or Johnson, make any use of the great Spaniard, except Pope, who, however, does not quote in his well-known epigram the Don Quixote of Cervantes, but the pseudo-Quixote of Cervantes' malignant enemy, Avellaneda, and Pope probably did not know the difference. Beaumont and Fletcher, however, used him pretty well. So did Fielding—the first in the "Knight of the Burning Pestle," the second in his "Don Quixote in England," while Tom D'Urfey misused him shamefully. But no great Englishman appears to have appreciated the aims of Cervantes, and therefore not one ever exhibited him in his service as a humorist, a satirist, a moralist, artist, and traveller. It is almost certain therefore that the grand book was all but unknown. Among those who helped to defame the "Don Quixote in England" was John Philips. Perhaps he was the very first to suggest the indelicacy which has clung to its memory.

It was left to Godwin,—who was the first to maintain, with vigour and keen insight, that George Chapman's translation of Homer was one of the greatest treasures the English language could boast,—it was left him to tell Englishmen that the Don Quixote was a—

"distinguished monument of genius and literature among the moderns." (Lives of Edward and John Philips, cap. x., p. 240.)

"Philips' translation of the Don Quixote is a work of great power and spirit. But, alas it is the power and spirit of John Philips, and placed at an immeasurable distance from the character and style of Cervantes (p. 253).

"But the greatest blot of the translation is the filthy and ribald obscenity with which it abounds. The sweet story of Dorothea, told with such indescribable delicacy by Cervantes, is made the occasion of introducing a horrible idea (p. 254).

"One of the finest passages in this incomparable monument of Spanish literature and genius is the defence delivered by Marcella. The simplicity, the delicacy, and the frankness of her reasonings, are altogether irresistible. The venerableness of the style, the rich and easy eloquence with which it steals on the soul, are such as no modern language can equal. John Philips has interlarded this speech with his usual obscenity, at the same time carefully omitting every trace of the sacred and solemn chastity that characterises it" (p. 255).

Thus Godwin was not only the first English writer who was able to declare the truth regarding the sweetness and beauty of the grand Spanish novel. He was the first to defend it from the disgraceful uses to which it had been put by hack writers and money-grubbing booksellers, who, not being able to steal the purse of Cervantes, thus proceeded to filch from him his good name.

Old Mrs Godwin died at Dalling, on Sunday, August 13, 1809, and was buried on the following Friday. Godwin's account of the funeral shows an unusual amount of outward tenderness in one who was generally so sternly repressive of his feelings. He went back in thought once more to the day when he had knelt at his mother's side, and believed as she believed.

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

"BRADENHAM, *Aug.* 21, 1809.

"My last letter was not finished when the company began to assemble for the funeral. This was a very long scene, filling many hours. Our procession was certainly near three miles, from Dalling to the burying-ground. Mr Sykes, the dissenting minister, rode foremost; next followed six bearers on foot, then the hearse, and next after that myself as chief mourner on horseback, and the line was closed with four or five open chaises, containing my brothers and other relations and friends, chiefly of Hull's wife's family. Mourning coaches had first been thought of, but this scheme I think was better. Certainly, if procession is to be thought of, that is the most impressive when the persons of those who form it are completely exposed to view. We set out from the house at one o'clock, and did not get back to the house till five. My brothers went and dined at Mrs Raven's (Hull's mother-in-law), but I preferred returning home, and being alone. That night I slept in the chamber you used, and where my mother's corpse had reposed the night before. . . . I have had strange feelings, arising from the present occasion. I was brought up in great tenderness, and though my mind was proud to independence, I was never led to much independence of feeling. While my mother lived, I always felt to a certain degree as if I had somebody who was my superior, and who exercised a mysterious protection over me. I belonged to something—I hung to something—there is nothing that has so much reverence and religion in it as affection to parents. The knot is now severed, and I am, for the first time, at more than fifty years of age, alone. You shall now be my mother; you have in many instances been my protector and my guide, and I fondly trust will be more so, as I shall come to stand more in need of assistance."

But few outside events broke the even tenor of Godwin's life during the next few years, nor was there any important change in his domestic circumstances. Charles Clairmont

left the Charter House and, through the intervention of Mr Fairley, an umbrella maker in Edinburgh, who had interested himself in Godwin's business, the lad was received as a clerk in Constable's publishing house for a period of two years. There, says Mr Thomas Constable in his "Memoirs" of his father, "Charles Clairmont gave perfect satisfaction." After the expiration of the time for which he was bound apprentice, Mr Constable wished to keep him in his service, but he returned to London at the urgent wish of his mother and step-father to aid in the Skinner Street business. After the break-up of the Skinner Street household, he went abroad, obtained the post of tutor to the Austrian Imperial family, and resided till his death in Germany, where he had married.

Several letters from Godwin to Constable are to be found in the "Memoirs" of the latter, in reference to Charles Clairmont, and on other business matters, but the remarks which accompany those letters are based on imperfect knowledge of facts. The letters are not in themselves of much interest.

Godwin's relations with his stepson were, on the whole, pleasant. Charles Clairmont treated him with great deference, always addressing him as "Mr Godwin," never as father, though Mrs Godwin was called mamma by her step-daughters; but the boy was clever and painstaking, and interest in his intellectual development stood to Godwin in the place of any warmer feeling.

Though he lived in Godwin's house, and habitually saw the prophet unveiled, Charles Clairmont had not been insensible to the charm which, still as of old, attracted to Godwin in his study above the small shop in Skinner Street, not only those who had known him long, and

valued him for past associations, but young enthusiastic lads, just entering into life.

The domestic letters during the year 1811, concluding with Charles Clairmont's start for his new home, give a pleasanter picture of his home circle than we shall ever find again. Money difficulties were pressing at times, but there was greater affection at home. Mary was away from home, and Fanny's pliant, even temper enabled her to live more easily than did her sister with Mrs Godwin; and Jane Clairmont was also absent.

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin [who was at Ramsgate.]

"*May* 18, 1811.

"My Dearest Love,—Saturday was my great and terrible day, and I was compelled to look about me, to see how it could be provided for. I had less than £20 remaining in my drawer. I sent Joseph to Lambert and Macmillan: no answer from either: Lambert not at home. Bradley then undertook the expedition to Mercu and Jabart: he preferred Friday to Saturday: I therefore desired him to take Lambert on the way. This time I was successful: the good creature sent me £100, and at six in the evening Macmillan sent me £50, having, as you remember, brought me the other £50 on Tuesday last. This was something, but as there is no sweet without its sour, about the same time came a note from Hume desiring he might have £40 on Monday.

"After dinner Fanny told me she was sure she had seen Mr and Miss Lamb walking arm-in-arm at a distance in the street. I could not be easy till I had ascertained the truth of this intelligence, and I hastened to the Temple. It was so: they were not at home; gone to the play: but their Jane told me that her mistress came home on Tuesday the 7th of May. Lamb returned my visit at breakfast this morning. To return to business.

"I began to cast about how I was to comply with Hume's request. I was still £30 short for my bills—£30 and £40 are

£70. I had, however, Place's bill in my possession, but who was to discount it? I thought perhaps Toulmin would do it, I looked upon my list of discounters. By some oversight I had omitted to put the name to the discounter of one of Hume's bills. I thought by studying my journal I should be able to find it. I was unsuccessful. In the midst of this, however, my eye caught a bill of £140 of Place, that fell due next Friday. I had carefully put this out of my mind in the midst of the embarrassments of the present week, and had wholly forgotten it. Perhaps I never felt a more terrible sensation in my life, than when it thus returned to me. Lambert's and Macmillan's money had made me cheerful: I walked erect in my little sally to the Temple: I flung about my arms with the air of a man who felt himself heart-whole. The moment I saw the £140 I felt a cold swelling in the inside of my throat—a sensation I am subject to in terrible situations—and my head ached in the most discomfortable manner. I had just been puzzling how I could discount the £100 I had by me: what was I to do with £140 beside? If Turner had not come in just then, I think I should have gone mad; as it was, the morsel of meat I put in my mouth at supper stuck in my throat. My ultimate determination was, that I had no resource but to write to Norwich.

"This morning, however, the first thing I did was to send a note to Place, to state the circumstances, and to ask whether he must have the money to a day. He immediately came to me by way of answer, and told me he could wait till the 30th: a glorious reprieve!

" . . . . The post of to-day brought me £100 upon the house of Baring. It comes from the great American manager, with directions for me to furnish books, according to certain rules he lays down, at the rate of £100 per annum—this £100 being the earnest for the first year. His letter is a very kind one: I daresay he takes this step with a view to serve me in a certain degree: at any rate never did windfall come more opportunely. I need not tell you that Theobald or anybody will discount a bill, when accepted, on the house of Baring. . . . .

" . . . . . Take care of yourself. Remember that you have gone to the place where you are in search of repose. The money and the time will be worse than thrown away if this is not the purchase. . . . . Tell Mary that, in spite of unfavourable appearances, I have still faith that she will become a wise and, what is more, a good and a happy woman. . . . . I have just been into the next room to ask the children if they have any messages. They are both anxious to hear from you. Jane says she hopes you stuck on the Goodwin sands, and that the sailors frightened you a little.

Extract from Letter from William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

"*May* 20, 1811.

"—— Charles comes to you to-morrow. I hope this will not displease you. But I set my heart and soul on his learning no idle habits. I could almost wish that he had not a day's holiday between the two schools: the Charter House concludes at eleven o'clock to-morrow, and I believe it would poison all my tranquillity to see him wasting three days to no earthly purpose that I can conceive, being the precise difference between Tuesday and Friday. I have been with him to Tate's to-day, and half over the town, among Jews and Christians, to ascertain precisely Tate's character and his competence for what he undertakes. It strikes me that (if we can get on) our tranquillity depends more upon Charles than upon any human creature. I hope, but I tremble while I hope. I watch all his motions, and live in his looks.

"Give a thousand loves to William and Mary. By the way, you do not insert in your letter a single message from either, which I regard as a portentous and criminal omission in each."

From the Same to the Same.

"*May* 24, 1811.

"—— I send Charles's book agreeably to his desire: I want to win his heart; whether I shall succeed or no I know not. He said he could read with particular satisfaction to himself on the

sea-shore, and I wish him to be indulged. I know from reflection as well as experience, that a book read when it is desired is worth fifty of a book forced on the reader, without regard to seasons and occasions. The very choice of the book is taken out of my hands: T. T. undertook to procure for him Paine's 'Age of Reason:' this I objected to. It is written in a vein of banter and impudence, and though I do not wish the young man to be the slave of the religion of his country, there are few things I hate more than a young man, with his little bit of knowledge, setting up to turn up his nose, and elevate his eyebrows, and make his sorry joke at everything the wisest and best men England ever produced have treated with veneration. Therefore I preferred a work by Anthony Collins, the friend of Locke, written with sobriety and learning, to the broad grins of Thomas Paine. Do not, I entreat you, grudge 1s. 6d., the price, I am told, of the carriage of this parcel, to the gratifying the inclination of your son in this most important era of his life. . . . . Observe, I totally object to Mary's reading in Charles's book. I think it much too early for him, but I have been driven, so far as he is concerned, from the standing of my own judgment by the improper conduct of T. T."

From the Same to the Same.

"*May* 30, 1811.

"I am delighted with the cheerfulness that pervades your letter of yesterday. Fanny conducts herself delightfully, and I am what you call comfortable. But I cannot look with the sanguine temper I could wish on the prospect before us. *N'importe!*

> "'"'Tis not in mortals to command success:
> But we'll do more—we'll deserve it.'

No effort, no invention of mine shall be left untried. I will never give in, while I have strength to wield a pen or tell a tale. . . .

"I went last night to the Haymarket to see a new two-act piece, called 'Trial by Jury.' But my chief entertainment arose from two persons in the next box to me. They had for sometime the whole box to themselves, and sat in the front row—a man and, as

it seemed, his daughter. The man was sixty, a long, lank, colourless face, with deep furrows and half-shut eyes, something, I thought, between primitive simplicity and cunning. His face was overshadowed on all sides with thick, bushy, lank, dark-brown hair. He was precisely such a figure as they would make up on the stage for a saint; indeed he seemed escaped from the stage, and seated for a joke in the side box. His dress was like that of a farmer in Westmoreland, and under his arm he had all night a *chapeau de bras*. The daughter was thirty, dressed like the daughter of a substantial farmer, where, as Lamb describes it, they have twelve long miles to the nearest church—nothing could be more unfashionable. She looked a great deal about her, stared me and others full in the face, burst into roars of laughter at the jokes on the stage. I looked often on these very singular neighbours. I had difficulty to confine my observations within the bounds of decorum. Once or twice I said to myself, Is it possible this should be a man to lend me money? At last I could no longer sit still, but went out of the box to ask the box-keeper who he was. Earl Stanhope—I said to myself; this box-keeper dares not attempt to hoax me. I went and examined the box book—Earl Stanhope.

"Fanny is quite ferocious and impassioned against the journey to Margate. Her motive is a kind one. She says, This cook is very silly, but very willing; you cannot imagine how many things I have to do. She adds, Mamma talks of going to Ramsgate in the autumn; why cannot I go then?"

Charles Clairmont to T. Turner.

[RAMSGATE, *May*, 1811.]

"I think I will not pass a whole week in the country, doing nothing but sauntering about the fields. I am quite delighted with Ramsgate. There are the most beautiful fields of barley, corn, and tares that you can imagine—high cliffs, and the sea, to a person who never saw it before. In short, it is a place calculated above all others to excite my attention to that subject which my mind has of late been so intent upon. I have determined (not that I

think myself the proper person to judge, but because I think it quite necessary as the first step) to put aside the Old and New Testaments, for I can do nothing with them unless I make up my mind to believe in prophecies, hobgoblins, witches, and so forth. Do not, however, think that I am going to do as Patrickson did, and trouble myself no more about it. I am, I assure you, very much awed by it, and consider it a subject of the greatest importance, an everlasting something to be employed about—both a recreation from labour and occupation for the most industrious moments. . . . I am afraid that the idea of a God and of a future state is so deeply rooted in me that it holds me back, keeps me from thinking freely, and that I shall never be able to get over it. I hope, after I have read some book on the subject, that my ideas will be more clear, for I shall then have some foundation to work upon, and from which I shall gradually raise for myself a magnificent palace. Mr Godwin told me why he did not choose me to read Paine's book, which I think is all very reasonable, for it would certainly have been improper for a young thinker to read a burlesque on the subject, and I believe would rather have tended to shock me than otherwise. I shall read it, however, after the book which is promised me."

Mrs Godwin to William Godwin.

"*Aug.* 14, 1811.

"I know not what the state of *your* mind is at this moment, but mine will be that to which 10,000 daggers are mild, till I hear you accept the reconciliation I now send to offer. Perhaps I was irrational; but it is not a trifling wound to my heart to see myself put by, and thought of as a burden that the law will not let you be free from, because in the hardest struggle that ever fell to the lot of woman, I have lost my youth and beauty before the natural time. However, I will try to reconcile myself to what I have long foreseen.

"I repeat that I send to offer reconciliation, and the greatest favour you can do me is to meet me this evening as well as you

can, that strangers may know nothing of my sorrows. . . . Answer by a line whether you will come to Baker St., and if we shall be friends. M. G."

The Same to the Same.

"*Aug.* 30, 1811.

"Your dear balmy letter, brought stump-a-stump upstairs at ½-past 9, has set my heart at ease. . . . I almost doubt if you can read this scrawl. My neck aches, my head aches. We are at a cleaning upstairs. Charles smiled in a most heavenly manner at your kiss and a half. Fanny stood quite still; Jane capered. She looks very poorly, but her spirits are good. Jane and Willy have been reading in the Temple Gardens, and brought the umbrella from Lamb's. God bless you. M. J. G.

"I write from the shop, so the children are not by to send love."

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

"CHICHESTER, *Aug.* 31, 1811.

"MY BEST LOVE, . . .—I have passed few pleasanter days in my life than I passed yesterday. After some debate with myself, and finding that there was no means of public conveyance, I resolved to walk to Felpham (between seven and eight miles). The weather was very hot (the 'literary hermit' [Hayley] insisted on receiving me at noon), yet, to my astonishment, I was not at all fatigued. The literary hermit I dismiss in one word—I do not like him. His wife, however, seems a pleasant, unaffected, animated girl (he swears he himself is only sixty-five); and his house is quite a toy. He has erected a turret on the top, with a corridor over that, for the sake of the prospect, and to this corridor he climbs at least once every day by a ladder, which can only be descended by crawling backwards, and which, being on the top of the house in the open air, looked to me frightful, but I escaped without breaking either my neck or my leg. Pictures, drawings, splendid books, and splendid bindings adorn every room in the house,

everything that cannot be consumed or worn out. He does not go out of his little domain, prison in that sense, I should call it, four times in a year, and he told me he made it a rule never to invite anybody to dinner. His bookseller (with whom I have been negociating) tells me he was in the habit of dining with him every Sunday, but with a Chichester shopkeeper he could dispense with display. Thus he has everything for the eye, and nothing for the heart. Damn him.

"I say this in the sobriety of my deliberate judgment, and without a spice of resentment, for the moment I quitted his baby-house my happiness began. I went to Bognor, I inhaled the life-giving breezes of the sea, which I think, were I expiring with the imbecility of old age, would make me young again. Bognor is a sweet place. Why is it so? Merely because it is on the open beach of the sea, and is scattered over with neat little houses for the opulent, built for the purposes of health and recreation. Sarah Pink, the generous landlady of the hotel, gave me that dinner which the frozen-hearted Hayley refused. . . . She completed all her other kindnesses by refusing me a chaise to bring me back to Chichester last night, so that I was compelled to spend till eleven at night—the beautiful, serene, moonlight evening of one of the most beautiful days I ever saw, on the open shore, and only quitted the beach to repair to my bed. . . . I have got my pencil-case. It was in the coat pocket where Betsey swore it was not. . . . Ever and ever yours, W. GODWIN."

The Same to the Same.

"NEWPORT, I. OF WIGHT, *Sep.* 2.

"I have not passed a pleasant day since I left Bognor till to-day. Portsmouth is detestable, and Ryde to me insipid. Dr Stoddart showed me a pretty park, and a pretty garden, and two pretty villas, dearly looked upon by gaping strangers, but this to me is nothing. I except, however, the voyage from Portsmouth to Ryde, six miles in length, and one hour in duration. This was delicious. But to-day I am this moment come from Carisbrooke Castle, a beautiful ruin in the first place, and in the second, the

prison in which Charles I. was imprisoned for some months, and from which, with a short interval, he was conducted to his trial. They show a window through which he is said to have attempted his escape. I have just passed by the school-house where he is said to have met the Commissioners of Parliament, and made his last experiment for re-ascending the throne. There a monarch was arraigned, and now a school boy. It is with great regret that I refrain from risking a visit to the schoolmaster, and trying to make him talk over old times, and show me old walls. . . . The whole of this letter has been written in coffee rooms, where it is difficult to preserve the thread of narrative, but impossible to write sentiment. From Southampton I will endeavour to mix both; but I cannot help wishing briefly to put down my feelings in situations which I have just visited, and which I suppose certainly I shall never visit again.—Ever and ever yours, W. GODWIN."

"GUILDFORD, *Sep.* 5, 1811.

"Be assured, as I think I said in a letter of last week, that I admire you not less than I love you. We are both of us, depend upon it, persons of no common stamp, and we should accustom ourselves perpetually so to regard each other, and to persuade ourselves, without hesitation, without jealousy, and with undoubted confidence, that we are so regarded by each other. God bless you! Good night. W. GODWIN."

William Godwin to Mr Fairley.

"SKINNER ST., *Oct.* 5, 1811.

"DEAR FAIRLEY,—Would you have any objections to call on my part on Mr Constable the bookseller, to inquire of him personally the answer to a letter I addressed to him last week, on the subject of which I feel the greatest impatience? This letter, if you think you want one, may serve you as a passport.

"The purpose of my letter above mentioned, was to solicit Mr Constable to receive into his house for a short time, as the best possible introduction to the world of business, Charles Clairmont, the son of Mrs Godwin. . . . I gave my young man a high char-

acter in my letter to Mr Constable for prepossessing manners, and a diligent and accommodating temper. I observed that I had kept him for six years at the Charter House, one of our most celebrated schools, not without proportionable profit, and that he has once been several months under one of our most celebrated arithmeticians. You may think how interesting it is to us, at our time of life, and with our infirmities, to look forward to introducing into our concern a short time hence, a young man perfectly accomplished, who has been initiated in one of the first houses, and whose interests would, by the circumstance of his relationship, be almost necessarily coincident with our own. . . . Believe me, etc.,

W. GODWIN."

From the Same to the Same.

"*Oct.* 15, 1811.

"DEAR FAIRLEY,— I have received a second letter from Constable, and the affair of Charles Clairmont is closed agreeably to our wishes. He will be with you in the first week of November. Will you accept him for a friend, and endeavour to keep the lyre of his mind in tune? He is going 400 miles from his home, and the connections of his youth. I rely much on you to endeavour to bend his pliant years to sobriety, to honour and to good. . . . The only question between us and Constable was the period of his absence. Constable proposed four years; this appeared to us an eternity. But Constable has appeared willing, in that and everything else, to accommodate himself in the handsomest manner to our desires. . . . Mrs Godwin says what I have above written about Charles is too poetical, and that you will be apprehensive that it means that I wish him to live with you. Nothing can be further from my thoughts. I think his living expressly and solely under the direction of Mr Constable essential to the purpose for which he goes, and all I desire from you is the offices of friendship on his behalf.—Yours, etc., W. GODWIN."

From the Same to the Same.

"SKINNER ST., *Nov.* 3, 1811.

"DEAR FAIRLEY,—With this letter in his hand, presents himself before you a poor, forlorn, sea-sick minstrel, worn out with toils and watching, and scarcely able to open his eyes—an unhappy vagrant, now sent for the first time from the parental roof, and cast on the ocean of the world—whom we, to whom the care of the said vagrant appertains, cast with all confidence upon the professed kindness of Archibald Constable, and the kind friendship of John Fairley. Impart to him the charities of your hospital roof; give him a basin of water to refresh his skin; give him a dish of tea to moisten his burning lips, and accommodate him with an elbow-chair, where he may slumber for an hour or so unfuddled and unturmoiled by the rocking of the elements. . . . Mr Constable's proposition is, that he will pay to the youth for his services a salary of £15 per annum, and that if we add £30 to that, the whole will be sufficient for his subsistence, upon the same footing as the other young men whom Mr Constable is in the habit of receiving. . . .

"Where art thou, my friend, my genius, my philosopher, the cultivator of Beaufort?—Your entire friend, W. GODWIN."

The attraction which Godwin's society always possessed for young men has often been noticed, nor did it decrease as years passed on. Two young men were drawn to him in the year 1811, fired with zeal for intellectual pursuits and desiring help from Godwin. They were different in their circumstances, but were both unhappy, and both died young. The first was a lad named Patrickson, the second Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Patrickson had determined to go to College in spite of hindrances from want of means, and from the opposition of his family, who wished that he should enter into trade; and to this end he asked Godwin's influence to gain for him

certain exhibitions in the gift of various city companies Such an ambition was one which appealed to Godwin's sympathy, and, finding that Patrickson's own home-life was thoroughly unhappy, without any hope of improvement, he did his best, and with success, to collect means to send the lad as sizar to Emmanuel College, Cambridge. This was done, in the first place, by subscription among friends, (Basil Montagu, Dr Raine, Master of Charter House, and others); it was hoped that the exhibitions might come afterwards.

All Godwin's correspondence with Patrickson shows him in his most wise, amiable, and attractive mood. Some extracts from his letters may follow :—

William Godwin to P. Patrickson.

"SKINNER STREET, LONDON, *Dec.* 18, 1810.

" . . . . You will inevitably meet with some young men whose academical pursuits are a lien and burthensome to them; they will tempt you to dissipation, and the only security you can have against infection is a severe frugality of your time, and, in subordination to that, of your money: count your hours; be not prone to pity yourself, and say, Well, for this day I have done enough for my strength. Give me a sketch of what acquaintance you make, and how you spend your time.

"Let me have, as soon as possible, the proper certificates and documents, to enable me to apply to the city companies for their exhibitions. I foresee we shall have considerable difficulty in meeting the expenses of the university, let us be as frugal and active as we will. I have heard of college exhibitions by which somehow or other the receiver is ultimately out of pocket: you will, of course, be on your guard against such.

"I have been told of 300 books or volumes of which your father made you a present, previous to your going to Cambridge. I think I should have heard of this from you. Having undertaken the superintendence of your affairs, I had a right to be acquainted with all

their advantages and disadvantages. This is the only instance which has occurred to me of your practising any sort of concealment.

"I enclose two pounds as a small supplement to your finances. If you have any necessary demands against you, more than I am aware of, you must not scruple to let me know."

The Same to the Same.

"SKINNER STREET, LONDON, *June* 20, 1811.

" . . . . . I wish the letters I receive from you were, as somebody calls it, a *thought* less dry. I wish you would tell me something of your feelings, your reflections, and your meditations. It is impossible, at your age, and under your peculiar circumstances, but that some other abstractions should pass through your mind besides the abstractions of the mathematics. Tell me how far you are gratified with the occupations and impressions of a college life. Tell me how much and in what respects you regard the present, with pleasure or pain. Tell me how much and in what respects you regard the future—I mean that scene of life upon which you are to enter hereafter, with ardent hope or with unimpassioned indifference. Tell me what you love and what you hate. At present you lock up your reflections in your own breast, with the same niggardliness that a miser locks up his treasure, and communicate with no one the wealth of your bosom, or at least impart no shred of the wealth to me. King Solomon, the great Jewish philosopher, says, 'The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with his joy.' I wish I could prevail upon you not to make me altogether this stranger.

"It is of great advantage to a human being in this way to open himself. It takes away the savageness of our nature; it smooths down the ruggedness of our intellectual surface, and makes man the confederate and coadjutor of man. It also tends, in the most eminent degree, to expand and mature the best faculties of the human mind. It is scarcely possible for a man to reason well, or understand his own heart, upon a subject which he has not copiously and minutely unfolded, either by speech or in writing.

"All happiness attend you.—Your true friend,

"WILLIAM GODWIN.

"Mr Blackall's [the College Tutor] bill is £9, 6s. 11½d; Lady-Day quarter. It seems a most generous action on his part to have given you the £5 you mention; and generosity in this case is, I suppose, the index of a thing more to be prized—esteem."

Letters running through the three next years show constant affection and aid on Godwin's part, ever increasing morbid moroseness on that of poor Patrickson. He felt his poverty keenly, and the want of a home, on which two subsequent extracts throw some light. He dignified the petty annoyances, which the free outspoken habits of companions scarce more than boys brought upon him, with the name of persecution, those who were not his chosen friends —he chose but few—were called by him his enemies. Soon his brooding mind created words as spoken by passers-by, and the ill-defined boundary was passed which divides extreme sensitiveness from madness.

William Godwin to P. Patrickson.

"SKINNER STREET, *Feb.* 4. 1812.

"DEAR PATRICKSON,—I take the earliest opportunity to answer your letter, because it requires an answer. I am shocked with the passage in it, where you say you will write to your mother, and tell her you do not wish to hear from her any more.

"Surely a mother is a thing of more worth than this. The being that watched over you indefatigably in infancy, that had a thousand anxieties for you, and that reared you with care, and perhaps with difficulty, is not to be so treated. Your mother is a wrong-headed, not an abandoned woman. This is the great difference, at least with few exceptions, between one human creature and another. We all of us endeavour to square our actions by our conscience, or our conscience by our actions: we examine what we do by the rule, and pronounce sentence of acquittal or approbation on ourselves: but some of us are in error, and some enlightened. You and I, who are of course among the enlightened, should pity those

that are less fortunate than ourselves, and not abhor them: even an erroneous conscience, by which he who bears it in his bosom tries and examines his actions, is still a thing to be respected.

"I think that you should write to your mother as little as possible, and perhaps for the present ask no favours of her. . . . But to go out of your way to insult her is horrible. . . .

"The ties between one human creature and another are so few in number, and so scanty, as society is at present constituted, that I would not wantonly break any of those that nature has made, and least of all that to a mother. Human creatures are left so much alone, hardly sufficiently aided in the giddiness of youth, and the infirmities of age, that I am sure it is not the part of a wise or a good man to increase this crying evil under the sun. I still hope the time will come when you shall relieve the sorrows of a mother, and when she shall look up to her son with pride and with pleasure. . . .—Your sincere friend, W. GODWIN."

William Godwin to P. Patrickson.

"*April* 1, 1812.

"I perceive that you set up the present state of your understanding as the criterion of reason and justice, and have no notion that anything can be right which you do not understand, or, in other words, that any other person can see, or that you may hereafter see, what at present you do not. This tone of mind is a perfect leveller, and a leveller of the worst sort, bringing down to your own standard everything that may happen to be above you, but certainly not equally anxious about raising those that may happen to be below you.

"The opposite tone of mind cannot be designated by any name more properly than that of the *religious feeling*. It is the feeling which pious men cultivate towards the Author of the world. It consists in the acknowledgement that there may be something right which we do not comprehend, and something good that we do not perfectly see to be such. It is built upon a sober and perfect conviction of our weakness, our ignorance, and the errors to which we are perpetually liable. It therefore cherishes in us

sentiments of honour, admiration, and affection, for those whom we apprehend to be in any way wiser and better than ourselves. I do not very distinctly see how love can grow up in the mind, or there can be anything exquisitely amiable in the character, where the religious feeling, in this explanation of the term, is wanting. This feeling, however, is perfectly consistent with the highest and purest notions of erectness and independence: nay, it strengthens and corrects them, because it converts what was before a cold decision of the judgment into a noble and generous sentiment."

The Same to the Same.

"*July* 10, 1812.

"You do not care if the result of what you do shall be to show the worst side of yourself to those you have intercourse with. This is very wrong. I know many persons in the world who, like you, are afraid that frankness, if they practised it, would become cant, or something similar to cant. It is true that he is the son of an opulent father, and therefore may say to me in the words of Hamlet,

'"But what revenue can I hope from thee?'

A full heart, however, scorns the difference between riches and poverty, and will not whisper itself to hold its tongue, and not vent its emotions, because it has no revenue."

The Same to the Same.

"*Jan.* 4, 1813.

"My objection to your coming is on a point of prudence, and I earnestly entreat you, as you have any regard for your future peace and prosperity, to weigh well what I am going to say. Poverty, I assure you, is a very wretched thing. The prayer of Agur in the Bible is excellent, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches, lest I be full and deny Thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.' I should not of course express the reasons of my wish in my own behalf, or in behalf of any one in whom I was interested, in so

pious and religious a manner; but my sense would be nearly the same. Riches corrupt the morals and harden the heart, and poverty breaks the spirit and courage of a man, plants his pillow with perpetual thorns, and makes it all but impossible for him to be honest, virtuous, and honourable."

P. Patrickson to William Godwin.

"CAMBRIDGE, *July* 27, 1814.

"Upon my return to this place I found my persecutors more active than they were before I left it. On that account I have determined to confine myself to my lodgings during the day. I take my walks before seven o'clock in the morning, and after dusk in the evening. However, I don't entirely escape them by staying at home. Many times a day I hear people passing my window say to one another, 'Mr Patrickson, that came to college upon a subscription, lives there.' Sometimes this information causes a laugh; among working men commonly anger. They often cry, 'A damn'd barber's clerk: I wish he had to work as hard as me!' This expression 'barber's clerk,' which seems to be an indefinite term of contempt, has, I suppose, been the occasion of some persons, not versed in slang, taking up the idea that I'm the son of a barber. . . ."

William Godwin to P. Patrickson.

"*July* 30, 1814.

. . . "I am so exceedingly pressed at this moment, that I must request you to be contented with £2, and must endeavour to send you a further supply on this day week. . . . I am sorry you still allow yourself to be so plagued by the people you dignify with the name of your enemies. They ought to be regarded no more than if you were 'hush'd with buzzing night-flies to your slumber.' What harm do they do you? None: but seize upon a sickly part of your nature, which your better nature would bid be well, whenever you thought proper to call on him. Will they hinder your promotion? Will they cause you to be thought a profligate or a

fool? Will they, if you are called to the bar, hinder you from having clients, or prevent the judge from paying proper attention to the solidity of your arguments? I am sure a little reading in Seneca, the philosopher, would set you right in this pitiable wrong. You will outlive, and rise superior to all this, and will then wonder that you could suffer yourself to be disturbed by it.—Your sincere friend, W. GODWIN."

On August 8th, Patrickson dined with Godwin in London, and on the next day returned to Cambridge. Immediately on his arrival he wrote the following letter to Godwin:—

P. Patrickson to William Godwin.

. . . "My spirits have for some time been subject to fits of extreme depression, in which I have invariably felt myself compelled to put an end to my existence. I leave this letter to account to you for my conduct, in the event of my obeying one of these. I have endeavoured to the utmost of my power to combat these fits of low spirits, but my efforts have been in vain. Nothing, I believe, could relieve me but change of scene and agreeable company: and you know it is at present quite out of my power to try the effect of either. . . . I know not whether to ascribe it to an unhappy natural disposition, or to the joyless life that I have led, marked only with misfortune and misery, wanting the cheering kindness of friends and relations, and unenlivened by the amusements and pleasures which other young men have enjoyed in passing through the same stages of existence. But I certainly have not the same perceptions of enjoyment that others have: from the earliest of my recollections, life has been a thing of no value to me, and I have been accustomed in times of sorrow to envy even the ground I trod on, for its insensibility to the evils that vexed and tormented me. . . . My past expectations have been so continually disappointed, that I am unable to place any dependence upon what at present appears favourable in my future prospects. Indeed, the more I think of the future, the more I am inclined to

despair: I believe I can never enjoy any kind of happiness or comfort until I shall have some kind of respectable settlement in life, and to obtain this requires exertions which, broken-spirited and broken-hearted as I am, are perfectly impracticable."

Mrs Godwin has noted on the letter, from which the last extract is taken, that it was soon followed by a note from the College Tutor, informing Mr Godwin that Patrickson had shot himself on the following day, Aug. 10th. No record of the event is to be found in the College books, but the "Bedmaker," who attended the unfortunate young man, died only a few years ago, and the event is still remembered as a tradition at Emmanuel.

I have read the Tragedy of Cenci, & am glad to see Shelley at last descending to what really passes among human creatures. The story is certainly an unfortunate one; but the execution gives me a fine idea of Shelley's powers. There are passages of great strength; & the character of Beatrice is certainly excellent.

Ever most affectionately yours
William Godwin

My last letter was dated March 17.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SHELLEYS. 1811—1814.

THE intimacy with Shelley, which also was not of Godwin's seeking, was destined to have a far more abiding influence on the lives of both. The first notice of Shelley in the Godwin Diaries is under date Jan. 6, 1811. "Write to Shelly." It is the only time his name is so spelt, his letter was in answer to Shelley's first letter, in which he introduced himself, and was written at once, when he was not quite clear about the name of his correspondent.

Shelley was at this time living at Keswick, in the earlier and happier days of his marriage with Harriet Westbrook, and his eager and restless spirit prompted him to form the acquaintance, by letter, with others whom he believed to be like himself enthusiasts in the cause of humanity, of liberty, and progress. He had already, in this manner, made the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt, when, in January 1811, he wrote thus to Godwin :—

P. B. Shelley to William Godwin.

KESWICK, *Jan.* 3, 1811.

"—— You will be surprised at hearing from a stranger. No introduction has, nor in all probability ever will, authorize that which common thinkers would call a liberty. It is, however, a liberty which, although not sanctioned by custom, is so far from being reprobated by reason, that the dearest interests of mankind imperiously demand that a certain etiquette of fashion should no

longer keep 'man at a distance from man,' and impose its flimsy barriers between the free communication of intellect. The name of Godwin has been accustomed to excite in me feelings of reverence and admiration. I have been accustomed to consider him as a luminary too dazzling for the darkness which surrounds him, and from the earliest period of my knowledge of his principles, I have ardently desired to share in the footing of intimacy that intellect which I have delighted to contemplate in its emanations. Considering, then, these feelings, you will not be surprised at the inconceivable emotion with which I learned your existence and your dwelling. I had enrolled your name on the list of the honourable dead. I had felt regret that the glory of your being had passed from this earth of ours. It is not so. You still live, and I firmly believe are still planning the welfare of human kind. I have but just entered on the scene of human operations, yet my feelings and my reasonings correspond with what yours were. My course has been short, but eventful. I have seen much of human prejudice, suffered much from human persecution, yet I see no reason hence inferable which should alter my wishes for their renovation. The ill treatment I have met with has more than ever impressed the truth of my principles on my judgment. I am young: I am ardent in the cause of philanthropy and truth: do not suppose that this is vanity. I am not conscious that it influences the portraiture. I imagine myself dispassionately describing the state of my mind. I am young: you have gone before me, I doubt not are a veteran to me in the years of persecution. Is it strange that, defying persecution as I have done, I should outstep the limits of custom's prescription, and endeavour to make my desire useful by friendship with William Godwin? I pray you to answer this letter. Imperfect as it may be, my capacity, my desire, is ardent, and unintermitted. Half-an-hour would be at least humanity employed in the experiment. I may mistake your residence. Certain feelings, of which I may be an inadequate arbiter, may induce you to desire concealment. I may not in fine have an answer to this letter. If I do not, when I come to London I shall seek for you. I am convinced I could

represent myself to you in such terms as not to be thought wholly unworthy of your friendship. At least, if any desire for universal happiness has any claim upon your preference, that desire I can exhibit. Adieu. I shall earnestly await your answer.

"P. B. SHELLEY."

The answer to this is lost, but it appears from the diary that the correspondence was frequent. From Keswick Shelley went to Dublin, and devoted himself to the cause of Irish Patriotism, with his usual chivalry, and perhaps even less than his usual discretion. Godwin did all that he could, not by any means to change Shelley's principles, but to inculcate prudence and discretion in the mode of carrying them out. The following letters serve well to show their writer's political standpoint, though it may be doubted if they had much effect on the vehement young dreamer to whom they were addressed. In fact, very shortly after the last was written, Shelley had made Ireland too hot to hold him, for venturing to suggest that even Protestants were entitled to toleration. The police warned him that he had better quit the country, and after a while he settled for a time his wandering household at Lynmouth, in North Devon.

William Godwin to P. B. Shelley.

March 4, 1812.

"MY GOOD FRIEND,—I have read all your letters (the first perhaps excepted) with peculiar interest, and I wish it to be understood by you unequivocally that, as far as I can yet penetrate into your character, I conceive it to exhibit an extraordinary assemblage of lovely qualities not without considerable defects. The defects do, and always have arisen chiefly from this source, that you are still very young, and that in certain essential respects you do not sufficiently perceive that you are so.

"In your last letter you say, 'I publish because I will publish

nothing that shall not conduce to virtue, and therefore my publications, as far as they do influence, shall influence for good.'

"Oh, my friend, how short-sighted are the views that dictated this sentence! Every man, in every deliberate action of his life, imagines he sees a preponderance of good likely to result. This is the law of our nature, from which none of us can escape. You do not in this point generically differ from the human beings about you. Mr Burke and Tom Paine, when they wrote on the French Revolution, perhaps equally believed that the sentiments they supported were essentially conducive to the welfare of man. When Mr Walsh resolved to purloin to his own use a few thousand pounds, with which to settle himself and his family and children in America, he tells us that he was for some time anxious that the effects of his fraud should fall upon Mr. Oldham rather than upon Sir Thomas Plumer, because, in his opinion, Sir Thomas was the better man. And I have no doubt that he was fully persuaded that a greater sum of happiness would result from these thousand pounds being employed in settling his innocent and lovely family in America, than in securing to his employer the possession of a large landed estate. . . . .

"In the pamphlet you have just sent me, your views and mine as to the improvement of mankind are decisively at issue. You profess the immediate objects of your efforts to be 'the organization of a society whose institution shall serve as a bond to its members.' If I may be allowed to understand my book on Political Justice, it's pervading principle is, that association is a most ill-chosen and ill-qualified mode of endeavouring to promote the political happiness of mankind. And I think of your pamphlet, however commendable and lovely are many of its sentiments, that it will either be ineffective to its immediate object, or that it has no very remote tendency to light again the flames of rebellion and war. . . . .

"Discussion, reading, enquiry, perpetual communication: these are my favourite methods for the improvement of mankind, but associations, organized societies, I firmly condemn. You may as well tell the adder not to sting:

'You may as well use question with the wolf:
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven,'

as tell organized societies of men, associated to obtain their rights and to extinguish oppression,—prompted by a deep aversion to inequality, luxury, enormous taxes, and the evils of war,—to be innocent, to employ no violence, and calmly to await the progress of truth. I never was at a public political dinner, a scene that I have now not witnessed for many years, that I did not see how the enthusiasm was lighted up, how the flame caught from man to man, how fast the dictates of sober reason were obliterated by the gusts of passion, and how near the assembly was, like Alexander's compotatores at Persepolis, to go forth and fire the city, or, like the auditors of Anthony's oration over the body of Cæsar, to apply a flaming brand to the mansion of each several conspirator.

"Discussion and conversation on the best interests of society are excellent as long as they are unfettered, and each man talks to his neighbour in the freedom of congenial intercourse as he happens to meet with him in the customary haunts of men, or in the quiet and beneficent intercourse of each other's fireside. But they become unwholesome and poisonous when men shape themselves into societies, and become distorted with the artifices of organization. It will not then long be possible to reason calmly and dispassionately: men will heat each other into impatience and indignation against their oppressors; they will become tired of talking for ever, and will be in a hurry to act. If this view of things is true, applied to any country whatever, it is peculiarly and fearfully so when applied to the fervent and impetuous character of the Irish. . . . .

"One principle that I believe is wanting in you, and in all our too fervent and impetuous reformers, is the thought that almost every institution and form of society is good in its place and in the period of time to which it belongs. How many beautiful and admirable effects grew out of Popery and the monastic institutions

in the period when they were in their genuine health and vigour. To them we owe almost all our logic and our literature. What excellent effects do we reap, even at this day, from the feudal system and from chivalry! In this point of view nothing perhaps can be more worthy of our applause than the English Constitution. Excellent to this purpose are the words of Daniel in his Apology for Rhyme: 'Nor can it touch but of arrogant ignorance, to hold this or that nation barbarous, these or those times gross, considering how this manifold creature man, whereso-ever he stand in the world, hath always some disposition of worth, entertains and affects that order of society which is best for his use, and is eminent for some one thing or other that fits his humour and the times.' This is the truest and most sublime toleration. There is a period, indeed, when each institution is obsolete, and should be laid aside; but it is of much importance that we should not proceed too rapidly in this, or introduce any change before its due and proper season. . . . .

"You say that you count but on a short life. In that too you are erroneous. I shall not live to see you fourscore, but it is not improbable that my son will. I was myself in early life of a remarkably puny constitution. Pope, who was at all times kept alive only by art, reached his fifty-seventh year. The constitution of man is a theatre of change, and I think it not improbable that at thirty or forty you will be a robust man. . . . .

"To descend from great things to small, I can perceive that you are already infected with the air of the country [Ireland]. Your letter with its enclosures cost me by post £1 1*s.* 8*d.*, and you say in it that you 'send it in this way to save expense.' The post always charges parcels that exceed a sheet or two by weight, and they should therefore always be forwarded by some other conveyance. . . . .

The Same to the Same.

"*March* 14, 1812.

"I take up the pen again immediately on the receipt of yours, because I am desirous of making one more effort to save yourself

and the Irish people from the calamities with which I see your mode of proceeding to be fraught. In the commencement of this letter you profess to 'acquiesce in my decisions,' and you go on with those measures which, with no sparing and equivocal voice, I have condemned. I smile, with a bitter smile, a smile of much pain, at the impotence of my expostulations on so momentous a topic, when I observe these inconsistencies. . . .

"You say, 'What has been done within these last twenty years?' Oh, that I could place you upon the pinnacle of ages, from which these twenty years would shrink to an invisible point! It is not after this fashion that moral causes work in the eye of him who looks profoundly through the vast and—allow me to add—venerable machine of human society. But so reasoned the French Revolutionists. Auspicious and admirable materials were working in the general mind of France; but these men said, as you say, 'When we look on the last twenty years, we are seized with a sort of moral scepticism; we must own we are eager that something should be done.' And see what has been the result of their doings. He that would benefit mankind on a comprehensive scale, by changing the principles and elements of society, must learn the hard lesson, to put off self, and to contribute by a quiet but incessant activity, like a rill of water, to irrigate and fertilise the intellectual evil. . . .

"I wish to my heart you would come immediately to London. I have a friend who has contrived a tube to convey passengers sixty miles an hour: be youth your tube. I have a thousand things I could say, really more than I could say in a letter on this important subject. You cannot imagine how much all the females of my family, Mrs Godwin and three daughters, are interested in your letters and your history."

The Same to the Same.

"*March* 30, 1812.

"I received your last letter on the 24th inst., and the perusal of it gave me a high degree of pleasure. . . . I can now look upon you as a friend. Before, I knew not what might happen. It was

like making an acquaintance with Robert Emmet, who, I believe, like yourself, was a man of a very pure mind, but respecting whom I could not have told from day to day what calamities he might bring upon his country; how effectually (like the bear in the fable) he might smash the nose of his mother to pieces, when he intended only to remove the noxious insect that tormented her; and what premature and tragical fate he might bring upon himself. Now, I can look on you, not as a meteoric ephemeral, but as a lasting friend, who, according to the course of nature, may contribute to the comforts of my closing days. Now, I can look on you as a friend like myself, but I hope more effectually and actively useful, who is prone to study the good of his fellow men, but with no propensities threatening to do them extensive mischief, under the form and intention of benefit. . . .

"You say, 'I will look to events in which it will be impossible I can share, and make myself the cause of an effect which will take place ages after I shall have mouldered into dust.' In saying this you run from one extreme to another. I have often had occasion to apply a principle on the subject of education, which is equally applicable here—'Be not easily discouraged; sow the seed, and after a season, and when you least look for it, it will germinate and produce a crop.' I have again and again been hopeless concerning the children with whom I have voluntarily, or by the laws of society, been concerned. Seeds of intellect and knowledge, seeds of moral judgment and conduct, I have sown; but the soil for a long while seemed ungrateful to the tiller's care. It was not so; the happiest operations were going on quietly and unobserved, and at the moment when it was of the most importance, they unfolded themselves to the delight of every beholder.

"These instances of surprise are owing solely to the bluntness of our senses. You find little difference between the men of these islands of Europe now and twenty years ago. If you looked more into these things you would perceive that the alteration is immense. The human race has made larger strides to escape from a state of childhood in these twenty years than perhaps in any hundred years preceding. . . .

When arranging his usual short summer excursion in 1812, Godwin determined to combine this with a visit to the Shelleys. They had asked him to visit them, but no time had been fixed for his arrival; indeed the invitation had not been pressed when Godwin first thought of making his tour westward, for the Shelleys feared they could scarcely make him quite comfortable in the limited accommodation they could offer him. But on his arrival at Lynmouth, the Shelleys were gone, and had taken up their abode at Tan-yr-alt in North Wales. The diary illustrates the difficulties of a pleasure tour sixty years since, and the perseverance of the tourist in spite of ill-health.

"*Sep.* 9, *W.* Twice to Bagley's banker: coach Gerards Hall: sup at Slough. Write to Place.

" 10, *Th.* Breakfast at Thatcham: lunch Beckhampton: cyder, Bath: sleep at Bristol, Bush. Fellow travellers; Mrs Major Wms (Picton) rev. Gibbs, spouter, and Mrs Harwood. Write to M. J. [Mrs Godwin.]

" 11, *F.* Call on Gutch: New Passage to Chepstow: Black Rock Inn, Mr and Mrs Griffiths: dine w. Vivian, Beaufort Arms; walk to the Castle. Write to M. J.

" 12, *Sa.* Boat to Tintern; St Peter's Thumb, Twelve Apostles, Lover's Leap: dine at Chepstow: walk to Black Rock; adv. Griffiths (al Lewis) and Yescomb. Write to M. J.

" 13, *Su.* Passage, with 12 horses, &c.: return chaise to Bristol: call on Dr Kentish, deceased. Write to Shelley.

" 14, *M.* Call on Gutch, and w. him on Cottle: meet Vivian: w. him Cathedral and Redcliffe: dine at Gutch's w. Dr Pritchard. Write to M. J.

French enter Moscow.

"*Sep.* 15, *Tu.* Breakfast at Gutch's: walk w. him to St Vincent's: tea Cottle's: Bradbury's theatre. Write to M. J., sent Wednesday.

"16, *W.* Call on Gutch and Shephard: Jane, Capt. Edwards, w. Lawrence and son, Capt. Cotham, Miss Fisher, Mrs Kirkby, &c.

"17, *Th.* Rainy morning: pass Minehead: turned back by a squall, to Penarth, one mile from Cardiff, where it was proposed by the Captain we should sleep on shore, I believe in a barn. Deliquium.

"18, *F.* Lynmouth, three in afternoon: eat nothing from Wednesday's dinner: walk to the Valley of Stones. Deliquium, in bed-chamber.

"19, *Sa.* Call on Mrs Hooper; see Mrs Sandford: horses to Barnstaple; mall and fair.

"20, *Su.* Coach w. East-Indian and wife, Capt. Burke, Major Hatherley, Lyndon cripple, &c.: South Molton: dine at Tiverton: Peverel; Wellington: sleep at Taunton. Write to M. J.

"21, *M.* Breakfast at Somerton: walk and prospect at Castle Carey: Wincaunton; Mere: dine at Hindon: sleep at Salisbury: call on Dowding: Cathedral, moonlight. Write to M. J.

"22, *Tu.* Del. imp^{m}. Call on Dowding, and w. Luxford on Jeffery, picture-dealer: meet Tinney: Cathedral and Close: dine at Luxford's: sup on Welch Rabbit.

"23, *W.* Deliquia imp^{a}. Call on Dowding and Jeffery: Cathedral, charity-sermon, Bp. &c.: dine at Jeffery's w. Coates, Finches, Miss Noyes, Long and Luxford: adv. Bushel and Mitty. Write to M. J. Darmany calls.

"24, *Th.* Call on Dowding and Luxford, Jeffery $^{n.}$ and Coates: chaise to Stonehenge and Amesbury: return d$^{o.}$ to Andover; call on Godden, tanner. Write to M. J.

"*Sep.* 25, *F.* Coach, outside; w. postmaster, Jew, and 2 daughters, D. Hayter of Whitchurch, mechanist: dine at Staines: tea Skinner Street."

The narrative is given in greater detail to Mrs Godwin. The letter has already been printed by Lady Shelley in her "Shelley Memorials."

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

"LYNMOUTH, VALLEY OF STONES, *Sep. 19th*, 1812.

"MY DEAR LOVE,—The Shelleys are gone! have been gone these three weeks. I hope you hear the first from me; I dread lest every day may have brought you a letter from them, conveying this strange intelligence. I know you would conjure up a thousand frightful ideas of my situation under this disappointment. I have myself a disposition to take quietly any evil, when it can no longer be avoided, when it ceases to be attended with uncertainty, and when I can already compute the amount of it. I heard this news instantly on my arrival at this place, and therefore walked immediately (that is, as soon as I had dined) to the Valley of Stones, that, if I could not have what was gone away, I might at least not fail to visit what remained.

"You advise me to return by sea; I thank you a thousand times for your kind and considerate motive in this, but certainly nothing more could be proposed to me at this moment than a return by sea. I left Bristol at one o'clock on Wednesday, and arrived here at four o'clock on Friday, after a passage of fifty-one hours. We had fourteen passengers, and only four berths, therefore I lay down only once for a few hours. We had very little wind, and accordingly regularly tided it for six hours, and lay at anchor for six, till we reached this place. This place is fifteen miles short of Ilfracombe. If the Captain, after a great entreaty from the mate and one of his passengers (for I cannot entreat for such things) [had not] lent me his own boat to put me ashore, I really think I should have died with *ennui*. We anchored, Wednesday night, somewhere within sight of the Holmes (small islands,

so called, in the British Channel). The next night we came within sight of Minehead, but the evening set in with an alarming congregation of black clouds, the sea rolled vehemently without a wind (a phenomenon which is said to portend a storm) and the Captain in a fright put over to Penarth, near Cardiff, and even told us he should put us ashore there for the night. At Penarth, he said, there was but one house, but it had a fine large barn annexed to it capable of accommodating us all. This was a cruel reverse to me and my fellow-passengers, who had never doubted that we should reach the end of our voyage some time in the second day. By the time, however, we had made the Welsh coast, the frightful symptoms disappeared, the night became clear and serene, and I landed here happily—that is, without further accident—the next day. These are small events to a person accustomed to a seafaring life, but they were not small to me, and you will allow that they were not much mitigated by the elegant and agreeable accommodations of our crazed vessel. I was not decisively sea-sick, but had qualmish and discomforting sensations from the time we left the Bristol river, particularly after having lain down a few hours of Wednesday night.

"Since writing the above I have been to the house where Shelley lodged, and I bring good news. I saw the woman of the house, and I was delighted with her. She is a good creature, and quite loved the Shelleys. They lived here nine weeks and three days. They went away in a great hurry, in debt to her and two more. They gave her a draft upon the Honourable Mr Lawless, brother to Lord Cloncurry, and they borrowed of her twenty-nine shillings, besides £3 that she got for them from a neighbour, all of which they faithfully returned when they got to Ilfracombe, the people not choosing to change a bank-note which had been cut in half for safety in sending it by the post. But the best news is that the woman says they will be in London in a fortnight. This quite comforts my heart."

The Shelleys arrived in London after their stay at Tanry-alt on October 4th, and dined with Godwin. They remained in London just six weeks, during which time

Shelley and Godwin met almost daily, and he with his wife and her sister, Miss Westbrook, were frequent visitors in Skinner Street. Of the two persons who were most to influence Shelley's life in after years, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin and Jane Clairmont, who made her home with him and his second wife, he saw but little. Mary Godwin was just fifteen, was still a child, and considered as such in her family. Her half sister Fanny was Miss Godwin, and was, after this visit, Shelley's friend and occasional correspondent. Jane Clairmont was only at home for two nights during the six weeks Shelley spent in London. She was several years older than Fanny, and even then led a somewhat independent life apart from her mother and step-father, presumably as a governess, since that was the occupation she afterwards followed in Italy, during the intervals of her residence with the Shelleys. In those later days, however, it seemed more poetical to an imaginative mind to call herself 'Clare' instead of Jane, by which self-chosen name she appears in the Shelley diaries. Godwin, however, preferring blunt reality, sticks to her true name.

When Mary Godwin was fifteen her father received a letter from an unknown correspondent, who took a deep interest in the theories of education which had been held by Mary Wollstonecraft, and who was anxious to know how far these were carried out in regard to the children she had left. An extract from Godwin's reply paints his daughter as she was at that period :—

"Your enquiries relate principally to the two daughters of Mary Wollstonecraft. They are neither of them brought up with an exclusive attention to the system and ideas of their mother. I lost her in 1797, and in 1801 I married a second time. One among the motives which led me to chuse this was the feeling I had in myself of an incompetence for the education of daughters. The

present Mrs Godwin has great strength and activity of mind, but is not exclusively a follower of the notions of their mother; and indeed, having formed a family establishment without having a previous provision for the support of a family, neither Mrs Godwin nor I have leisure enough for reducing novel theories of education to practice, while we both of us honestly endeavour, as far as our opportunities will permit, to improve the mind and characters of the younger branches of our family.

"Of the two persons to whom your enquiries relate, my own daughter is considerably superior in capacity to the one her mother had before. Fanny, the eldest, is of a quiet, modest, unshowy disposition, somewhat given to indolence, which is her greatest fault, but sober, observing, peculiarly clear and distinct in the faculty of memory, and disposed to exercise her own thoughts and follow her own judgment. Mary, my daughter, is the reverse of her in many particulars. She is singularly bold, somewhat imperious, and active of mind. Her desire of knowledge is great, and her perseverance in everything she undertakes almost invincible. My own daughter is, I believe, very pretty; Fanny is by no means handsome, but in general prepossessing."

In 1813 Shelley was again in London for a short time during the summer, but Mary was absent in Scotland. She was not strong, and as a growing girl needed purer air than Skinner Street could offer; she had therefore gone to Dundee with her father's friends, Mr Baxter and his daughter; and remained with them six months. It was not until the summer of 1814 that Shelley and Mary Godwin became really acquainted, when he found the child whom he had scarcely noticed two years before had grown into the woman of nearly seventeen summers.

The story has often been told, and told in different ways; but the facts as far as they can be gleaned from the scanty entries in Godwin's Diary are these. Shelley came to London on May 18th, leaving his wife at Binfield, certainly

without the least idea that it was to be a final separation from him, though the relations between husband and wife had for some time been increasingly unhappy. He was of course received in Godwin's house on the old footing of close intimacy, and rapidly fell in love with Mary. Fanny Godwin was away from home visiting some of the Wollstonecrafts, or she, three years older than Mary, might have discouraged the romantic attachment which sprang up between her sister and their friend. Jane Clairmont's influence was neither then, nor at any other time, used, or likely to be used, judiciously.

It was easy for the lovers, for such they became before they were aware of it, to meet without the attention of the parents being drawn to the increasing intimacy, and yet without any such sense of clandestine interviews, as might have disclosed to themselves whither they were drifting. Mary was unhappy at home; she thoroughly disliked Mrs Godwin, to whom Fanny was far more tolerant; her desire for knowledge and love for reading were discouraged, and when seen with a book in her hand, she was wont to hear from her step-mother that her proper sphere was the store-room. Old St Pancras churchyard was then a quiet and secluded spot, where Mary Wollstonecraft's grave was shaded by a fine weeping willow. Here Mary Godwin used to take her books in the warm days of June, to spend every hour she could call her own. Here her intimacy with Shelley ripened, and here, in Lady Shelley's words, "she placed her hand in his, and linked her fortunes with his own."

It was not till July 8th that Godwin saw in any degree what was going on. The Diary records a "Talk with Mary," and a letter to Shelley. The explanation was satisfactory—it was before the mutual confession in St Pancras

churchyard—and Godwin and Shelley still met daily; but the latter did not dine again in Skinner Street. On July 14th Harriet Shelley arrived in London. The entries in the Diary for that and the following day are:—

> "15, *F.* M[arshal] and Shelley for Nash: Balloon: P.B. and H. Shelley to call ^{n}: M. and F. Jones call, for Miss White: call on H. Shelley.
> "16, *Sa.* C. Turner (fr. Mackintosh and Dadley) call: call on Shelleys; coach w. P. B. S."

It is quite certain that Godwin used all his influence to restore the old relations between husband and wife; and on the 22d "Talk with Jane, letter fr. do. Write to H.S.," evidently refer to his dislike of the attention which Shelley now paid his daughter. But it was too late; for on July 28th, early in the morning, Mary Godwin left her father's house, accompanied by Jane Clairmont. They joined Shelley, posted to Dover, and crossed in an open boat to Calais during a violent storm, during which they were in considerable danger. As soon as the elopement was discovered Mrs Godwin pursued the party.

Godwin's Diary is here also extremely brief:—

> "28, *Th. Five in the morning.* Macmillan calls. M. J. for Dover."

Charles Clairmont wrote to break the news to Fanny, and devoted himself to his step-father during the three days of uncertainty, till Mrs Godwin returned from Calais on July 31st.

On the evening of their arrival at Calais, Shelley and Mary began a joint diary, which was continued by one or the other through the remainder of Shelley's life. The entry for the second day gives an account of the entrance

into their room of the landlord of the Calais Hotel to say that "a fat lady had arrived who said that I had run away with her daughter." As all the world knows, her persuasions had no avail, and she returned alone; Jane Clairmont, in spite of her mother's remonstrances, determined to stay with Shelley and Mary. The three went to Paris, where they bought a donkey, and rode him in turns to Geneva, the others walking. He was bought for Mary as the weakest of the party, but Shelley's feet were soon blistered, and he was glad to ride now and then, not without the jeers of the passers by, in the spirit of those who scoffed in the Fable of the "Old Man and his Ass."

Sleeping now in a cabaret and now in a cottage, they at last finished this strange honeymoon, and the strangest sentimental journey ever undertaken since Adam and Eve went forth with all the world before them where to choose.

Godwin's irritation and displeasure at the step his daughter had taken were extreme. His own views on the subject of marriage had undergone a considerable change, and he was more alive than in former years to the strictures of the world. Nor is it possible for the most enthusiastic admirers of Shelley to palliate materially his conduct in the matter. On any view of the relations between the sexes, on any view of the desirableness of divorce, the breach with Harriet, was far too recent to justify his conduct. In spite of her after-conduct our sympathies cannot but be in some measure with the discarded wife. But neither need they be refused to Mary Godwin. Let it be remembered that she was not seventeen, that her whole sympathies were with her mother, who had held views on marriage, different indeed to those which her daughter was upholding by her action, but which a young

inexperienced girl might easily confuse with them, that her home was unhappy, and that she had met one who was to her then, and through all her married life, as one almost divine, last and not least that she was upheld in all that she did by an astute and worldly woman, who, though no relation, stood to Mary in the place of an elder sister. For Miss Clairmont indeed it is difficult to find excuse.

Godwin's sources of trouble were considerable at the time of Mary's leaving her home. He was not a tender father in outward show, but he was sincerely attached to his children, and Mary was bound up with the happiest and the saddest days of the past. William also began to give his father a good deal of uneasiness, and the week after Mrs Godwin returned from her bootless mission to Calais, the boy ran away from home—the first, but by no means the last, escapade of the kind—and could not be found till after two nights' search and anxiety. And the day after his disappearance was that on which Godwin heard of Patrickson's suicide.

It has seemed best to give the narratives of Patrickson and Shelley without intermission, but the following letters, which need little elucidation, fall within the period to which the death of the one and the elopement of the other, bring the narrative of Godwin's life.

William Wordsworth to William Godwin.

"GRASMERE, *March* 9, 1811.

"DEAR SIR,—I received your letter and the accompanying *booklet* yesterday. Some one recommended to Gainsborough a subject for a picture: it pleased him much, but he immediately said with a sigh, 'What a pity I did not think of it myself!' Had I been

as much delighted with the story of the Beauty and the Beast as you appear to have been, and as much struck with its fitness for verse, still your proposal would have occasioned in me a similar regret. I have ever had the same sort of perverseness: I cannot work upon the suggestion of others, however eagerly I might have addressed myself to the proposed subject, if it had come to me of its own accord. You will therefore attribute my declining the task of versifying the tale to this infirmity, rather than to an indisposition to serve you. Having stated this, it is unnecessary to add that it could not, in my opinion, be ever decently done without great labour, especially in our language. Fontaine acknowledges that he found '*les narrations en vers très mal-aisées*,' yet he allowed himself, in point of metre and versification, every kind of liberty, and only chose such subjects as (to the disgrace of his country be it spoken) the French language is peculiarly fitted for. This tale, I judge from its name, is of French origin; it is not, however, found in a little collection which I have in that tongue: mine only includes Puss in Boots, Cinderella, Red Riding Hood, and two or three more. I think the shape in which it appears in the little book you have sent me has much injured the story, and Mrs. Wordsworth and my sister both have an impression of its being told differently, and to them much more pleasantly, though they do not distinctly recollect the deviations. I confess there is to me something disgusting in the notion of a human being consenting to meet with a beast, however amiable his qualities of heart. There is a line and a half in the Paradise Lost upon this subject, which always shocked me,—

> '. . . . . for which cause
> Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.'"

"These are objects to which the attention of the mind ought not to be turned even as things in possibility. I have never seen the tale in French, but, as every one knows, the word *Bête* in French conversation perpetually occurs as applied to a stupid, senseless, half-idiotic person. *Bêtise* in like manner stands for stupidity. With us, beast and bestial excite loathsome and disgusting ideas—I mean when applied in a metaphorical manner:

and consequently something of the same hangs about the literal sense of the words. Brute is the word employed when we contrast the intellectual qualities of the inferior animals with our own, the brute creation, &c. 'Ye of brutes human, we of human gods.' Brute, metaphorically used, with us designates ill manners of a coarse kind, or insolent and ferocious cruelty. I make these remarks with a view to the difficulty attending the treatment of this story in our tongue, I mean in verse, where the utmost delicacy, that is, true, philosophic, permanent delicacy, is required.

"Wm. Taylor of Norwich took the trouble of versifying 'Blue Beard' some years ago, and might perhaps not decline to assist you in the present case, if you are acquainted with him, or could get at him. He is a man personally unknown to me, and in his literary character doubtless an egregious coxcomb, but he is ingenious enough to do this, if he could be prevailed upon to undertake it.

"Permit me to add one particular. You live, and have lived, long in London, and therefore may not know at what rate parcels are conveyed by coach. Judging from the size, you probably thought the expense of yours would be trifling. You remember the story of the poor girl who, being reproached with having brought forth an illegitimate child, said it was true, but added that it was a very little one, insinuating thereby that her offence was small in proportion. But the plea does not hold good, as it is in these cases of immorality, so it is with the rules of the coach-offices. To be brief, I had to pay for your tiny parcel 4/9, and should have to pay no more if it had been twenty times as large. . . . . I deem you, therefore, my debtor, and will put you in the way of being quits with me. If you can command a copy of your book upon burial, which I have never seen, let it be sent to Lamb's for my use, who in the course of this spring will be able to forward it to me.—Believe me, my dear Sir, to be yours sincerely,

"W. WORDSWORTH."

Charles Lamb to William Godwin.

" 'Bis dat qui dat cito.'

"I hate the pedantry of expressing that in another language which we have sufficient terms for in our own. So in plain English I very much wish you to give your vote to-morrow at Clerkenwell, instead of Saturday. It would clear up the brows of my favourite candidate, and stagger the hands of the opposite party. It commences at nine. How easy, as you come from Kensington (*à propos*, how is your excellent family?) to turn down Bloomsbury, through Leather Lane (avoiding Hay Stall St. for the disagreeableness of the name). Why, it brings you in four minutes and a half to the spot renowned on northern milestones, 'where Hicks' Hall formerly stood.' There will be good cheer ready for every independent freeholder; where you see a green flag hang out go boldly in, call for ham, or beef, or what you please, and a mug of Meux's Best. How much more gentlemen like to come in the front of the battle, openly avowing one's sentiments, then to lag in on the last day, when the adversary is dejected, spiritless, laid low. Have the first cut at them. By Saturday you'll cut into the mutton. I'd go cheerfully myself, but I am no freeholder (Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium), but I sold it for £50. If they'd accept a copy-holder, we clerks are naturally *copy*-holders.

"By the way, get Mrs Hume, or that agreeable Amelia or Caroline, to stick a bit of green in your hat. Nothing daunts the adversary more than to wear the colours of your party. Stick it in cockade-like. It has a martial, and by no means disagreeable effect.

"Go, my dear freeholder, and if any chance calls you out of this transitory scene earlier than expected, the coroner shall sit lightly on your corpse. He shall not too anxiously enquire into the circumstances of blood found upon your razor. That might happen to any gentleman in shaving. Nor into your having been heard to express a contempt of life, or for scolding Louisa for what Julia did, and other trifling incoherencies.—Yours sincerely,

"C. LAMB."

S. T. Coleridge to William Godwin.

"*Mar.* 15, 1811.

"My Dear Godwin,—I receive twice the pleasure from my recovery that it would have otherwise afforded, as it enables me to accept your kind invitation, which in this instance I might with perfect propriety and manliness thank you for, as an honour done to me. To sit at the same table with Grattan, who would not think it a memorable honour, a red-letter day in the almanac of his life? No one certainly who is in any degree worthy of it. Rather than not be in the same room, I could be well content to wait at the table at which I was not permitted to sit, and this not merely for Grattan's undoubted great talents, and still less from any entire accordance with his political opinions, but because his great talents are the tools and vehicles of his genius, and all his speeches are attested by that constant accompaniment of true genius, a certain moral bearing, a moral dignity. His love of liberty has no snatch of the mob in it.

"Assure Mrs Godwin of my anxious wishes respecting her health. The scholar Salernitanus says:

> "'Si tibi deficiant medici, medici tibi fias
> Haec tria: mens hilaris, requies, moderata diæta.'

"The regulated diet she already has, and now she must contrive to call in the two other doctors. . . . God bless you.

"S. T. Coleridge."

The Same to the Same.

"*Mar.* 26, 1811.

"Dear Godwin,—Mr Grattan did me the honour of calling on me and leaving his card on Sunday afternoon, unfortunately a few minutes after I had gone out, and I am so unwell that I am afraid I shall not be able to return the call to-day, as I had intended, though it is a grief even for a brace of days to appear

insensible of so much kindness and condescension. But what need has Grattan of pride?

"'Ha d' uopo solo
Mendicar dall' orgoglio, onore e stima
Chi senza lui di vilipendio è degno.'

(CHIABRERA.)

"I half caught from Lamb that you had written to Wordsworth with a wish that he should versify some tale or other, and that he had declined it. I told dear Miss Lamb that I had formed a complete plan of a poem, with little plates for children, the *first* thought, but that alone, taken from Gesner's 'First Mariner;' and this thought I have reason to believe was not an invention of Gesner's. It is this: that in early time, in some island or part of the continent, the ocean had rushed in, overflowing a vast plain of twenty or thirty miles, and thereby insulating one small promontory or cape of high land, on which was a cottage, containing a man and his wife and an infant daughter. This is the one thought. All that Gesner has made out of it (for I once translated into blank verse about half of the poem, but gave it up under the influence of a double disgust, moral and poetical), I have rejected, and, strictly speaking, the tale in all its parts, that one idea excepted, would be original. The tale will contain the cause, the occasions, the process, with all its failures and ultimate success, of the construction of the first boat, and of the undertaking of the first naval expedition. Now, supposing you liked the idea—I address you and Mrs Godwin as *commerciants*, not you as the philosopher who gave us the first system in England that ever dared reveal at full that most important of all important truths, that morality might be built up on its own foundation like a castle built from the rock, and on the rock, with religion for the ornaments and completion of its roof and upper storeys—nor as the critic who in the life of Chaucer has given us, if not principles of æsthetic, or taste, yet more and better data for principles than had hitherto existed in our language. If we, pulling like two friendly tradesmen together (for you and your wife must be one flesh, and I trust are one heart), you approve of the plan, the next

question is whether it should be written in prose or verse, or if the latter, in what metre—stanzas or eight-syllabled iambics with rhymes (for in rhyme it must be) now in couplets and now in quatrains, in the manner of Cooper's admirable translation of the 'Lament of Gresset.' (*N.B.*—Not *the* Cowper.)

"Another thought has struck me of a school-book in two octavo volumes of 'Lives' in the manner of Plutarch's, but instead of comparing and coupling Greek with Roman, Dion with Brutus, and Cato with Aristides, of placing ancient and modern together, Hume with Alfred, Cicero with Bacon, Hannibal with Gustavus Adolphus, and Julius Cæsar with Buonaparte. Or, which perhaps might be at once more interesting and more instructive, a series of 'Lives,' from Moses to Buonaparte, of all those great men who in states, or in the mind of man, had produced great revolutions, the effects of which still remain, and are more or less distant causes of the present state of the world. . . ."

The Same to the Same.

"*March* 29, 1811.

"DEAR GODWIN,—My chief motive in undertaking 'the first mariner' is merely to weave a few tendrils around your destined walking stick, which, like those of the wood-bine (that, serpent-like climbing up, and with tight spires embossing the straight hazel, rewards the lucky school-boy's search in the hazel-copse), may remain on it when the wood-bine, root and branch, lies trampled in the earth. I shall consider the work as a small plot of ground given up to you to be sown at your own hazard with your own seed (gold grains would have been but a bad pun, and besides have spoiled the metaphor). If the increase should more than repay your risk and labour, why then let me be one of your guests at Harvest Home.

"Your last letter impressed and affected me strongly. Ere I had yet read or seen your works, I, at Southey's recommendation, wrote a sonnet in praise of the author. When I had read them, religious bigotry, the but half-understanding of your principles, and the *not* half-understanding my own, combined to render me a warm

and boisterous anti-Godwinist. But my warfare was open; my unfelt and harmless blows aimed at an abstraction I had christened with your name; and you at that time, if not in the world's favour, were among the captains and chief men in its admiration. I became your acquaintance when more years had brought somewhat more temper and tolerance; but I distinctly remember that the first turn in my mind towards you, the first movements of a juster appreciation of your merits, was occasioned by my disgust at the altered tone and language of many whom I had long known as your admirers and disciples. Some of them, too, were men who had made themselves a sort of reputation in minor circles as your acquaintance, and were therefore your *echoes by authority*, themselves aided in attaching an unmerited ridicule to you and your opinions by their own ignorance, which led them to think the best settled thoughts, and indeed everything in your 'Political Justice,' whether ground, or deduction, or conjecture, to have been new thoughts, downright creations. Their own vanity enabled them to forget that everything must be new to him that knows nothing. Others again, who though gifted with high talents had yet been indebted to you, and the discussions occasioned by your wish for much of their development, who had often and often styled you the Great Master, written verses in your honour, and, worse than all, had brought your opinions with many good and worthy men into as unmerited an odium as the former class had into contempt by the attempt, equally unfeeling and unwise to realise them in private life, to the disturbance of domestic peace. And lastly, a third class; but the name of —— spares me the necessity of describing it. In all these there was such a want of common sensibility, such a want of that gratitude to an intellectual benefactor which even an honest reverence for their great selves should have secured, as did then, still does, and ever will disgust me.

"As for ——, I cannot justify him; but he stands in no one of the former classes. When he was young he just looked enough into your books to believe you taught republicanism and stoicism; ergo, that he was of your opinion and you of his, and that was all.

Systems of philosophy were never his taste or forte. And I verily believe that his conduct originated wholly and solely in the effects which the trade of reviewing never fails to produce at certain times on the best minds,—presumption, petulance, callousness to personal feelings, and a disposition to treat the reputations of their contemporaries as playthings placed at their own disposal. Most certainly I cannot approve of such things; but yet I have learned how difficult it is for a man who has from earliest childhood preserved himself immaculate from all the common faults and weaknesses of human nature, and who, never creating any small disquietudes, has lived in general esteem and honour, to feel remorse, or to admit that he has done wrong. Believe me, there is a bluntness of conscience superinduced by a very unusual infrequency, as well as by a habit of frequency of wrong actions. 'Sunt, quibus cecidisse prodesset,' says Augustine. To this add that *business* of review-writing, carried on for fifteen years together, and which I have never hesitated to pronounce an immoral employment, unjust to the author of the books reviewed, injurious in its effects on the public taste and morality, and still more injurious in its influences on the head and heart of the reviewer himself. The prægustatores among the luxurious Romans soon lost their taste; and the verdicts of an old prægustator were sure to mislead, unless when, like dreams, they were interpreted into contraries. Our Reviewers are the genuine descendants of these palate-scared taste dictators.

"I am still confined by indisposition, but intend to step out to Hazlitt's, almost my next door neighbour, at his particular request. It is possible that I may find you there.

"Yours, dear Godwin, affectionately, S. T. COLERIDGE."

CHAPTER IX.

FANNY'S DEATH—THE SHELLEYS. 1812—1819.

AFTER the subscription which had been made for the payment of his debts, which left him a considerable sum in hand, Godwin's circumstances were fairly comfortable for some years. They were not indeed wholly so, since having begun business without capital, the heavy payments required by that business at times, which did not always correspond with his receipts, necessitated frequent raising of money on bills, and some consequent anxiety. Yet, on the whole, there was no serious difficulty, and the daily life at Skinner Street was undisturbed. Godwin's reading became more and more devoted to past literature, the diaries from 1812 onwards make almost exclusive mention of old writers—Shakespeare, Bacon, Montaigne, &c. His mornings were given to study, his afternoons to writing, his evenings to society or the theatre; the old names occur, which have appeared in the Diaries for years—Mackintosh, Basil Montagu, the Lambs, but few new names—in fact old age was creeping on Godwin, though his powers of mind were quite undimmed. Charles Clairmont had found occupation for himself, but still lived mainly with the Godwins; Jane was with the Shelleys abroad, or afterwards at Binfield; Fanny had more and more taken her place as a daughter at home, and, as she wrote to Mrs Shelley, "got on very well with Mamma, whose merits she could see, though she could not really like her."

Two only, among the domestic letters of these years, possess any interest.

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

"SKINNER ST., *July* 10, 1815.

"—— I had a disagreeable dinner yesterday at Alexander's with a parcel of *miserables*, who seemed, so far as I could collect, to know nothing of the stranger who sat down with them, and to have no desire to hear anything from him: but I had a very pleasant walk home across the fields, to White's Conduit House.

"How happy should I be, if I could persuade you to look at human life through different optics! There are persons, perhaps, so constituted that they must see all creation in sables: there is, too, a sort of refinement in regarding all the world with loathing and aversion, in which a sickly temper is too apt to indulge. But, separately from these two causes, almost all the lives of individuals are made up of a dark and a bright side; and yours is not, in itself considered, the worst. We ought all to consider that we have but one life to make the best or the worst of, as imagination shall prompt us. But all prudence and all wisdom bids us make the best of it. You are surrounded with many comforts, you have a boy that you love, you have not the worst of husbands; our principal embarrassments are on the point of being cleared off, and we must then be very unlucky if we are not able to continue to supply our wants . . . .

" . . . . Tell Fanny I am very well, and have found no want as yet of her kind cares. Charles has taken the cook's account, and performed the offices of an able housekeeper and superintendent."

The Same to the Same.

"*Aug.* 3, 1815.

"—— Miss Lamb has just called in to ask me to sup with them on Saturday evening at Mr Alsager's in the Borough, a clever man, she says, a bachelor, a whist player, and a new acquaintance

of theirs. She says they were within an ace of embarking in the "Friendship" on Saturday last for Southend, agreeably to your invitation. . . . .

"Adieu! Oh, be well, be cheerful! Banish depressing recollections. Look on me and Lovewell, the two great pillars of the establishment in Skinner Street, with approving and hopeful sensations. Take care of fatigue, take care of the cold. Feel some love, some lingering of the heart for the corner house with the Æsop over the door.—Ever, with unalterable affection, yours,

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

It was characteristic of Godwin, and was indeed one of the best parts of his character, that he always considered that principles were to be carried out at any cost. That the Allies were guided by immediate and pressing political needs to do all that in them lay to prevent the possibility of another Buonapartist rule, would have seemed to him no reason at all. To destroy individualism in the name of liberty seems to him the great and inexpiable crime against liberty. Individualism was to be asserted at whatever immediate cost.

In political matters, the only document of interest is the following letter:—

William Godwin to the Editor of —— Paper.

"*April* 18, 1815.

"SIR,—I observe in your paper of yesterday a statement that the Allied Sovereigns are to issue from Frankfort a declaration 'that the people of France are at perfect liberty to judge for themselves, that their territory shall be unviolated, and their public institutions held sacred, and hostilities only to ensue if they shall determine to submit to the authority of one individual.' (Buonaparte, whom these sovereigns think proper to proscribe.) And this seems to be regarded as a safe and happy expedient, by

which the Allies are to get rid of the odium of interfering in the internal affairs of an independent nation.

"Now, sir, I beg to suggest, through the medium of your paper, that this is a refinement, rendering the interference of foreign powers in the internal affairs of a nation ten thousand times more intolerable and odious than if it were brought forward in any other form. They might issue a declaration in which they should state, beside the hereditary indefeasible right of the family of the Bourbons, that they are the choice of the whole French nation—that they have been expelled by an insignificant faction with arms in their hands, and that the Allies march accordingly to rescue thirty millions of men from an ignominious yoke, and to preserve them from being dragooned by a military despotism into subjection to a tyrant who is detestable in their eyes: and such a declaration, though containing many falsehoods, would be to a certain degree according to rule, and would undoubtedly be infinitely less insulting than the declaration your paragraph announces . . . .

"Why is this man selected as the individual they may not choose? The selection is not made at random: the name is not brought forward because the person is indifferent. He is named because the Allies find the greatest reason to fear that he will be the man of their choice, and that an infinite majority of the French people are eager to adhere to him. Never did a sovereign ascend the throne of any nation under such astonishing instances of general favour, as Buonaparte has just now ascended the throne of France. The Allies therefore say to the French people, Take any course you please, we promise not to interfere: only there is one course upon which your hearts appear to be set, and that we interdict you.

"Is it possible that such a declaration should not render Buonaparte infinitely more dear to the people of France than he ever could be before? Does it not show them their honour as bound up with him, and their independence and character as a nation, as invaded by a pretended attack upon him.

"How will the Allies say that the French shall rid themselves

of Buonaparte? His return among them has re-animated them as a nation; they fear no longer those principles of counter-revolution and disturbance of the established system of property which they saw secretly at work among them; they have restored him to the throne on the most auspicious conditions for general benefit; they have obtained for themselves a sovereign whose energy of character is capable of rendering them suspected among foreign powers. But the Allies are regardless of all this. They say, We come to confer on you the blessings of a civil war; form yourselves into knots and cabals, try secretly to gather a strength that shall overcome the power that now reigns over you, and amidst plots and cabals, and conspiracies and treasons, every man arming himself against his neighbour, we will come with our Uhlans and Cossacks and freebooters, and bless you with our presence."

To return to Godwin's home-life. After the Shelleys returned from France, bringing Miss Clairmont with them, the latter was after a time received in Skinner Street as an occasional visitor, and in March 1816, the Shelleys being then at Binfield, Godwin paid a visit to Bracknell, and thence walked over to see his daughter. From that time there was fairly frequent intercourse established between himself and Shelley, both by letter and by visits from Shelley when in town.

On April 7, 1816, Godwin started on a tour to Scotland; his business relations with Fairley and Constable had become somewhat complicated, and the hope of making personally some satisfactory arrangement led him to undertake this long journey. The diary will give in his own words a condensed but interesting account of his fellow travellers, associates, and reading during this time.

"*April* 7, *Su.* Call on Lambert. Mail for York; Adey from Ware.

"*April* 8, *M.* Breakfast at Huntingdon, smuggling old woman: dine at Newark: tea Doncaster, ex-captain of Militia: sleep, Tavern, York.

" 9, *Tu.* Call on Wolstenholme, Todd and Nicol: walk w. Nicol on the walls (Clifford's Tower and Jail), Minster and St Mary's Abbey: Paterson dines. Write to M. J., Fanny, Davison, and Fairley.

" 10, *W.* Dine at Darlington: pass Durham: sleep at Newcastle, intelligent bailiff, pleasing gentleman, Cumberland farmer.

" 11, *Th.* Miss Farkison ft. Mrs Waters: Morpeth: breakfast at Alnwick: dine at Berwick: Pease Bridge: Dunglas: Dunbar: Edinburgh: Fairley sups.

" 12, *F.* Call on Constable; adv. Leslie, Napier, Evanses, Cadel: Castle Hill, Writers' Library: dinner Mathews, R. Miller, Wrench, Ballantine, Downie, Playfair, Wilson, Buchanan, Thomson, Cadel, and Russell, player.

" 13, *Sa.* Explanation; write to M. J. Shop adv. Forster (clouds), Jeffrey, &c.: walk w. Leslie, Calton Hill and Holyrood House: dinner Matthews, Wrench, Evanses, Leslie, Peter Hill, and G. H. Walker: Buchan's card.

" 14, *Su.* Write to M. J. Jeffrey and Boswell call: meet Ballantine: Matthews, Wrench, Foster, Willison and 2 Cadels dine. Invited by Buchan.

" 15, *M.* Call on Buchan, Fletchers and Murray (w. Fairley), Ferguson, Macdonald, Nairn and Cadel: Holyrood House and Hume w. Mathews: shop, Dalzel, Duncan and Yaniewiczes: dine at Napier's w. Bruntons, Playfair, Leslie, Pellings.

" 16, *Tu.* Write to M. J. Shop, Morrit, and Boswell: chaise to Kinneal w. Constable and Dr Miller: visit Linlithgow: adv. Miss Cruickshank; sleep.

"*April* 17, *W.* Ferrier, on Apparitions, pp. 139. Parisina: Knox v. Crosraguel ça la. Sleep.

" 18, *Th.* Return; see Hopetoun House, Roseberry and Barnton Parks: dine at Ballantine's w. Belcours, Douglases, Leslie, Fraser, and Constable: adv. Ainslie. Deep snow.

" 19, *F.* Write to M. J. Shop, Hepburn and Crawford: call on Raeburn w. R. Miller and Yaniewicz (W. C.): dine at Boswell's w. Mackenzie and fille, Jeffrey, Brewster, Coventry, L. and C.: invité Cranston.

" 20, *Sa.* Breakfast at Murray's w. Dewar, Ritchie, Fairley, &c., sit: Heriot's Hospital: dine at Fletcher's w. Brown, Craigs, Mr Miller, Miss Miller, and Miss Wilks.

" 21, *Su.* Call on Jeffrey: Playfair calls [n.] Nicholsons and Jas. Ballantine's w. Ballantine: Hugh Murray, Jamieson, Willison, and G. H. Walker dine.

" 22, *M.* Breakfast at Ainslie's w. Dr Ainslie and wife, Mr and Mrs Gray, Clarinda, Constable, &c.: meet Mrs Fletcher: call on Playfair and Dewar: sit: Yaniewiczes, Duncans, Ainslies and Leslie dine.

" 23, *Tu.* Dine at Hepburn's, Barfoot, w. Macallum, Walker, Hope, Inglis and family: sleep at Oman's.

" 24. *W.* Breakfast, Yaniewicz's: shop, Dr Jamieson: Advocates' Library: meet W. Erskine and R. Miller: call with Mrs Y. on Sir W. D. Gray, Campbell, Dewar, Ritchie, Fairley, &c., dine: Theatre w. Y's, Duncan, Gordon, &c., sup: sleep at Oman's, call on Gregory [n.]

" 25. *Th.* Breakfast at Brodies, w. Moore and Hepburn: call on Forster: meet Fleming: chaise w. Constable and Ballantine: dine at Abbotsford: sleep.

" 26. *F.* Constable and Ballantine depart: Melrose w. Scott; adv. Buchan [n.] Chas. Erskine and wife dine: take coach at Selkirk.

" *April* 27. *Sa.* Breakfast at Carlisle: coach to Penrith: chaise along Ulswater: dine at Wordsworth's: call w. him on Jackson; adv. Wakefield: circuit of Grasmere: Derwent Coleridge dines: write to M. J. and Thos. Moore.

" 28. *Su.* Derwent dines: horse to Kendal: sleep.

" 29. *M.* Coach: breakfast at Lancaster: dine at Preston with Dilworth and Latham: sleep at Manchester.

" 30. *Tu.* Call on Reddish, Dean and Jackson; adv. Kershaw: chaise w. Jackson and Kershaw: dine at Walker's, Longford, w. do., Mrs Walker, Charles and 2 sisters.

" *May* 1. *W.* Call on Jackson and Dean, and (w. Kershaw) at Church, College and Hawkes. Coach evening; Stockport, Macclesfield; tea at Leek: sleep at Ashbourne.

" 2. *Th.* Call on Moore [n.] seek Boothby. Coach: dine at Derby: sleep at Leicester. Write to M. J. grocer from Perth, settled in Leicestershire. Coburg Marriage.

" 3. *F.* Coach: dine at Woburn, w. squirrel-hunt: sleep in Skinner St. H. Robinson calls."

The following extracts from letters refer to the same tour, though they are unfortunately in scarcely greater detail than the Diary:—

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

" EDINBURGH, *April* 12, 1816.

. . . " I write these lines on Mr Constable's own desk. I did not meet with him till twelve at noon, and it is now half after one. He insists on my making his house at Craigleith my home, and we are going there to-day; to dine with Mr Matthews, the player, and a small party. Not a word with him of business yet. A prologue of unbounded good humour will, I hope, happily intro-

duce the five-act play of the Man of Business. . . . If he will help me to meet my bills, I shall stay the longer: if he is not kind, I shall set on my return in two or three days."

The Same to the Same.

"*April* 13, 1816.

. . . "I have had an explanation with Constable this morning, in our walk from Craigleith to town. All is well. All will be done. I must be content with bills, however, and with such as I can get. But this is better than nothing. . . . Do tell me what is going on about Shelley? Has Hume been to David? Must I hasten back immediately, to prevent that affair from going wrong?"

The Same to the Same.

"CRAIGLEITH, *April* 14, 1816.

. . . "I am glad now, as things have turned out, that you did not send me £10. I knew you could only do it by having recourse to Lamb. But if I had failed in my main negociation I should probably have left Edinburgh this very day, the moment I received your dispatch, at farthest.

"My reception at Edinburgh has been, as I knew it would be, kind and flattering in the extreme. I have already been introduced to one-half of the literati of their city. Yesterday I was introduced to Jeffrey, the formidable editor and proprietor of the Edinburgh Review. I am going on Tuesday with Constable, to spend two days with Dugald Stewart, the crack metaphysician of Great Britain, nine miles from this town. To-day I received an invitation to dine with the Earl of Buchan, the elder brother to Lord Erskine, which Constable made me refuse, because he, who was also invited, could not go with me. I did not like to refuse, and I do not like the persons who are to dine here to-day, but what could I do? I could not disoblige Constable. He therefore made me write that, next Sunday were equally convenient, I would stay one day longer in Edinburgh than I had proposed, to have the honour of dining with his lordship. . . . Under the circumstances, I cannot well disap-

point all the good people that have a desire to see the monster. And I firmly believe the connection will do me a world of good." . . .

The Same to the Same.

"EDINBURGH, *April* 19, 1816.

. . . "I think I told you in my last, that I was going on Tuesday to pay a visit of twice twenty-four hours to the celebrated Dugald Stewart. My reception was truly kind and unaffected. He lives in a palace, formerly inhabited by the Dukes of Hamilton, of which he occupies not more than a third part, the rest of the house being left to fall into ruin, a fit scene for the imagination of Mrs Radclyffe to people with wonders. It stands on the banks of the Frith of Forth, and opposite, on the other side of the water, is a vast ridge of mountains with their tops covered with snow. On our road we visited the ruins of Linlithgow, one of the most splendid of the habitations of the ancient kings of Scotland, in which Mary Queen of Scots was born." . . .

The Same to the Same.

"ABBOTSFORD, *April* 26, 1816.

. . . "The place from which I now date is the residence of the author of 'The Lady of the Lake,' etc. Constable and another friend brought me hither yesterday. We arrived to a six o'clock dinner, and all slept here. In the morning, Constable and his friend set off on their return for Edinburgh, and Mr Scott and myself for the ruins of Melrose Abbey, which makes so distinguished a figure in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and from which we are this moment returned. After dinner I shall proceed to Selkirk, and in the evening take the mail for Carlisle."

The Same to the Same.

"MANCHESTER, *April* 30, 1816.

"I received your letter, directed to me at Rydal Mount, the moment I was going to set off for Kendal. . . . I am all on fire

to resume my novel. Would you have the indulgence for me to have the first volume of 'Guy Mannering' in the house against my return, to serve me, if God so pleases, in the nature of a muse.

"I stopped at Manchester Monday night at the joint request of Constable and Mr George Walker, a barrister whom I met at his house, to visit Thomas Walker, the father of George, a famous republican of the times of Gerrald, whom I had encountered two or three times at the house of Horne Tooke about twenty years ago. This venerable old gentleman lives at Longford, four miles from Manchester, and I spent a delightful day with him. His wife is not less intelligent, and was not a less ardent patriot than himself. He was, at the time I refer to, I believe, the first manufacturer in Manchester, but was ruined in his business by the party spirit of the period; and Felix Vaughan, a relation I think of Horne Tooke, bequeathed him a property, which has improved since so as to render him in his latter days an independent country gentleman."

Having arranged his business satisfactorily, and seeing his way to meet some outstanding business debts, Godwin returned to London in the enjoyment of comparative ease. He found his old friend, who had so patiently and so often aided his labours, in difficulties, from which his extreme frugality had for many years preserved him. Godwin returned the kindness which Marshal had done him in his embarrassments, and drew up an appeal to friends for aid. Kindness of heart, egotism, and a half communistic belief that the rich are bound to support literary paupers, are strongly displayed in a letter to Josiah Wedgwood, which is copied in Marshal's own hand. It is impossible not to feel glad, to know that a man so worthy and so loveable, was placed beyond the reach of want, in spite of a strong opinion that whether in Godwin's case or Marshal's the kind of appeal thus made is one which cannot be too much

discouraged or too severely criticised. Distress is of course always pitiable, nor will there ever come a time when the rich may not find room for the exercise of charity, and the poor be thankful to receive; but, save in the rarest instances, it is well that the feeling of shame in receiving should not be absent. The literary man who has failed in literature is no more entitled to demand help from his neighbours than the grocer who has failed to sell his figs; the cases are in fact the same.

William Godwin to Josiah Wedgwood (*Copy in Marshal's own hand.*)

"The person whose interests are at this moment the subject of my thoughts is a person nearly of the same age as myself, whom I first became acquainted with when I was seventeen, and whom from that time I have never lost sight of. His career in the world has been similar to my own, except that he wanted that originality of talent that the world has been good-natured enough to impute to me. In my own outset in literature I was engaged with the booksellers in obscure labours, reviews, compilations, translations, etc., and during that time this gentleman was for several years my coadjutor. Afterwards, when I engaged in writings of a superior cast, he set up for himself; and now for twenty-five years he has subsisted respectably by the compilation of indexes, the correction of English in works written by foreigners in our language, translations, and the superintendence of works in their passage through the press; and in these useful labours he has been at all times indefatigable. But . . . owing to various circumstances, he finds himself for the first time oppressed with debts which he is unable to discharge. . . .

"I have yet, however, but mentioned half the claims I conceive him to have upon the kindness of others. Mr Marshal (that is his name) has spent the greater part of his life in the disinterested service of others. By his indefatigable exertions, principally in going from friend to friend, and from house to house, £1000

were collected a few years ago for the widow and six young children of Mr Holcroft, who by his death were left pennyless in the world; and I could fill a sheet of paper with the bare list of his kindnesses of a similar nature. It is therefore particularly painful to me to think that he who has in a multitude of instances been the means of relief to others should be without relief himself. What I am anxious to do is to raise for him £200 or £300, by a proper application of which he might be set free from the world."

Through the summer of 1816 the Diary is thickly strewn with the entries of deaths. Mrs Jordan, the Bishop of Llandaff, who had been Godwin's earliest literary patron, and Sheridan died within the same fortnight, June-July, the last especially being a loss which was sensibly felt by one who had ever admired his political career. Day after day which succeeded the funeral saw Godwin standing by Sheridan's grave; the poetry in the man's nature, which refused to exhibit itself in his tragedies, was wont to exhibit itself unconsciously in these pilgrimages to what became to him sacred shrines, and a walk to a dead man's grave was the kind of hero worship which was with him a favourite form of devotion.

But a domestic sorrow which was to touch him far more nearly came with the autumn days. Fanny Godwin, as she was always called, the daughter of Gilbert and Mary Wollstonecraft, is, after her mother, the most attractive character with whom we meet in the whole enormous mass of Godwin's MSS. Little mention is made of Mary Shelley, she was but a child when she left her father's roof, and her maturer nature expanded under Shelley's influence—not Godwin's. But Fanny, in 1816 aged 22, was a young woman of marked individuality, and most lovable nature. She was

full of what was termed in the language of that day "sensibility," a word which has fallen out of use, and for which there is no precise equivalent. Well educated, sprightly, clever, a good letter-writer, and an excellent domestic manager, she had become not only a dear child, but a favourite companion to Godwin, was useful to, and not unkindly treated by Mrs Godwin. She saw the better side of all who surrounded her, and in writing to Mary Shelley made excuses for all the little jarrings of the household at home, and for Mrs Godwin's tempers. The difficulties of business were confided first to her, and her ready sympathy stood in the place of more active help, which then she could not give. Altogether a bright, attractive girl. Had she been at home when Shelley's attachment to Mary began, it is possible that her strong common sense might have prevented the elopement which took place, though we cannot pretend to regret that two such natures as the Shelley's should each have found their complement in the other. Yet, however this may be, there can be no doubt that had Fanny Godwin instead of Jane Clairmont been the guest of the Shelleys, a far more wholesome, a far less disastrous influence would have been brought to bear upon their lives.

Yet there was a reverse to this picture. The extreme depression to which her mother had been subject, and which marked other members of the Wollstonecraft family, seized hold of Fanny Godwin also from time to time; the outward circumstances of her life cannot be called happy, and though she put the best face on them to others, she was, to herself, often disposed to dwell on them and intensify them in a way which may fairly be called morbid. She made at times a luxury of her sorrows.

In September 1816 Mrs Bishop and Everina Wollstonecraft were in London, and saw a good deal of Godwin and his family. They left London on September 24th, and it was arranged that Fanny should follow her aunts early in October, and spend some time with the relatives of whom she had seen so little. It is not quite clear where she was to join her aunts, who had been long in Ireland, but, as far as can be gathered from the slight indications in the Diaries and letters, it would seem that the sisters had gone into South Wales, where some of the family still resided, that Fanny was to join them there, and cross with them to Ireland from Bristol or Haverfordwest.

Before leaving London she wrote a cheerful letter to Mary Shelley, then at Bath, and on the 7th of October she started to join her aunts. But she never reached them. On her arrival at Bristol, she wrote, what Mrs Shelley calls in her Diary, "a very alarming letter," and Shelley started at once for Bristol. He returned that night, hoping that these fears were vain, as Fanny had pursued her journey. At Swansea she put an end to herself, without having written any further letter either to Godwin, her sister, or her aunts, who were expecting her arrival, except a few lines without address.

The Cambrian newspaper for Saturday, Oct. 12, 1812, has an account of the tragedy:—

From the "Cambrian."

"SWANSEA, *Sat. Oct.* 12, 1816.

"A melancholy discovery was made in Swansea yesterday. A most respectable looking female arrived at the Mackworth Arms Inn on Wednesday night by the Cambrian Coach from Bristol; she took tea and retired to rest, telling the chambermaid she was exceedingly fatigued, and would take care of the candle herself.

Much agitation was created in the house by her non-appearance yesterday morning, and in forcing her chamber door, she was found a corpse, with the remains of a bottle of laudanum on the table, and a note, of which the following is a copy:—

"'I have long determined that the best thing I could do was to put an end to the existence of a being whose birth was unfortunate, and whose life has only been a series of pain to those persons who have hurt their health in endeavouring to promote her welfare. Perhaps to hear of my death will give you pain, but you will soon have the blessing of forgetting that such a creature ever existed as * * *'

"The name appears to have been torn off and burnt, but her stockings are marked with the letter 'G.,' and on her stays the letters 'M. W.' are visible. She was dressed in a blue-striped skirt with a white body, and a brown pelisse, with a fur trimming of a lighter colour, lined with white silk, and a hat of the same. She had a small French gold watch, and appears about 23 years of age, with long brown hair, dark complexion, and had a reticule containing a red silk pocket handkerchief, a brown berry necklace, and a small leather clasped purse, containing a 3s. and 5s. 6d. piece. She told a fellow-passenger that she came to Bath by the mail from London on Tuesday morning, from whence she proceeded to Bristol, and from thence to Swansea by the Cambrian coach, intending to go to Ireland. We hope the description we have given of this unhappy catastrophe, will lead to the discovery of the wretched object, who has thus prematurely closed her existence."

From the "Cambrian" of Saturday, October 19th, 1816.

"On Friday last an inquest was held on the body of the young lady, the melancholy termination of whose existence we mentioned last week, verdict—*found dead.*"

Here is the account, if such it may be called, in Mrs Shelley's Diary:—

"[Bath] Thursday, 8th October, 1816. Letter from Fanny.

. . . . .

"Wednesday 9th. . . . . In the evening a very alarming letter comes from Fanny. Shelley goes immediately to Bristol. We sit up for him until two in the morning when he returns, but brings no particular news.

"[Written later, and in different ink,] Fanny died this night.

"Thursday 10th. Shelley goes again to Bristol, and obtains more certain trace. Work and read. He returns at 11 o'clock.

"Friday 11th. He sets off to Swansea. Work and read.

"Saturday 12th. He returns with the worst account; a miserable day. Two letters from papa. Buy mourning, and work in the evening."

Godwin's record is still more brief. On the 9th, below the account of the reading and visits of the day, is the one word "Swansea," and next day, no doubt in consequence of a similar letter from Bristol to that received by Mrs Shelley, he started by the Bristol coach. From Bristol he went back to Bath, finding that all was over, and that Shelley had gone to Swansea, and the next day he returned to London. For some unexplained reason he did not visit his daughter at Bath. He wrote to Shelley at Swansea, and to Jane Clairmont, who was with his daughter in her lodgings, not a quarter of a mile from the York House Hotel, where he slept.

There is nothing whatever in the Godwin or Shelley papers which throws even the smallest ray of light on Fanny's death, and conjecture is idle, even if inevitable. There is no trace of disappointed love, no sign of any exceeding weariness of life, except in moments of occasional despondency, which were constitutional. It may be that alone, and possibly, with the full particulars of her own birth, and her mother's story, but lately known to her through her recent intercourse with her aunts, the morbid

feelings to which she was occasionally subject gained the mastery over her reason, usually so sound, and led her to seek a lasting rest.

The theory, which owes its origin to Miss Clairmont, that Fanny was in love with Shelley, and that his flight with her sister prompted self-destruction, is one above all others absolutely groundless. To Shelley, as to Mary, she was an attached sister; she was never in love with him, either before or after her sister's flight.

One month after this occurrence to the very day, another suicide, for which unhappily it is all too easy to account, finds entry in Godwin's Diary. On Saturday, Nov. 9th, Harriet Shelley drowned herself in the Serpentine. The body was not found till Dec. 10th, and on the 16th Godwin received a letter on the subject from Shelley. It is not the object or the duty of this work to discuss the relations between Shelley and poor Harriet, and so much as is necessary has been already said, but it is impossible to pass over this tragical event without one remark. Whatever view may be taken of the breach between husband and wife, it is absolutely certain that Harriet's suicide was not directly caused by her husband's treatment. However his desertion of her contributed or did not contribute to the life she afterwards led, the immediate cause of her death was that her father's door was shut against her, though he had at first sheltered her and her children. This was done by order of her sister, who would not allow Harriet access to the bed-side of her dying father.

A frequent correspondence followed between Godwin and Shelley, and on December 24th the former wrote a letter to his daughter, the first which had passed between them

since she left her home. She is carefully described in the diary as *M. W. G.* Shelley's second marriage took place on Monday, December 30; the entries relating to it in Godwin's diary are extremely curious, as though intended to mislead any one who might, without sufficient information, glance at his book. It is probable that the diary in use during the year always lay on his desk, obvious to prying eyes, while those not in use were locked away. However this may be, the entries are as follows:—

"*Decr.* 29, *Su.* Mandeville ça la. P. B. S. and M. W. G. dine and sup.

"30, *M.* Write to Hume. Call on Mildred w. P. B. S., M. W. G., and M. J.; they dine and sup; tea Constable's w. Wells, Wallace, Patrick, and Miss C.

See No. XVIII. *infra pag ult.*

"31, *Tu.* They breakfast, dine, and sup. Holinshead, Ric. iii."

On turning to the last page of Diary, vol. xviii., the last but one used, and containing entries of two years before the present date, the words "Call on Mildred" are explained. On the blank page at the end of that volume is written:—

"Percy Bysshe Shelley married to Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin at St Mildred's Church, Bread Street, Dec. 30, 1816.

"Haydon, *Curate.*

"Spire, *Clerk.*

"*Present*—William Godwin.

"Mary Jane Godwin."

The record of this event may fittingly close with an extremely characteristic letter to Hull Godwin, written early in the following year. If there be no *suppressio veri* beyond what may be considered justified by the occasion, there is at any rate a needless *suggestio falsi.*

William Godwin to Hull Godwin.

"SKINNER ST., *Feb.* 21, 1817.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I have not written to you for a great while, but now I have a piece of news to tell you that will give you pleasure, I will not refuse myself the satisfaction of being the vehicle of that pleasure.

"I do not know whether you recollect the miscellaneous way in which my family is composed, but at least you perhaps remember that I have but two children of my own: a daughter by my late wife and a son by my present. Were it not that you have a family of your own, and can see by them how little shrubs grow up into tall trees, you would hardly imagine that my boy, born the other day, is now fourteen, and that my daughter is between nineteen and twenty. The piece of news I have to tell, however, is that I went to church with this tall girl some little time ago to be married. Her husband is the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, of Field Place, in the county of Sussex, Baronet. So that, according to the vulgar ideas of the world, she is well married, and I have great hopes the young man will make her a good husband. You will wonder, I daresay, how a girl without a penny of fortune should meet with so good a match. But such are the ups and downs of this world. For my part I care but little, comparatively, about wealth, so that it should be her destiny in life to be respectable, virtuous, and contented.

"It will always give me the greatest pleasure to hear how you and your family are going on. We have been in the habit of sending you little presents of books, but Mrs Godwin says that she feels a little puzzled on the subject, and doubtful, now that your children are grown up, whether books are acceptable. We will therefore endeavour to think of something else. I have to thank you this Christmas for a ham and a turkey, which, exclusive of their intrinsic value, gave me much satisfaction as marks of your remembrance.—Very affectionately yours,

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

The intercourse now resumed between the father and daughter was again cordial and constant. Godwin frequently visited the Shelleys at Marlow, and the diary for 1817 records excursions by water with Peacock and his son-in-law to row the boat, Mrs Godwin, Mrs Shelley, and Jane as the other sitters. They went to Medmenham and Hurley, when the talk was "of novels and perfectibility." There were other days when Godwin and his daughter drove in a gig, and Peacock and Shelley walked to meet them at a given point, Bisham or Hampden, in the bright October weather, the last autumn of Shelley's stay in England.

In March 1818 the Shelleys went to Italy. The immediate cause of the journey was a demand from Byron, then at Venice, for Allegra, his natural daughter, who had been under Mrs Shelley's care from the time of her birth—about a year and a quarter before. Though Mrs Shelley had given the child all a mother's care, and had accepted the charge ungrudgingly, there was every reason that Byron should have the superintendence of Allegra's education, and that she should be removed from her mother's influence, less likely now to reach her under Byron's roof than anywhere else. But there was so much reason to fear that Byron might change his mind, that when once the summons came, scarcely a moment was lost in preparing to carry it out; and the Shelleys, with Miss Clairmont, took the child as far as Milan or Leghorn, whence it was sent to Byron at Venice, with its nurse.

Moore's note in Byron's life is as follows:—"This little child had been sent to him by its mother about four or five months before, under the care of a Swiss nurse, a young girl not above nineteen or twenty years of age, and in every respect unfit to have the charge of such an infant, without the superintendence of some more experienced person."

This is not quite correct. Byron had himself sent for the child, and the nurse had never been intended by Mrs Shelley to do more without superintendence than to take the child the short journey in Italy to her father's home. Lord Byron, no doubt, found himself somewhat embarrassed by the difficulties of his charge, and the child was unintentionally neglected. But no blame whatever attached to Mrs Shelley for the selection of the nurse, and she felt as strongly as Byron, that Allegra's mother was the worst person possible to train the child.

Godwin kept up a constant correspondence with the Shelley's, but the letters which passed are in great measure lost, and those that remain belong rather to a complete life of Shelley, which yet has to be written.

After the troubles of the past year or two, Godwin began a late summer of literary activity. His novel Mandeville was written in 1817, and the important Essay in answer to Malthus in 1818. In these years also were written many detached Essays, some of which were published in his lifetime under the title "Thoughts on Man," and others have been only recently collected and edited, when their value has become rather antiquarian than literary. Old friends, too, from whom he had kept somewhat aloof, were resought; Basil Montagu, Mrs Inchbald, and other names unseen for some years, appear again in the Diaries; the routine of work and reading was resumed for each day, and society and the theatre again occupied many evenings. There was little pecuniary pressure, life on the whole was easy, and domestic troubles few. Mrs Godwin was able to visit some friends in France, with whom she had been intimate before her marriage, and a few extracts from her husband's letters furnish some particulars of the family.

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin. [*Paris.*]

"SKINNER STREET, *May* 14, 1817.

. . . "I did not intend to write till in answer to your first letter from France. But, now that it is so long in coming, I begin to fear that if I wait for that no letter will reach you during your stay at Paris. I have, however, little to communicate: everything thus far goes with a tolerable degree of tranquillity. On Friday, the day after you left me, I wrote to Shelley, and introduced in my letter the story I had learned from Hill at the Exhibition the Monday before, which had so much disturbed me. I wrote on Friday, because to a Friday's letter I could have no answer till Monday, and therefore I calculated on two days' repose. But my calculation was a bad one. I knew that Shelley's temper was occasionally fiery, resentful, and indignant, and I passed this interval in no very enviable state. I thought perhaps I might have tried his temper too far. By the post-time on Monday my nerves were in a degree of flutter that I have very seldom experienced. But the letter came, and there was no harm: it was good-humoured. As to Hill's story (I took care not to name my authority), he only said in a vague way that it was 'much exaggerated, and that for the present explanation was superfluous.'"

The Same to the Same.

"*May* 22, 1817.

. . . "Your silence of ten days (ten days it was to me) after you quitted the Terra Firma of England, filled me with a thousand anxieties. I thought you were drowned:

> 'Though not a blast from Œol's cave had strayed:
> The air was calm, and on the level brine
> Sleek Panope, with all her sisters, played.'

I did not know even the name of the vessel that had conveyed you, nor scarcely how to enquire about it. Then I imagined that you had left me with the intention that I should see and hear from you no more. You cannot conceive, therefore, how pleasantly your letters came on Saturday last to dispel all these surmises. . . .

"I have hardly any news. While you wander from province to province, and every day see wonders that you never saw before, we barely vegetate. . . . This tremendous fit of wet weather totally deprives me of my understanding. It feels as if it turned all my brain into a soft pulp, where no conceptions would stay, and all the traces ran into each other."

The Same to the Same.

"*June* 2, 1817.

. . . "And so I am now to suppose that, at the receipt of this, you are actually at St Etienne. And how, poor creature! have you borne the fatigue of so many wearisome leagues? To you the immense journey from Paris to the department de la Loire must be like the circumnavigation of the globe. But I hope that some of the good family of the Grand Magasin des Armes met you at least at Lyons. And now you are seated in the midst of them, and are happy, endeavouring to compare present things with the recollection of twenty-five years past. Does not all this make you utterly forget the fusty old fellow in Skinner Street, in his black morning coat, shivering over the half-extinguished embers of a June fire. How can he stand the comparison with the beautiful Sophia, the all-amiable Charlotte, and the animated Perico? . . .

"Mary has just been spending a few days here: Shelley brought her up, and left her with us. On Friday last (the day before she returned to Marlow) we went together to Lamb's in the evening, and had the pleasure to find Miss Lamb, who had returned home the Saturday before.

"You will, I believe, be pleased to hear that Jane is taking to new habits: she wears stays, and dresses herself every day becomingly and with care: this at the entreaty of Shelley and Mary."

The Same to the Same.

"*June* 17, 1817.

. . . "This is a very busy week in our town. The trials of Watson senior, Thistlewood, &c., began June 9. After a sitting of seven complete days, Watson was acquitted at half after six yester-

day evening. To-morrow, Wednesday, a grand ceremony is to take place at the opening of the Waterloo Bridge. The Prince Regent is to be there in state: and the Duke of Wellington, together with the charger he rode in the battle, is come over from Paris, on purpose to do honour to the solemnity. On Thursday, Talma and Mademoiselle George are to make their first appearance at the Opera House, in an appropriate exhibition of select scenes from the French drama."

The Same to the Same.

"SKINNER STREET, *July* 9, 1817.

"——— You arrived at St. Etienne on the 11th of June, and on the 3rd inst., only three weeks after, according to your last letter, you have the resolution to leave it, and they allow you to depart. . . . . I cannot but feel some compunction from the fear that by abridging, you have poisoned all the pleasure you went so far to seek.

"Then, what a contrast will your sober and sombre home afford! No adulation, no worship, no multitudes waiting on your steps! I can send out no procession on horse and foot to meet you at Streatham and Croydon. It is all prose here: life stripped of its romance, its fringe and its gilding, and not unmixed with sad realities. Examine yourself, how far you shall be able to bear it. . . . .

"William, I think, is decidedly improved. Mr Burney writes this concerning him, 'My pupil left me in good looks, and with an excellent character. I am not, I believe, extremely prone to bestowing praise, and shall therefore deserve to be believed when I assure you, with real pleasure, that I think your boy very essentially improved. This amendment you cannot, I think, but see yourself, and you will, I know, on such a point not be very unwilling to trust my judgment.'"

The Same to the Same.

"*July* 16, 1817.

"—— And so this letter will actually find you on English ground! . . . . News when we meet. We are all well. William has been uncommonly well. Two or three times we have been threatened with a storm since you left us, but all is tranquil now.

"I forgot to tell you in my last that Mr and Miss Lamb set out for Brighton on the 26th ult., to pass a month of holiday-making. Mrs Morgan went in their company. . . . .

"Come, then, my love! We are trying to get everything ready, so that your nice eye may find nothing to be offended with. This week was our wash. Esther is all on the *qui vive*, saying, What will my mistress expect me to have done? The cook preserves her composure, and thinks it would be unbecoming her station to betray the symptoms of a perturbed mind."

The following letter to Jeffrey is in answer to one which, as it appears, was written on Oct. 15th in reference to Mandeville, then just completed. Godwin's letter is not to be found, but its contents are plain from the answer to it. A more excellent editorial letter was seldom written, and if reprinted, with the necessary alterations, it might serve as a useful circular, to be used by modern editors in answer to similar applications.

Francis Jeffrey to William Godwin.

"EDINBURGH, *Oct.* 30, 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is impossible that I can be offended with the frankness of a man of honour, or insensible to the natural anxieties of an author. At present, however, I can only say that I am every way disposed to oblige or to serve you, but that I have a duty to discharge from which I am sure you have no disposition to divert me. I know nothing whatever of any arrangement for

committing your work, which I am very impatient to see, either into the hands of Mr Hazlitt or of Sir James Mackintosh; and as it is generally my office to offer or propose these tasks to my several contributors, I rather imagine it will be left for me to undertake the determination in this case also. Now, before deciding such a matter, I really must first see the book myself. I really do not quite agree with you in the opinions you seem to hold as to the critical qualifications of the two gentlemen you have alluded to. If the one is somewhat too cautious and discursive, and afraid of offending, the other is far too rash and exaggerated, and too exclusively studious of effect to be a safe, exemplary reviewer. Will you permit me to add that if there be any particular intimacy between Mr. Hazlitt and you, or if you have communicated together on the project of his being your reviewer, I must certainly consider that as a serious objection to his being intrusted with the task. I have no doubt of his fairness and impartiality, so far as intention is concerned, but he seems to be a person whose judgment is somewhat at the mercy of partialities and prejudices—and, besides, the thing is of ill example, and affects the purity of our tribunal. Nothing of the kind has ever been done before among us to my knowledge, and I cannot give my consent to it now. I think it extremely probable that the thing will end by my taking you into my own hands, but I cannot now pledge myself to anything, and am not sure that I ought to encourage any further communication on the subject. On a little reflection, I am persuaded you will be satisfied of the propriety of all I have now said.—I am, &c., F. JEFFREY.

"I have burned your letter, and shall not speak of it to anybody."

Hannah Godwin died on Dec. 27th, 1817, and her death and funeral are duly recorded in the Diary, as are from time to time visits from, and the deaths of, members of his family. But except the interchange of kindly intercourse occasionally, intimacy of thought and feeling had long

ceased between Godwin and his family. Save perhaps in early youth, there can be no cordial pleasure in family gatherings, when the relatives live in different intellectual worlds, and Godwin's sympathies were at all times called out rather by community of mind than community of blood. Consanguinity is a fetish, to which even those whose faith in it is on the wane, find it difficult to pay only the legitimate respect.

A few letters to Mrs Godwin for 1818 may carry on the family history, and, though the events are few, they show Godwin in his lighter and pleasanter moods. Comparative freedom from care had softened Mrs Godwin's temper, and the absence of her step-children and her own contributed to the same result. Charles Clairmont had found his way to Vienna, where he was engaged as tutor to the Imperial Princes, married a German lady, and made his home permanently on the continent. His sister, when not with the Shelleys, occasionally lived with him, and also became at one time governess in the family of Lady Mountcashel, who had, by a second marriage, become Mrs Mason, and was resident in Italy.

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin. [*Southend.*]

"SKINNER ST., *Sep.* 10, 1818.

"Of all the cursed inventions that the devil has entailed upon mankind, since the establishment of posts by Cyrus, King of Persia, it has ever been my opinion that the sending of letters by a private hand is the worst. I am now arrived at the middle of the fourth day, since I have known nothing of your feelings, or even if you exist. It appears that on Sunday morning last you were alive, and able to hold a pen; but whether you lived to eat your duck I am still ignorant. I cannot come to you, for Mrs Lacey may have cried out, and you may have run away, at least six hours before my arrival.

"Kenny seems to be entirely off from the idea of coming to Southend, so I shall not come with him, according to my project. In fact he is such a shilly-shally know-me-nothing fellow, that he was never worth your thought.

"They dined with me yesterday, and brought Tom with them, whom I have always taken notice of, and I like; the nurse and baby also. William Curran called in about half-an-hour before dinner, and I served him up to table. Mrs Giles provided so economically that by twelve at night there was not a morsel left; in other respects we did very well. The Lambs came in the evening, and I am sorry to say he went away high drunk.

"I cannot conceive for what reason, except to increase my perplexities, you have kept back the newspapers. The post would bring them, ten every day if you chose it, for nothing. Coleridge says that in his part of the country the poor people were very desirous to hear from their kindred at a distance, and could not afford the postage. They were therefore in the habit of going to the post office and saying, Is there a letter for me? which, when they looked at the direction of, they laid down again and went away, satisfied from having seen the handwriting of their relatives, of their locality at least, and that they lived. The *Morning Chronicle* would have served if you chose it, for that sort of economical daily communication between us, when you were indisposed to anything else. But you are indeed a niggard.

"I have kept this open to the latest hour of the post on Thursday. Still no intelligence. Seas roll to part us. Alps arise to intercept our intelligence, and all that is left me is to hope that we shall meet 'in another, a better world.'

"Ever affectionately yours, WILLIAM GODWIN."

The Same to the Same.

"*Sep.* 18, 1818.

"On Thursday last I had a visit from Mr R—— of Barbadoes, who drank three glasses of wine, and I began to be afraid would want thirteen more. He is a sort of greasy, dingy, short and thick player-looking man. He enquired about the three

pounds we have been overpaid, in rather an equivocal way; but I have seen no more of him. He says Mrs Fenwick is very well, and that Eliza was expected to lie down in two days after he sailed. He has taken up his abode for the present at Thomas Fenwick's."

The Same to the Same.

"*Sep.* 21, 1818.

"I have not had a line from William since my letter of remonstrance. I certainly cannot feel towards him exactly as I could wish to feel towards a son, till he puts an end to this gloomy silence and expresses some sentiments on the subject. . . .

"I went to Drury Lane Theatre on Tuesday last, and to my mortification found my name blotted out of the 'Book of Life.' I wrote, however, a letter of remonstrance, and on Friday received an answer of restoration from the constituted authorities. I am afraid I shall always be a little chagrined when, anywhere or for any purpose, I am put on the superannuated list.

"We had a very fine day yesterday, save and except two very short showers. Two days ago I put away my nankeens, as I thought, for the season; but the soft and genial air of yesterday brought them out again. . . . Would it not be worth while, in the way of commercial speculation, to bring a Southend fowl or two with you when you return?

"Most affectionately yours, W. GODWIN.

"I miss my pocket comb! likewise two stomacher pins, stuck in a play-bill. If the comb is at Southend, that must be owing to the notable contrivance of Mrs Susan."

The Same to the Same.

"SKINNER ST., *Sep.* 26, 1818.

"I tremble for your journey home. The mornings here are the loveliest possible; but before four o'clock the day is overcast, and the evening brings with it torrents of rain. Twice I have purposed

to go out at nine o'clock to a new farce, in which Liston is the principal figure, and twice I have suffered disappointment from this cause. If you come by the packet you will in all probability be driven below, and how you will be able to bear that, if there are many passengers, I cannot guess. For God's sake, cheer your heart with some of Mrs Snow's excellent boiled beef. . . .

"I am getting a little intimate with Tom Holcroft, and I like him. I have lent him the first volume of 'Plutarch's Lives,' at his own choice; for, poor fellow, he is sadly at a loss for useful occupation. He says he wishes Mrs Godwin were come home. . . .

"Most affectionately yours, WILLIAM GODWIN.

"The wood frame which supported two of the three arches of Southwark Bridge has been removed, and you cannot imagine how light and enchanting it looks."

The remaining letter for the year, which seems worth preservation, relates to William Godwin, junior. The father's matured and completed estimate of his son will appear in a later year; but though here the trouble that William had given at home is not unnaturally concealed, the close analysis of character, which was always a favourite pursuit of Godwin, is not abandoned, even when his interests and feelings might alike incline him to be less minute.

William Godwin to ——

"*Nov.* 21, 1818.

"The application I desired to make to you related to my only son, who is now sixteen years of age. He does not feel a vocation to literature as a profession, and I am glad of it; for though I do not think so ill of the literary character as Mr D'Israeli would persuade his readers to think, yet I know that it is a very arduous, and a very precarious destination. I propose therefore to place him in commerce. Till his character became decided in this respect, I kept him at Dr Burney's school at Greenwich, which I need

not tell you has a high reputation for classical learning. A year ago I removed him to Mr Jay's commercial establishment at Bedford. He has therefore had nearly every advantage of education. His proficiency in the Latin, Greek, and French languages is considerable. He has been initiated in algebra, geometry, chemistry, etc. He has begun Spanish. My own opinion of his intellectual abilities is, that he is not an original thinker; but he has a remarkably clear head, and retentive memory. He is the only person with whom I have been any way concerned in the course of education, who is distinguished from all others by the circumstance of always returning a just answer to the questions I proposed to him, so that I could always lead him to understand the thing before him, by calling in the stock of his own mind. He is besides of a very affectionate disposition. . . .

"I have sometimes been idle enough to think that the only son of William Godwin could not want friends if he deserved them. What I ask in the present case, is not money out of any man's pocket, but to accept a servant, who in all probability would prove a most valuable acquisition to his employer. My vanity may nevertheless have misled me on this point. There are many men who think of an author and his works, just as a child thinks of a plaything, and who do not conceive they owe any kindness to him who has occupied all his days for the public benefit and instruction." . . .

Apart from the family history, and the usual details of daily life, study, and relaxation, there is but little in the diaries which calls for notice, nothing which demands quotation. More political events are recorded than for some time previously, though in the briefest way, indicating that the writer's mind was freer from cares which concentrated the attention on self. And in the year 1818 Godwin again flung himself into politico-social controversy, by devoting a very large share of his time and study to the refutation of Malthus's Essay on Population. It would appear that to

no other of his works, except perhaps 'Political Justice,' did he give himself up so thoroughly. Not a day passes without a record of pages written and rewritten, with minute and scrupulous care.

It was by no means the last of his works, but those which followed were written with diminished power. For while writing it, came the first warning of seriously failing health. On 25th Nov. 1818 he had a slight stroke of paralysis, so slight that it in no degree interfered with his usual course of life, and he dined out the very next day, But there are records afterwards of numbness, now in this, now in that limb, and from time to time the significant entry, that he felt quite well for so many days, showing clearly that the prevailing sensation was one of somewhat failing bodily powers.

The following letter to Mrs Godwin reflects his state of mind with great vividness, and shows the store he set by this work :—

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin [at Southend].

"*Aug.* 31, 1819.

. . . "I never was so deep in anything as I am now in Malthus, and it is curious to see how my spirits fluctuate accordingly. When I engage in a calculation, I cannot pursue it for an hour without being sick to the lowest ebb. I told you in my last that I have employed William and Rosser. I wrote to Booth for a calculation early on Tuesday last, entreating him to let me have it by the first post on Wednesday, that I might not be prevented from getting on. As usual, I heard nothing of him on Wednesday, nor till Thursday dinner, when he dropped in to my mutton. I was, therefore, miserable. On Friday I made an important discovery and I was happy. The weather has since changed, and you know how that affects me. I was nervous and peevish on Saturday to a degree that almost alarmed me. On Sunday I was in heaven. I think I

shall make a chapter expressly on the geometrical ratio that will delight my friends and astonish the foe. To-day I woke as usual between five and six, and my mind necessarily turned on my work. It was so fruitful that I felt compelled to come down stairs for pen and ink, which I made use of in bed. I invented what I believe are two fine passages, and minuted them down. But the consequence is, there my day's work ends. I rose in a little fever.

"I did not intend to tell you all this, and I am afraid of your not reading it in the spirit of sympathy. But this way of life is my destination, and I must pursue it. I think it will preserve my faculties and lengthen my existence. But if it does exactly the contrary, I care not. What matters what becomes of this miserable carcase, if I can live for ever in true usefulness? And this must be the case in the present instance: for whatever becomes of my individual book, if I am right the system of Malthus can never rise again, and the world is delivered for ever from this accursed apology in favour of vice and misery, of hard-heartedness and oppression.

"Why, to borrow your own words, do I talk so much of myself? Because I have nothing else to think about?"

The answer to Malthus was published by Longmans, on Nov. 25th, 1820. But it was published for the author, and as will be seen by a subsequent letter to Mrs Shelley, failed to realize in any degree the sum on which the writer had counted.

CHAPTER X.

NEW FRIENDS AND NEW TROUBLES. 1819—1824.

ONCE more the pages of the Diary are thickly studded with the records of death. One whose acquaintance had been so varied and so numerous, presented a large band of friends to the attacks of the great divider. But the stoical calm after which Godwin had ever striven, deprives these records of anything like lament, or the pathos lies in obscure touches. One such is to be found in the entry under August 1, 1820—"E. Inchbald dies, Suffield dies." His most intimate friends are described as Miss, Mrs, and the men simply by their names. Mrs Inchbald alone in these pages is mentioned as though he thought of her under the intimacy of a Christian name. Speculation is out of place in a biography, but it is almost impossible not to think that this death brought to Godwin a very keen pang. She was the woman whom once he had desired to make his wife, with whom he quarrelled for the sake of one he loved yet more, in whose grave the romance of his life was buried.

Two new acquaintances, who ripened into friends were made by Godwin in 1819; the first being a young man, attracted, as so many others had been, to one whose writings had taught them so much. Mr Rosser's name occurs as a most frequent guest in Godwin's house, and a companion in his walks, whenever the Cambridge vacations

made it possible that they should be together. Once more the sympathy for the young, and the prudent advice for their career, which have been so manifest on former occasions, come out in the letters to Rosser which follow. They are not in strict order of time, but in a sequence which is not inappropriate.

Henry Blanch Rosser to William Godwin.

"CAMBRIDGE, *March* 14, 1819.

"—— I am introducing myself to the study of the Ancients with ardour. The more I know of them, the more I meditate on them, and weigh the meaning of every letter of their words, the more I love and honour them. . . . . When I review my past life, and look for the causes that have operated to mould me into what I am, I always recur to the time I first read 'Political Justice,' September 1815. I should not now be in Cambridge had I not read it. How doubly fortunate then am I in the friendship of the man to whose book I, the world, owe so much. The ardour and enthusiasm it produced may have cooled, but the conviction of its truth has gathered strength. Nor do I forget, though I am forced to silence here, that my inclination and duty are combined in fostering and spreading the doctrines I adopt."

The Same to the Same.

"CAMBRIDGE, *April* 13, 1819.

"—— I suppose, from what I have heard, that a majority of men here are miserable. Several causes may perhaps be assigned for this. . . . . The solitude, to those who cannot find a resource in books and study, is insupportable; ennui and disgust seize their souls, and companions and dissipation cannot quiet them. Another species of solitude—no female society. . . . The disgusting monotony of the whole, and, with me at least, the constant attendance at chapel, and the dull, cold, miserable, sombre religious sound of the bell. Another cause, the wretched

country. . . . . How great an advantage it would be if the University were situated in a romantic, mountainous country, with a 'matchless cataract,' a forest, a volcano, or the sea; some magnificent object of nature, or association of art. At the foot of the Alps, at Rome or Athens, or the Bay of Naples, or, as it must be in England, in the Peak, or the coast of Devon, or in Wales."

William Godwin to H. B. Rosser.

"*March* 7, 1820.

"DEAR ROSSER,—I do not like your last letter, and why should I not tell you so? You rejoice in having made a convert to Atheism. I think there is something unnatural in a zeal of proselytism in an Atheist. I do not believe in an intellectual God, a God made after the image of man. In the vulgar acceptation of the word, therefore, I think a man is right who does not believe in God, but I am also persuaded that a man is wrong who is without religion.

"But if a zeal in proselytism in such a cause might, under certain circumstances, be right, think how it shows in a young man conforming in all outward shows with the Church of England—regular in frequenting her worship, and even joining her in her most solemn act of communion. Do you think that this character looks well. Oh! shut up your thoughts on this subject for the present in your own mind. Do you think there is no danger of their growing too mature? Or would you be ashamed of reflecting deeply and patiently before you finally cease to reflect and examine in a question, which all mankind in all ages have agreed to regard as of the deepest importance?

"I am also displeased with your telling me of your letter to Wooler, advising him to leave a question you think contemptible to the Whigs. Formerly I took some pains to convince you that the Whigs, as a party in the state, were of the highest value to the public welfare, and constituted the party to which a liberal-minded and enlightened man would adhere. My pains, I see, were thrown away. It is possible I was wrong. But was it necessary

that you should go out of your way, and make an occasion to oppose me (I use the language of the world) with your contempt for my partialities? . . . . ."

The Same to the Same.

"*March* 27, 1820.

"—— I now as frankly say, I like your letter of the 24th inst. as that I disliked your letter of Feb. 23rd.

"My first feeling was that I must have been wrong in censuring its elder brother. But I went back to it, and there was still entire all that had offended me at first. You rejoiced in making an Atheist. I saw no end to this. The man who is bitten with the zeal of proselytism hopes to make a convert at least three times a week. You say now, how could you help doing as you did? You were in solitude: had but one friend. To this I answer—it stands in your February letter—'I need not add that Austen is of my faith. Bedingfield also, my old friend Bedingfield, is become an Atheist.'

"I look also to the passage about Wooler. There it stands,—pure, unmitigated, groundless contempt for the Whigs. As you express yourself now, you come so near to my sentiments that it is not worth disputing with you, and I have done.

"You seem not to know what I mean by religion. You ask whether I do not mean benevolence. No: I should be ashamed of such a juggle of words. The religious man, I apprehend, is, as Tom Warton phrases it in the title of one of his poems, 'An enthusiastic or a lover of nature.' I am an adorer of nature. I should pine to death if I did not live in the midst of so majestic a structure as I behold on every side. I am never weary of admiring and reverencing it. All that I see, the earth, the sea, the rivers, the trees, the clouds, animals, and, most of all, man, fills me with love and astonishment. My soul is full to bursting with the mystery of all this, and I love it the better for its mysteriousness. It is too wonderful for me; it is past finding out: but it is beyond expression delicious. This is what I call religion, and if it is the religion you loath you are not the man I took you for.

"You express yourself ready to burst with joy on the event of the Spanish Revolution. All that I have seen I like, and I am willing to anticipate all that is good from it. A revolution that gives representation, that gives freedom of the press, that sets open the door of the prison, and that abolishes the inquisition; and all this without bloodshed, must have the approbation of every liberal mind. But I know too little respecting it. If it gives, as you say, universal suffrage, that is pain to my heart. Without the spirit of prophecy, I can anticipate the most disastrous effects from that. England is not yet ripe for universal suffrage, and, as I have often said, if it were established here, the monarchy probably would not stand a year. Now the medicine that is too strong for the English nation, I can never believe will work well in Spain.

"I understand the picture you make of yourself. You begin to find yourself at home, and you can do comparatively very well without me. It is well. An old man is perpetually losing friends by death or otherwise, and he would be glad to keep some. But I also must do as well as I can. As Shakespeare says, 'Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.' It is of more importance that you should go on well, than that you should stand in need of me."

The other new friend was Lady Caroline Lamb. She was daughter of Lord Bessborough, and wife of William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne. Lady Caroline died Jan. 25, 1828, before her husband succeeded to the title. Her literary powers were considerable, and her novel, "Glenalvon," is still remembered. Almost all the letters which passed between herself and Godwin have appeared worthy of preservation both for their intrinsic value, and as the record of the last of Godwin's many friendships with clever and remarkable women.

The Lady Caroline Lamb to William Godwin.

"*Feb.* 25, 1819.

"Lady Caroline Lamb presents her compliments to Mr Godwin, and fears his politics will incline him to refuse her request of his interest for Mr George Lamb. She hopes, however, it will not offend if she solicits it."

William Godwin to Lady C. Lamb.

"*Feb.* 25, 1819.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—You have mistaken me. Mr G. Lamb has my sincere good wishes. My creed is a short one. I am in principle a Republican, but in practice a Whig.

"But I am a philosopher: that is, a person desirous to become wise, and I aim at that object by reading, by writing, and a little by conversation. But I do not mix in the business of the world, and I am now too old to alter my course, even at the flattering invitation of Lady Caroline Lamb."

Lady Caroline Lamb to William Godwin.

"BROCKET, *May* 15, 1821.

"I cannot express to you how pleased I was to see your note, and how much I regret not being able to meet you upon the day you name, as I intend staying at Brocket Hall until June, to enjoy this most beautiful season of the year. I wish I could induce you to come here instead, if that is possible. I will send my carriage to Barnet to fetch you any day, but not just at present, when we shall be with people. Write and tell me all you would have said, or half, if you will not all. It shall be sacred unless you permit otherwise. I am impatient to know what you have been doing since the great work came out. I read it, and admired it much. It is a more delightful and cheering view of this world than the other. I am no judge which is the truest. Pray tell me when you write (if you do) what you think of the 'Doge of Venice,' if you have read it, and also whether you are an admirer of Cobbett. I

think he writes better to my fancy than almost any one. I hope you are well; are you happy? Pray honour me so far as to write me a longer letter than the last, for every word you write is to the purpose. Yours is a beautiful style. I believe the saying so to you is the repeating what has been said by everyone for years. Forgive me. I am too stupid and comfortable to think of anything new or witty.—Believe me, however, with much interest and respect yours,

"C. L."

The Same to the Same.

"Thank you for the book. Mr Lamb begs me to remind you of your promise, and as we shall be a week at Brocket, and your time is precious, choose the day which happens to be most convenient to you. Your room shall be always ready. We are, and shall be entirely alone until I have seen my dear father, who returns from Italy in May. A quiet day or two in the country may not displease you; and as I said before, a person with your mind can, I am sure, encounter all the dulness of a mere family party without fear. We shall be at Brocket after Sunday next, and until Monday shall continue there. You have only to choose a fine day, and let us know the night before. You will be sure to be welcome.—I am, with respect and truth, yours,

"CAROLINE LAMB.

"MELBOURNE HOUSE, *Actually Four in the Morning.*"

The Same to the Same.

"You would not say, if you were here now, that nature had not done her best for us. Everything is looking beautiful, everything in bloom. It is impossible for me to come just yet to London, but I will if I live in June. Yet do not fancy that I am here in rude health, walking about, and being notable and bountiful. I am like the wreck of a little boat, for I never come up to the sublime and beautiful—merely a little gay merry boat, which perhaps stranded itself at Vauxhall or London Bridge—or wounded without killing itself, as a butterfly does in a tallow candle. There is

nothing marked, sentimental or interesting in my career. All I know is, that I was happy, well, rich, joyful, and surrounded by friends. I have now one faithful, kind friend in William Lamb, two others in my father and brother—but health, spirits, and all else is gone—gone how? Oh, assuredly not by the visitation of God, but slowly and gradually, by my own fault! You said you would like to see me and speak to me. I shall, if possible, be in town in a few days. When I come I will let you know. The last time I was in town I was on my bed three days, rode out and came off here on the 4th.

"God preserve you.—Yours, C. L.

"BROCKET HALL."

The other letters which belong to this period need but little elucidation. The stoicism which is so admirable when employed in repressing his own feelings, is less beautiful when used to condole with Mrs Shelley on the death of her child. It is fair to remark, however, that he is dealing with his daughter as he would have desired that men should deal with him had he given way to what, had he indulged it, he would have considered a blameable weakness.

William Godwin to W. Wallace.

"SKINNER ST., *Sep.* 3, 1819.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Will you forgive me if I say one word to you on the subject of the introduction with which you favoured me yesterday?

"There are two kinds of introductions, and I am unable to ascertain to which class your friend belongs. Otherwise one word would stand in the place of fifty.

"I am not yet so old but that I should be glad to add to the number of my acquaintance, any man from whom I was likely to obtain profit or pleasure. But to be such a man, Hamlet says, 'as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.'

"Now, if your friend is not such a man (will you excuse me?) my time is too precious, and I have too few days left in my little span of life to wish to increase my acquaintance without some absolute gain. I desire no more than that you would examine yourself and enquire whether he is a man whose intercourse would afford me reasonable delight, you cannot bring him too soon, and I shall hold myself your debtor. If he is not, put him off for this time.—Sincerely and thankfully yours,

"W. GODWIN."

William Godwin to Mrs Shelley.

"SKINNER ST., *Sep.* 9, 1819.

"MY DEAR MARY,—Your letter of August 19 is very grievous to me, inasmuch as you represent me as increasing the degree of your uneasiness and depression.

"You must, however, allow me the privilege of a father, and a philosopher, in expostulating with you on this depression. I cannot but consider it as lowering your character in a memorable degree, and putting you quite among the commonality and mob of your sex, when I had thought I saw in you symptoms entitling you to be ranked among those noble spirits that do honour to our nature. What a falling off is here! How bitterly is so inglorious a change to be deplored!

"What is it you want that you have not? You have the husband of your choice, to whom you seem to be unalterably attached, a man of high intellectual attainments, whatever I, and some other persons, may think of his morality, and the defects under this last head, if they be not (as you seem to think) imaginary, at least do not operate as towards you. You have all the goods of fortune, all the means of being useful to others, and shining in your proper sphere. But you have lost a child: and all the rest of the world, all that is beautiful, and all that has a claim upon your kindness, is nothing, because a child of two years old is dead.

"The human species may be divided into two great classes: those who lean on others for support, and those who are qualified to support. Of these last, some have one, some five, and some ten

talents. Some can support a husband, a child, a small but respectable circle of friends and dependents, and some can support a world, contributing by their energies to advance their whole species one or more degrees in the scale of perfectibility. The former class sit with their arms crossed, a prey to apathy and languor, of no use to any earthly creature, and ready to fall from their stools if some kind soul, who might compassionate, but who cannot respect them, did not come from moment to moment, and endeavour to set them up again. You were formed by nature to belong to the best of these classes, but you seem to be shrinking away, and voluntarily enrolling yourself among the worst.

"Above all things, I entreat you, do not put the miserable delusion on yourself, to think there is something fine, and beautiful, and delicate, in giving yourself up, and agreeing to be nothing.

"Remember, too, that though at first your nearest connections may pity you in this state, yet that when they see you fixed in selfishness and ill-humour, and regardless of the happiness of everyone else, they will finally cease to love you, and scarcely learn to endure you.

"The other parts of your letter afford me much satisfaction. Depend upon it, there is no maxim more true or more important than this, Frankness of communication takes off bitterness. . . . True philosophy invites all communication, and withholds none."

Towards the end of 1819 came the first indications of pecuniary troubles connected with the Skinner Street business, and the Shelleys wrote strongly from abroad to urge that it should at once be abandoned. Godwin was still sanguine, and wrote the letter of which an extract is here given :—

William Godwin to Mrs Shelley.

"SKINNER STREET, *March* 30, 1820.

"I consider the day on which I entered on this business as one of the fortunate days of my life. The faculty of invention and

intellectual exertion in the human mind has its limits. 'Political Justice' was published in 1793, and 'Caleb Williams' in 1794. 'St Leon' did not come till 1799, 'Chaucer' in 1803, and 'Fleetwood' in 1805. My mind then felt exhausted; I could no longer pursue unintermittedly the same course; or if I had it would have been ineffectively and with aversion.

"Blessed, therefore, and thrice blessed was the interval which enabled me to renew my strength! I did not begin 'Mandeville' till 1816, and I have ever since felt that I have gained a new tenancy of my intellectual life. I write and I plan works, and I feel all the vigour of youth, that I shall never leave off writing again, till the infirmities of nature, or some terrible convulsion in my circumstances, shall perhaps put an end to my literary career for ever.

"You will know that I did not remain idle in this precious interval, to which I am indebted for everything I value in this present life. I manufactured the works of Baldwin! I digested a School Dictionary; I wrote the 'Essay on Sepulchres,' and the 'Lives of the Nephews of Milton.' But these were not *me;* I did not put forth the whole force of my faculties; the seed of what peculiarly constitutes my individual lay germinating in the earth, till in its own time it should produce its proper fruit. . . .

"Even the 'Answer to Malthus' could never have been produced without the business. I thought this 'Answer' might have been completed in six months; it is now more than two years since I undertook it. New views are perpetually opening upon me; new difficulties, with their solutions; and though I work upon it in every day of health, it is far from being finished. I have resolved not merely to attack Malthus in his remedies, his vice, and his misery; but to show that there is no need of any remedies, that the numbers of mankind never did and never can increase in the preposterous way he lays down; and though I shall be able perfectly to make out this, yet it is attended with a world of difficulties, and requires patience indescribable. While, then, I pursue this Herculean task, the inglorious transactions of the shop below-stairs furnish me with food, clothing, and habitation, and enable me to proceed . . .

"I have read the tragedy of 'Cenci,' and am glad to see Shelley at last descending to what really passes among human creatures. The story is certainly an unfortunate one, but the execution gives me a new idea of Shelley's powers. There are passages of great strength, and the character of Beatrice is certainly excellent.—Ever most affectionately yours, WILLIAM GODWIN."

The letters which follow relate to the answer to Malthus, and though some deduction must be made for the fact that they were written to the author by admiring friends, they certainly express a feeling which at the time was widely spread. But the answer came too late; the interest in Malthus' book had greatly died away, and not all the enthusiasm of Godwin's admirers could give the book success.

W. Morgan to William Godwin.

"*Nov.* 6, 1820.

. . . "I have delayed acknowledging the receipt of your valuable present, till I had time to examine it thoroughly, that I might be better able to give my opinion of it. I can now assure you, with great truth, that I have carefully read the whole of your answer to Mr Malthus with much pleasure and instruction, and am fully convinced that you have given the death-blow to his geometrical and arithmetical ratios. It might have been thought that a system so disgusting could not have required any great effort to destroy it: but the popularity of Mr Malthus's publication has proved the contrary: and I think the public are much indebted to you for quieting their alarms, and for exposing the folly and impiety of a system which made the kind and benevolent Author of Nature to appoint vice and misery as his agents in the world. I do not know whether you have not granted too much in supposing that the existence of the present population may be preserved by four children to a marriage. If half the inhabitants die before they attain the age of 21, as in the Northampton Tables, which give the mean probabilities very

fairly, what compensates for the bachelors and old maids? Illegitimate births may do a little towards it, but certainly not enough. I have always thought that $4\frac{1}{2}$ children, or more, are necessary, and therefore that Dr Franklin's 8 children (if such a mean ever existed) would not be sufficient to double the number in the way he mentions. It should also be observed that the inhabitants of America are remarkably short-lived, which proves an earlier decay of their constitution, and consequently a shorter period for procreation. This goes a little way towards strengthening your argument with respect to America, but it really wants no assistance. I am myself convinced that population fluctuates in all parts of the world. In some it becomes less, in others greater: but I cannot subscribe to your opinion that the human race may become extinct, any more than I can to that of Mr Malthus that they are in danger of increasing so fast as to render it our duty to check it, by divesting ourselves of our best and noblest feelings, in relieving or preserving the lives of our fellow-creatures."

H. B. Rosser to William Godwin.

"CAMBRIDGE, *Jan.* 9, 1821.

"DEAR GODWIN,—The morning I received your letter I called on Barron, the man in whose rooms in College I have been, till within this week, since last May. He is quite satisfied that you have overthrown Malthus, and I am satisfied, from some conversation I had with him, that he fully comprehends the pith of the argument. This is a valuable opinion. He is a first-rate classic, and no ordinary mathematician. He is yet only twenty-one, and has begun to think about a year.

"The present Vice-Chancellor, who is also Master of Trinity, is so determined to be made a Bishop, and has descended to so scoundrelly inquisitorial practices, that I have judged it best to have no personal communication with Hatfield. . . .

"I went to see and talk with Place and Mill, from both of whom it shall be their fault, not mine, if I do not get a distinct statement of their—if Place has any—objections to your book.

"Has there been any article on it in the 'Examiner?' I shall see Henry Hunt upon this point. . . .

"In the 'Black Dwarf?' I shall endeavour to see Wooler upon this.

"In the 'Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica,' now publishing, Mr Mill is a frequent contributor. The letter 'P' is yet distant, and an article, 'Population,' must go in. If he is converted: why should not he? and, if not, why should not some other person make your book a mine for an article?

"These are all words. . . . I can only send you my best wishes. —Very sincerely yours H. B. ROSSER."

Sir James Mackintosh to William Godwin.

"MARDOCKS NEAR WARE, *Sep.* 6, 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR,—When I received your work last year, I was labouring under a distressing illness, which rendered me for a time unable to read or write, and for a longer period unfitted me for serious application of mind.

"The first exertions of my understanding after an imperfect recovery, were claimed by the duties of a laborious session of Parliament, and since the almost entire restoration of my health, I have only had time to look over your work in a very cursory way. I shall shortly study it with the attention which the nature of the subject requires. But I can no longer delay this short explanation of a silence which you must have thought unpardonable.

"I should be wanting in that frankness, of which you have always set the example, if I were to say that your reasonings (as far as I have hitherto considered them) have changed my opinions on population. But I must add, that these opinions do not appear to me inconsistent with the firmest belief in the indefinite improvement of the human character and condition. The theory of the increase of mankind does not, by just inference (as I think), lead to any consequences unfavourable to their hopes. I before intimated to you my notion on that subject, and should be glad to talk of it when I see you next, which I will take care to do when I go to town.

"I own I thought your tone towards Malthus somewhat intolerant, and that you might have maintained your argument as firmly with more forbearance towards such an opponent.

"There is a review of your book in the present 'Edinburgh Review,' which I have only just seen. I beg you to be assured that I never knew or heard anything of it till I saw it in print. I should be exceedingly sorry (for more than one reason) to take any part in the application of any language to you personally but that of esteem and regard. I make this observation to satisfy my own feelings and your claims on me. I need not say that several circumstances would render it unpleasant to me to have any public use made of my language.—I am, my dear Sir, with sincere regard, yours faithfully, J. MACKINTOSH."

The pecuniary troubles already mentioned assumed no serious form till the year 1821, nor did any real crisis arrive till the year 1822. The title to the proprietorship of the house in Skinner Street, of which Godwin held a long lease, was disputed, and an action for ejectment was brought against him. After considerable litigation the suit was finally decided adversely to Godwin's interests. The results were an enforced move from Skinner Street, a claim for arrears of rent, which was wholly unlooked-for, the disorganization of the whole of the business which had been carried on with considerable and increasing success, and finally Godwin became bankrupt.

Lamb, with prompt sympathy, wrote the following letter. The loan was indeed munificent, when his own slender circumstances are considered.

Charles Lamb to William Godwin.

"*May* 16, 1822.

"DEAR GODWIN,—I sincerely feel for all your trouble. Pray use the enclosed £50, and pay me when you can. I shall make it my business to see you very shortly.—Yours truly, C. LAMB."

A letter from William Godwin junior to Mrs Shelley, though of a later date, will here fitly summarize the troubles through which the family had passed.

William Godwin, junior, to Mrs Shelley.

"No. 195 STRAND, *25th Feb.*, 1823.

" . . . . . I am not aware how far my father may have informed you—I mean, of course, as to particulars—relative to our affairs, the Skinner Street business, &c.; but as I know he is not very minute in general, it may afford you some gratification for me to run them over, and discuss them as they strike me.

"On quitting Skinner Street in May [1822], which we were obliged to do at two days' notice, we were glad to find anybody, you may well suppose, that would receive us. Read at the time that he brought into the house his ejectment, coupled with it a power to seize for his bill of costs £135. This was an oppressive circumstance indeed, for the ejectment compelled everything to be moved, under pain of being thrown into the street,* by the Saturday night—this was Thursday night—while the sheriff's distress prevented us from moving a single thing. Well, as the money could not be raised to meet the writ, it was clear that we must submit to the seizure. So to prevent any time being lost in the clumsy way the auctioneer would set about making a catalogue, I wrote out overnight a list of our best bound books, and those most likely to fetch the required sum, so that by about 3 o'clock on the Friday, the auctioneer being satisfied, we were suffered to begin to move. In the morning of this day my mother had secured a lodging and a warehouse for us in the neighbourhood—the former in Pemberton Row, close to Gough Square, and the latter in Gunpowder Alley, close to Strahan the King's Printer. . . . . Suffice it to say we were fortunate enough to get all our things out

* Understand this literally. At a pianoforte makers in Tottenham Court Road, where an ejectment was served, which he refused to obey, they actually tossed his pianofortes, finished and unfinished, from the second floor windows into the street.

by the appointed time, and bade a long farewell for ever to Skinner Street. In Pemberton Row we were put up for six weeks, first deciding what we would do, and then doing what we had decided. My father at last agreed for the house we now inhabit, at the awful rent of £210 per annum: how we shall get on God only knows: I have some fear, it is true, but, like Pandora's box, I still find hope at the bottom. Subsequently Read obtained a verdict against us for £373, 6s. 8d., for rent from the beginning of 1820 with costs, but this we are in hopes will be met by my father's friends.

"'Valperga' is finished. . . . ."

"Valperga" was a novel by Mrs Shelley, which she had sent to her father in MS. the moment she heard of his renewed embarrassments, begging him to publish it and use the proceeds as his own. After some hesitation he accepted the generous gift, making sundry alterations which he conceived would more fit it for the public taste. In a later letter he says of it—

William Godwin to Mrs Shelley.

"*Feb.* 1823.

"—— Your novel is now fully printed, and ready for publication. I have taken great liberties with it, and I am afraid your *amour propre* will be proportionally shocked. I need not tell you that all the merit of the book is exclusively your own. The *whole* of what I have done is merely confined to taking away things which must have prevented its success. . . . ."

Before, however, he had made up his mind to accept the work, the following correspondence passed between the Godwins and the Shelleys. Shelley's own letter has a peculiar interest, as it is the last one remaining written to England by that hand, which less than six weeks afterwards was "to toss with tangle and with shells."

William Godwin to Mrs Shelley.

"SKINNER ST., *May* 3, 1822.

"DEAR MARY,—I wrote to you a fortnight ago, and professed my intention of not writing again. I certainly will not write when the result shall be to give pain, unmitigated pain. It is the questionable shape of what I have to communicate that still thrusts the pen into my hand. This day we are compelled by summary process to leave the house we live in, and to hide our heads in whatever alley will receive us. If we can compound with our creditor, and he seems not unwilling to receive £400 (I have talked with him on the subject), we may emerge again. Our business, if freed from this intolerable burthen, is more than ever worth keeping.

"But all this would perhaps have failed in inducing me to resume the pen, but for an extraordinary accident. Wednesday, May 1, was the day when the last legal step was taken against me. On Wednesday morning, a few hours before this catastrophe, Willatts, the man who three or four years before lent Shelley £2000 at two for one, called on me to ask whether Shelley wanted any more money on the same terms. What does this mean? In the contemplation of such a coincidence I could almost grow superstitious. But alas, I fear, I fear, I am a drowning man, catching at straws. —Ever most affectionately your father,

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

P. Bysshe Shelley to Mrs Godwin.

"LERICI, *May* 29, 1822.

"DEAR MADAM,—Mrs Mason [Lady Mountcashel] has sent me an extract from your last letter to show to Mary, and I have received that of Mr Godwin, in which he mentions your having left Skinner Street. In Mary's present state of health and spirits, much caution is requisite with regard to communications which must agitate her in the highest degree, and the object of my present letter is simply to inform you that I have thought right to exercise this caution on the present occasion.

"Mary is at present about three months advanced in pregnancy, and the irritability and languor which accompany this state are always distressing and sometimes alarming: I do not know how soon I can permit her to receive such communication, or how soon you and Mr Godwin would wish they should be conveyed to her, if you could have any idea of the effect. Do not, however, let me be misunderstood. It is not my intention or my wish that the circumstances in which your family is involved should be concealed from her, but that the details should be suspended until they assume a more prosperous character, or at least the letters addressed to her or intended for her perusal on that subject, should not convey a supposition that she could do more than she does, thus exasperating the sympathy which she already feels too intensely, for her father's distress, which she would sacrifice all she possesses to remedy, but the remedy of which is beyond her power. She imagined that her novel might be turned to immediate advantage for him; I am greatly interested in the fate of this production, which appears to me to possess a high degree of merit, and I regret that it is not Mr Godwin's intention to publish it immediately. I am sure that Mary would be delighted to amend anything that her father thought imperfect in it, though I confess that if his objections relate to the character of Beatrice, I shall lament the deference which would be shown by the sacrifice of any portion of it to feelings and ideas which are but for a day. I wish Mr Godwin would write to her on that subject, and he might advert to the letter, for it is only the last one which I have suppressed, or not, as he thought proper.

"I have written to Mr Smith to solicit the loan of £400, which, if I can obtain it in that manner, is very much at Mr Godwin's service. The views which I now entertain of my affairs forbid me to enter into any further reversionary transactions, nor do I think Mr Godwin would be a gainer by the contrary determination, as it would be next to impossible to effect any such bargain at this distance. Nor could I burthen my income, which is barely sufficient to meet its various claims, and the system of life in which it seems necessary that I should live.

"We hear you have Jane's news from Mrs Mason. Since the late melancholy event (the death of Allegra) she has become far more tranquil, nor should I have anything to desire with regard to her, did not the uncertainty of my own life and prospects render it prudent for her to attempt to establish some sort of independence as a security against an event which would deprive her of that which she at present enjoys. She is well in health, and usually resides in Florence, where she has formed a little society for herself among the Italians, with whom she is a great favourite. She was here for a week or two, and though she has now returned to Florence, we expect her soon to visit us for the summer months. In the winter, unless some of her various plans succeed, for she may be called *la fille aux mille projêts*, she will return to Florence.

"Mr Godwin may depend on receiving immediate notice of the result of my application to Mr Smith. I hope to hear soon an account of your situation and prospects, and remain, dear Madam, yours very sincerely, P. B. SHELLEY."

In the same week which saw Shelley drowned in the Gulf of Spezzia, and before the sad news reached England, Godwin, already so harassed by pecuniary difficulties, had to mourn the death of Henry Blanch Rosser. He died in the early days of the Long Vacation, the last he would spend at Cambridge, where he had hoped to take honours, and he certainly was a man of great promise. He had written a pamphlet on Godwin's side in the Malthusian controversy of singular ability and grasp of his subject. Less perhaps than any of Godwin's younger friends had he shown any disposition to waver from his teacher's views. He was the last but one of the young people who regarded Godwin as guide, philosopher, friend, almost more than father.

Both deaths are recorded with the same stern repression of self which has appeared throughout the Diaries, but to Mrs Shelley her father wrote a letter full of feeling and sym-

pathy. After her return from Italy with her son in August 1823, the most cordial intercourse and affection marked the relations of father and daughter, even though as some sort of concession to Mrs Godwin's jealous temperament, he speaks of her in writing to his wife as "Mrs Shelley," and not as "Mary." The only letter, however, which need be quoted, is one which Godwin wrote before the return of the widow to England. Sir Timothy Shelley offered to take the entire charge of his grandson, provided his mother would give up all control over him. Godwin's letter was written while Mrs Shelley's answer was unknown to him. It was, of course, an absolute refusal to give up her now only child.

William Godwin to Mrs Shelley.

"195 STRAND, *Feb.* 14, 1823.

"MY DEAR MARY,—I have this moment received a copy of Sir Timothy Shelley's letter to Lord Byron, dated February 6, and which, therefore, you will have seen long before this reaches you. You will easily imagine how anxious I am to hear from you, and to know the state of your feelings under this, which seems like the last blow of fate.

"I need not, of course, attempt to assist your judgment upon the vile proposition of taking the child from you. I am sure your feelings would never allow you to entertain such a proposition. But were it otherwise, even worldly prudence would forbid your taking such a step. While you retain the child you are, in spite of all they can do, a member of your husband's family. But the moment you give it up, you appear to surrender all relationship to them or to him. Your child is still, in case of Charles Shelley dying before him without issue, heir to the whole estate. . . .

"Do not, I entreat you, be cast down about your worldly circumstances. You certainly contain within yourself the means of

subsistence. Your talents are truly extraordinary: Frankenstein is universally known, and though it can never be a book for vulgar reading is everywhere respected. It is the most wonderful book to have been written at twenty years of age that I ever heard of. You are now five-and-twenty. And, most fortunately, you have pursued a course of reading, and cultivated your mind in the manner most admirably adapted to make you a great and successful author. If you cannot be independent, who should be? Your talents, as far as I can at present discern, are turned for the writing of fictitious adventures.

"If it shall ever happen to you to be placed in sudden and urgent need of a small sum, I intreat you to let me know immediately. We must see what I can do. . . . We must help one another. . . . . Your affectionate father,

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

Once more Godwin's friends came forward to help him in his difficulties, and the manner in which he was really regarded by those who knew him was even more shown now than it had been before. Then he was a politician, vigorous and fierce; a warm friend indeed and a dangerous enemy. Then the chief subscribers were among the leading Whig statesmen, and the subscription was in some degree a manifesto, but political and religious opinions played no part on this occasion. Then he was one whom men found it their interest to conciliate and help. But now he was broken and feeble—his pen was no longer vigorous, though always graceful; he was no more dangerous or very helpful. What was done was done for himself, and because men really valued him. The following letters refer to his difficulties and the aid given to him.

"ALBEMARLE ST., *July* 8, 1823.

"We take the liberty of soliciting your attention to the case of Mr Godwin, a writer of great talents and reputation, distinguished by works of literature, not relating to any disputed questions, who in the sixty-seventh year of his age has been suddenly involved in difficulties without any want of industry and prudence on his part. He has for fifteen years earned a moderate income as a bookseller. He was unexpectedly engaged in a law-suit, occasioned by a disputed title to the premises which he occupied, and being compelled to change his residence, he has again established himself in another house, with all appearances of the same moderate success as before. But the arrears of his former rent, which he had no reason to expect would ever have fallen on him, together with the costs of the law-suit, amount to a sum which he is wholly unable to pay. We hope that this sum, which does not exceed £600, may be raised by a subscription, which will not press heavily on any individual, and that a man of genius may thus be enabled by his own industry to earn a creditable subsistence during the remainder of his life.

"We have the honour to be your most obedient servants,

"H. C. Robinson.	"F. L. Gower.
"W. Ayrton.	"Dudley.
"John Murray.	"Wm. Lamb.
"Charles Lamb.	"J. Mackintosh."

William Godwin to Lady Caroline Lamb.

"*Sep.* 20, 1823.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—Do you remember that it was contrary to my inclination that you were acquainted with the story of the judicial avalanche that threatened to fall on my head in the month of November next? How wrong I was. Yet I wished that all the communication that occurred between us should be an interchange of thoughts and sentiments. There is a conventional equality be-

tween the gentle and the simple as long as the one are not benefactors, the others the receivers of benefits. Can that equality and reciprocity of sentiment exist afterwards? It is too late now to ask this question in relation to you and me. The Rubicon is past.

"Cæsar passed the banks of that river and came to other impediments. In this respect I am like Cæsar. He had his Ides of November, and so have I. November is now fast approaching, and my adversary is inexorable. In how brutal a manner he is capable of proceeding he showed in Skinner St., and when November arrives he will show here, unless he is prevented.

"My subscription has gone on unfortunately, or rather has stood still. Mr Murray, unluckily for me, undertook to be my Chancellor of the Exchequer and Secretary of State, and has slept in his offices. He has issued a very small number of letters. I have always been of opinion that a bare circular letter was of little efficacy: persons even well-disposed are inclined to wait till some special messenger comes to rouse their attention. Mr Murray has, however, baffled me there: he has no list, and cannot even guess who are the persons to whom his letters have been sent.

"This is all unlucky enough, but, your Ladyship will ask, what is in your power to do for me? That is the point for me to come to. The Earl of Bessborough and Mr William Blake were names which you particularly did me the favour to point out: and you were so good as to add that you were persuaded they would have a pleasure in being brought into the business. Circular letters have therefore been dispatched to them in the present week, and would it be impertinent in me to add that a single word in any shape coming from your Ladyship might turn the index to a yes, instead of a no?

"I would have addressed this letter to Mr Lamb, as being perhaps more properly the business of man and man, but you have so much accustomed me to present my trifles to you that my houghts, whether I will or no, when I take up the pen with the idea of Brocket Hall, sets the image of your Ladyship before me.

"May I hope soon to hear from you, to tell me you forgive this fresh act of impertinence?"

Lady Caroline Lamb to William Godwin.

"My Dear Sir,—I will, and indeed have written, and would that I could be of use to you. Some circumstances which I do not much wish to explain prevent me from offering my own assistance in the manner I could wish. Believe me, however, I will warmly press the matter to the few I know. In the meantime, will you in charity send me another ream of that thick drawing paper, 100 more pens, and two dozen sticks of wax. Not that I either write or do anything with it, but it goes as quick as lightning. Pray tell me if Mrs Shelley is your daughter: they say she is very interesting and beautiful, and is returned from abroad.

"Write to the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Dacre, the Duke of Devonshire, without naming me: merely send the circular letter, also to Mr Mansfield, Upper Winpole St., the Dowager Lady Lansdowne, Mr Lambton, Earl Grey, Lord Holland. None of these are friends of mine, but I think from circumstances it will be well to write to them. There is also Mr Rogers in St James' Place. Douglas Kinnaird too: he is a friend of Lord Byron's, and to him I have already written; but in all these cases you must not name me, only send the letters as from Mr Murray.—Believe me sincerely yours, C. L.

"Will you send my small account due to your secretary to Dr Roe, that I may discharge it?"

The Same to the Same.

"My dear Sir,—From the moment when I saw you last under such excessive agitation, until the present moment, I have been, as you said I might be if I would, calm and perfectly well, and tolerably happy. Is it not strange, then, that I can suffer my mind to be so overpowered, and mostly about trifles? can you think of me with anything but contempt? Tell me, would you dislike paying me a little visit? I will not allure you by descriptions of a country life. If you come, I imagine it is to pay me a friendly visit, and if you do not, I shall feel secure you have good reasons for

not coming. The whole of what passed, which set me so beside myself, I forget and forgive; for my own faults are so great that I can see and remember nothing beside. Yet I am tormented with such a superabundance of activity, and have so little to do, that I want you to tell me how to go on.

"It is all very well if one died at the end of a tragic scene, after playing a desperate part; but if one lives, and instead of growing wiser, one remains the same victim of every folly and passion, without the excuse of youth and inexperience, what then? Pray say a few wise words to me. There is no one more deeply sensible than myself of kindness from persons of high intellect, and at this period of my life I need it.

"I have nothing to do—I mean necessarily. There is no particular reason why I should exist; it conduces to no one's happiness, and, on the contrary, I stand in the way of many. Besides, I seem to have lived 500 years, and feel I am neither wiser, better, nor worse than when I began. My experience gives me no satisfaction; all my opinions and beliefs and feelings are shaken, as if suffering from frequent little shocks of earthquakes. I am like a boat in a calm, in an unknown, and to me unsought-for sea, without compass to guide or even a knowledge whither I am destined. Now, this is probably the case of millions, but that does not mend the matter, and whilst a fly exists, it seeks to save itself. Therefore excuse me if I try to do the same. Pray write to me, and tell me also what you have done about my journal.

"Thank you for the frame; will you pay for it, and send me in any account we have at your house. I am very anxious about my dear boy. I must speak to you of him. Every one as usual is kind to me—I want for nothing this earth can offer but self-control. Forgive my writing so much about myself, and believe me most sincerely yours, CAROLINE LAMB.

William Godwin to Mr Sergeant Lens.

"*Sep.* 24, 1823.

"SIR,—It is a thousand to one whether you recollect a little boy to whom you did a kind action between 50 and 60 years ago, and

who has never seen you since. You, I daresay, have done so many kind actions since, that this may well be obliterated from your mind.

"We met at Mr Christian's dancing-school at Norwich. You were almost a man grown, and I was perhaps about twelve years of age. You and your sister and a Miss Carter were, I believe, at the head of the school. Miss Carter was a very plain girl, but a good dancer. I was in reality no dancer at all. It so happened that one day in your hearing I said, thinking perhaps of nothing, I should like for once to dance with Miss Carter. You immediately answered, I will take care that you shall, and accordingly you brought it about. This is altogether a trifle, but it has a hundred times recurred to my memory.

"We have since run a different career. I have written 'Caleb Williams' and 'St Leon,' and a number of other books. Did you ever hear of those books? And if you did, did your quondam school-fellow at the dancing-school ever occur to your mind? You have been perhaps more usefully employed in an honourable profession. The consequence is, you are rich, and I am—something else.

"I have been twice married: my first wife was Mary Wollstonecraft. My present wife, fifteen years ago, looked with anxiety to the precariousness of our situation: my resources were those I derived from my pen: and persuaded me to engage in a commercial undertaking as a bookseller. We were neither of us fit for business, and we made no great things of it, but we subsisted. Till at length I was inevitably engaged in a lawsuit which, after being several times given in my favour, was at length last year decided against me.

"The consequence was heavy losses: costs of suit, the purchasing the lease of a new house, the fitting it up, and many more. These I have encountered, and I am doing tolerably well. But there is an arrear due on the lawsuit (which was respecting the title to a house), under the name of damages, &c., to the amount of £500, which will come against me in the most injurious form the law can give it, in the beginning of November.

"Several noblemen and gentlemen a few months ago formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of collecting this sum. . . . But many delays occurred in forming this committee, and it was not completed till July last. . . . My subscription falls short. This is principally owing to the time of year. My friends tell me that if I could keep it open till the meeting of Parliament it would still answer. But the beginning of November must decide my good or ill fortune. In this emergency I am reduced to think of persons whom I suppose to be in opulent circumstances, and respecting whom I can imagine they may be kindly disposed towards me, to fill up the subscription. It is by a very slender, and almost invisible thread that I can hope to have any hold upon you, but I am resolved not to desert myself. The subscription has gone about half way.

"Thus, Sir, I have put you in possession of my story; and begging pardon for having intruded it on your attention, I remain, not without hope of a favourable issue to my impertinence,—Your most obedient servant, W. GODWIN."

Sir James Mackintosh to William Godwin.

"WEEDON LODGE, *Tuesday.*

"DEAR GODWIN,—I am more grieved than you perhaps would have expected by what you consider, I hope too precipitately, as the final result of our projects. If you should be driven from the respectable industry which, with your talents, reputation, and habits, you have undertaken for your family, it will, in my cool opinion, be a scandal to the age. The mortification of my own disability is aggravated by my natural, though not very reasonable repugnance to an avowal of its full extent, and of all its vexatious causes. But you must not give up. Be of good heart. New publications, I grant to you, are not likely to increase your fame. But they will refresh your reputation, and give you all the advantages of present popularity. When liberality and friendship are quickened by public applause, they are more trustworthy aids than in their solitary state. The great are to be pushed on by the

movement given to the many. I see your novels advertised to-day. Could you ask Mr Hazlitt to review them in the *Edinburgh Review*. He is a very original thinker, and notwithstanding some singularities which appear to me faults, a very powerful writer. I say this, though I know he is no panegyrist of mine. His critique might serve all our purposes, and would, I doubt not, promote the interests of literature also.

"I shall receive the two books with much thankfulness, for, after much research, I have not yet traced the accounts of Kirke and Jefferies to the original witnesses.

"Can you tell me whether L'Estrange continued the 'Observator' during James II.'s reign?

"I am sorry to hear of Mrs Godwin's illness. Lady Mackintosh begs her kindest remembrances, and I am most truly yours,

"J. MACKINTOSH."

In 1824 Mrs Shelley submitted to her father the MS. of a tragedy on which his opinion was unfavourable. The letter has in great degree lost value now, except one sentence of keen, far-reaching criticism, and another paragraph which shows that his own dramatic disappointments rankled still.

William Godwin to Mrs Shelley.

"*Feb.* 27, 1824.

". . . . Is it not strange that so many people admire and relish Shakespeare, and that nobody writes, or even attempts to write like him? To read your specimens I should suppose that you had read no tragedies but such as have been written since the date of your birth. Your personages are mere abstractions, the lines and points of a Mathematical Diagram, and not men and women. If A crosses B, and C falls upon D, who can weep for that? . . .

"For myself, I am almost glad that you have not (if you have not) a dramatic talent. How many mortifications and heart-aches

would that entail on you. Managers to be consulted, players to be humoured, the best pieces that were ever written negatived and returned on the author's hands. If these are all got over, then you have to encounter the caprice of a noisy, insolent, and vulgar-minded audience, whose senseless *non-fiat* shall in a moment turn the labour of a year into nothing."

CHAPTER XI.

LAST LITERARY LABOUR. 1824—1832.

IN the four years, 1824-28, Godwin published his "History of the Commonwealth of England." Once more his interest in his work had overpowered the paralysis of energy which so often attends the mere writing for bread, and the book produced is vigorous, able, and, on the whole, wonderfully correct. Subsequent historians have had access to documents which Godwin never saw, but in the last volume, wholly devoted to Cromwell's life, he has given a portrait of that great man which deserves to stand by the side of that which Mr Carlyle has painted for the world. No one before him had so fathomed the character of that extraordinary man, who, as his historian says, having had to struggle against all parties, religious and political, which divided England, succeeded in subduing them all, while he raised the power of the nation to a degree unknown before his day.

It was the last of his greater works. The "Thoughts on Man," published in 1830, were essays already lying by him, and written during many previous years, and which required but slight revision. They contain his mature convictions on religion and philosophy, but, like his posthumous volume edited for his representatives in 1870, the difficulties discussed are not our difficulties, still less are the solutions our solutions.

His last two novels, "Cloudesley" and "Deloraine," and "The Lives of the Necromancers," call for slight mention. The great beauty of the English in which they are written is their chief merit, but they have no special interest now.

When engaged in the "History of the Commonwealth," he applied to Sir Walter Scott for information on some points of Cromwell's rule in Scotland, and received the following valuable letter:—

Sir Walter Scott to William Godwin.

"EDINBURGH, *Nov.* 22, 1824.

"DEAR SIR,—I did not answer your letter of the 20th August, being prevented by something at the moment, and intending to do so whenever I should come to Edinburgh, for in the country I had little opportunity of procuring the information you wanted. I came here only on the 15th of this month, and since that time we have been visited by a succession of the most tremendous fires with which this city has ever been afflicted. A very large portion of the Old Town of Edinburgh, the dwelling of our ancestors, is at present a heap of ruins. Everybody was obliged to turn out; the young to work, the old to give countenance and advice, and to secure temporary refuge and support to upwards of 200 families turned naked in many instances into the street: and I had my share of labour and anxiety. We are now, I thank God, in quiet again. Our princely library (that of the Advocates'), worth commercially at least half a million, but in reality invaluable as containing such a mass of matter to be found nowhere else, escaped with the utmost difficulty, and in consequence only of the most strenuous exertions. This will, I am sure, be an apology for my not writing sooner what I now have to say.

"Your letters are a little vague in respect to the precise nature of the information you require. In Thurlow's state papers you will find an accurate list of the Council of State by which Cromwell governed Scotland. But his well-disciplined army under Monk was the real force of his government, and they were *exer-*

cised, as they would have termed it, by more than one insurrection, particularly that made first by Glencairn and afterwards by General Middleton, and by the constant though useless harassing manœuvres of the cavaliers and discontented Scottish, forming a kind of guerillas termed mosstroopers, who seem to have existed in all the wilder districts, and to have carried on a war rather of a harassing than an effectual character. A person named Nichol kept a large and copious diary of the events of the period, which I caused to be transcribed some years since. The transcriber, I am sorry to say, was rather careless, in fact, a person to whom I had given the book more out of consideration to his wants than to his competence. If this transcript could be useful to you, I will with pleasure give you the use of it, begging only you will take care of it. It is voluminous and contains much trash (as diaries usually do,) but there are some curious articles of information which occur nowhere else. Some of the Diurnals of the Day also contain curious minutiæ, but these you have in the Museum more complete than we. I picked up some weeks ago a contemporary account of the battles of Kilsyth and Philiphaugh. I am particularly interested in the last, as the scene lies near my abode and my own ancestor was engaged in it—at that time a keen covenanter. I am thinking of publishing, or rather printing, a few copies of these tracts, and, if you wish it, I will send you one. Brodie's Diary has also some interest, though stuffed with fanatical trumpery. The Lord, as he expresses himself, at length intimated to this staunch Presbyterian that he should, in conformity to the views of Providence for our Scottish Israel, embrace the cause of the Independent Cromwell, and he became one of our judges. His diary is very rare, but I have a copy, and could cause any extracts to be made which you want. I am not aware that our records could add much to the mass of information contained in Thurloe's collection, where there are many letters on the state of the country. The haughty and stubborn character of the Scottish people looked back on the period of Cromwell's domination with anger and humiliation, and they seem to have observed a sullen silence about its particular events. There is no period respecting which

we have less precise information. If, however, you will shape your enquiries more specifically respecting any points which interest you, I will be happy to make such researches as may enable me to answer them, or to say that I cannot do so. I made a scandalous blunder in my prosody sure enough, in doing honour to a deceased friend. I should have remembered I had been,

> 'Long enamoured of a barbarous age,
> A faithless truant to the classic page.'

Anything, however, is pardonable but want of candour, and my comfort is that of Miss Priscilla Tomboy, 'I am too old to be whipped.'—I am, dear sir, your most obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

And, as relating to the same work, though written in a later year, a letter of the elder D'Israeli here finds fitting place.

I. D'Israeli to William Godwin.

"6 BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, *July* 12, 1828.

"DEAR SIR,—It is with great pleasure I communicate to you the striking anecdote which confirms the notice you find in Voltaire of Cromwell, who, when Protector, would be addressed, much against Louis XIV.'s inclination, as 'brother' by the French monarch. At the same time I beg to repeat that I find in my note on this anecdote, a loose reference to Thurlow's papers, by which I infer that I must have read in Thurlow's collection something relative to the subject of your enquiry.

"The present anecdote is very circumstantial and of undoubted authority: Dr Sampson derived it from Judge Rookly, who was present at the delivery of the letter. I transcribe it literally from the Diary of Dr Sampson, Sloane MSS.

"'He was in the Banqueting House to receive the Duke of Créqui, as ambassador from the French king. Great was the state and crowd. The ambassador made his speech, and after all compliments, he delivered a letter into his hands which was super-

scribed: "To his most serene Highness Oliver, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland." He looks wistfully at the letter, puts it in his pocket, turns away without speaking a word or reading it. The ambassador was highly vexed at this, and as soon as he could meet with Secretary Thurlow, expostulates with him for the great affront and indignity offered to his master, so great a prince—asked him what he thought the cause might be. Thurlow answered, he thought the Protector might be displeased with the superscription of the letter. The Duke said he thought that it was according to form, and in terms as agreeable as could be. "But," says Thurlow, "the Protector expected he should have written to our dear Brother Oliver." It is said the ambassador writing this over to France, the king replied, "Shall I call such a fellow my *brother?*" to which Cardinal Mazarin answered, "Aye, call him your *father*, if need be, if you would get from him what you desire." And so a letter was procured, having the desired superscription.'

"I need not assure you of the correctness of the transcript.—Believe me, very truly yours, I. D'ISRAELI."

After Godwin's complete failure, and the disastrous lawsuits, he resided for some years in the Strand, living almost apart from society, and working hard at his books. A quiet rubber of whist in the evening, and an occasional visit to the theatres—to most of which he held free admissions—were almost his only relaxations. But though he went from home little, and did not entertain at all, it is pleasant to find, from entries in the Diary, that friends were constant in their visits. His books, though he could lay up from their proceeds but little for the future, yet brought in a modest competence. His only son, William, had married, and was earning his own livelihood. Mrs Shelley was constant in her attentions to her father, who took great delight in the society of his grandson.

Godwin's few domestic letters are the record of these uneventful years.

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

"GOWER PLACE, *March* 31, 1826.

"I am afraid, my dear love, that you will be disappointed by this letter, for I have little to say.

"Stoddart inserted W.'s critique upon Rembrandt upon Easter Monday and Tuesday, and gave him two guineas, with which he is satisfied. They then started other subjects, three miraculously fine pictures that have just been purchased from the Angerstein Gallery for 9000 gs., and four designs of Martin to illustrate Milton. W. has this morning written, and is gone to carry to Stoddart, the first number of his critique, relating to a Bacchus and Ariadne by Titian. He made me go with him to Angerstein's yesterday, to look at the pictures. But all this is precarious, depending first on his industry, and secondly on fancy and vacancy in Stoddart to insert his paper.

"I own I have not genius enough to make a story of Percy's first play. He sat for the most part very silent and attentive; and when we came away in the middle of the afterpiece, asked why we could not stay longer. But there was nothing bravely obstreperous and ungovernable in his emotions and his will. We were joined at the play by Kenny and Sir Richard Phillips. Phillips, with flushed cheeks and ruddy health, telling us how completely he is ruined. He has left Brighton, and resides with his family in St. Paul's Churchyard.

"Jane behaves very well, and when I attempted to order my Thursday's dinner, told me what joint it should be, and how it should be dressed, to which, as in duty bound, I submitted." . . .

The Same to the Same.

"44 GOWER PLACE, *April* 6, 1826.

"MY DEAR LOVE,—You are very wrong in saying I do not want your society, and still more in supposing Mrs Shelley supplies the

deficiency. I see her perhaps twice a week; but I feel myself alone ten times a day, and particularly at meals, and after meals, which are the periods at which, from nature or habit, I most feel the want of a human countenance to look at, and of a human voice with which to exchange the accents of kindness and sympathy.

"William calls on me every day. He works for nobody but Stoddart. He is now on Martin's designs for Milton, of which Septimus Prowet has requested him to accept a copy. But I do not buy the papers in which his articles appear. I never know of the papers till afterwards, and have no opportunity of procuring them.

"There have been no letters from Vienna, or Moscow, or anywhere else.

"We go on quietly here. I am in good health, and working. I asked Jane, previous to writing this letter, how she was, and she answers she is very well now. Everything is smooth; but I cannot take a frisk, as I used to do with another servant, and give a dinner to Kenney, or some other fool. Jane had a visit from Mrs Eamer, who promises to bring her her things the week after next. She brought you two presents, a pint bottle of ketchup, and a gallipot of nasturtiums. . . .

"Do not, I intreat you, from any recollection of me, shorten your visit. It is true, it is not good for man to be alone, and I feel it so. But I can summon philosophy to my aid, and can have consideration for some one beside myself; especially when one can take the consolation to oneself, this will soon be over." . . .

Fuseli, of whom Godwin had seen little or nothing for many years, died in April 1825, and Mr Knowles was writing his Biography. He applied to Godwin for aid, who could give him only slender information. It has been already seen how little Knowles attended to the request that Mary Wollstonecraft should be "very slightly mentioned, or not at all," and how little to be trusted is the mention of her in the "Life of Fuseli."

William Godwin to Mr Knowles.

"*Sep.* 28, 1826.

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to say that my recollections of Mr Fuseli are very imperfect. You knew much more of him in his latter years, and therefore, I doubt not, can recollect much more. I seldom saw him but in company, and consequently know much less of his systems of thinking and his habits. . . . The most remarkable thing that comes to my mind I had from my first wife, whom, by the way, I should wish, if you please, to be very slightly mentioned, or not at all. She told me that when he first came to England, his two deities were Homer and Rousseau. No other authors were worthy to be named with them. Homer retained his place to the last, but Rousseau, who was once placed on an equal column, was obliged, I suspect, afterwards to descend to a lower pedestal.

"You know, no doubt, his strange book on the character and writings of Rousseau, wild, scarcely English, and scarcely common-sense, yet with some striking things interspersed.

"He was the most frankly ingenuous and conceited man I ever knew. He could not bear to be eclipsed or put in the back-ground for a moment. He scorned to be less than highest. He was an excellent hater; he hated a dull fellow, as men of wit and talents naturally do; and he hated a brilliant man, because he could not bear a brother near the throne. He once dined at my house with Curran, Grattan, and two or three men of that stamp; and retiring suddenly to the drawing-room, told Mrs Godwin that he could not think why he was invited to meet such wretched company." . . .

A domestic letter of this year contains a paragraph in Godwin's old introspective manner, and gives evidence of the philosophic calm he was still able to maintain, despite of troubles.

William Godwin to Mrs Shelley.

"*Oct.* 9, [1827.]

". . . How differently are you and I organized! In my seventy-second year I am all cheerfulness, and never anticipate the evil day with distressing feelings till to do so is absolutely unavoidable. Would to God you were my daughter in all but my poverty! But I am afraid you are a Wollstonecraft. We are so curiously made that one atom put in the wrong place in our original structure will often make us unhappy for life. But my present cheerfulness is greatly owing to 'Cromwell,' and the nature of my occupation, which gives me an object *omnium horarum*, a stream for ever running and for ever new.

"May blessings shower on you as fast as the perpendicular rain at this moment falls by my window! prays your affectionate father,

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

"HASTINGS, *June* 27, 1828.

"—— Here I am at Hastings, and here I have been the better part of two days. At twelve at noon, however, on Wednesday I was compelled to doubt whether I should have ever been here at all. In coming down a hill, one mile on this side Sevenoaks, one of the horses nearest the carriage set up a desperate kicking, and broke the splinter bar in two, and we were detained above an hour, while we sent to Sevenoaks for a mechanic to come and repair it as well as he could.

"This loss, however, of an hour, or an hour and a half, decided the before doubtful question that I must take something by way of dinner on the road, if I intended to have any. We stopped for that purpose at Tunbridge Wells, which place I once visited before, in the year 1773, fifty-five years ago.

"I found the little trio of this family looking out for me, and we speedily sat down to a comfortable dish of tea at No. 6 Meadow

Cottages, and afterwards walked upon the Marine Parade, which immediately overlooks the sea. . . . .

"Mary yesterday received here her first letter from Trelawney, who desires her to come to town immediately; but she has written an answer, telling him he must come here. How the contest will end I know not. . . .

"I see but little comparatively to admire here, though we have the finest weather in the world. The shore is at best but the counterpart of Bognor, which had the advantage with me of coming first, about fifteen years ago, when I visited Mr Hayley and the Isle of Wight, and when I sojourned one night at Bognor, when the harvest moon was at full, and I sat viewing it quivering on the sea at twelve o'clock at night, with all the best company of the place.

"Mary desires me to give her best love to you, and to express her earnest wishes that the travellers may arrive safe.

"How is Anne Burroughes? How is her mistress? Dead, I am afraid, with fatigue and cares. . . . ."

William Godwin to Washington Irving.

"*Oct.* 1829.

"My Dear Sir.—It is seven years—I am afraid I might say nine—since I had the pleasure to see you. In that period I have gone through many vicissitudes. In the spring of 1825 I was a bankrupt. That event was three years in concoction before it came to maturity, and I passed through considerable wretchedness. In the interval I heard of your being in London, and wished much for the pleasure of seeing you. But I said:

> 'He, like the world, his ready visit pays
> Where fortunes smiles: the wretched he forsakes.'

"I was, however, wrong. Your visit to the capital of England was, I believe, remarkably short. Since my bankruptcy my life has been comparatively tranquil. I reside here in an obscure nook, and preserve my health and, I believe, my intellects entire.

. . . . Now, at seventy-three years of age, I have had the audacity to undertake another novel. . . . . Mr Colburn has purchased from me the right of publishing it in England. But I am informed that where an author has a name in odour with the public, something may be made of pecuniary advantage, by contriving that his work should be published at the same time in America. . . . . Might I presume on your good-will, so far as to request that you would have the goodness to suggest to me any mode that your experience might point out to you, by which this advantage might be secured. . . . . I remain, etc.

"W. GODWIN."

Washington Irving to William Godwin.

"3 CHANDOS ST., CAVENDISH SQ., *Oct.* 14, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR.—I have just received your note of the 12th inst., and read with great concern the gloomy account it gives of the troubles and vicissitudes through which you have passed. The reverse in your circumstances, my dear sir, can have no other effect on me than to awaken a deeper interest in your welfare, and a stronger desire to be of service to you. Any aid that I can render in promoting the publication of your proposed work in America, you may command to the utmost. I rejoice to find that you are about to come forth again in that department of literature in which you first delighted me, and in which you have been so eminently successful. I see nothing of audacity in the undertaking. Recollect the age of Chaucer when he wrote his immortal tales. If you can furnish me with a manuscript copy of the earlier part of the work, and supply the subsequent part in sheets as struck off, so as to give some bookseller in America the decided start of his competitors, I think it highly probable I can get something for it to repay you for your trouble. A novel is a kind of work that the booksellers now always bid for the most eagerly, and the fame of your former productions in this line will ensure an offer. If the MS. or printed sheets are sent under cover to me from time to time, as they are ready, at the American Legation, I

will forward them with the despatches, free of expense, and I have a literary agent in America who will negociate with the booksellers to the best advantage, free of charge, so that the experiment will cost you nothing. I would have called immediately on you to talk over this matter, but at this moment I am not as formerly my own master, and am in all the bustle of official arrangements, etc. The moment I can command a little leisure I will call on you, and I am sure that, in the interim, you will attribute the delay of my visit to the right cause.

"With kind remembrances to Mrs Godwin, I am, dear sir, very faithfully yours, WASHINGTON IRVING."

One new acquaintance was made in 1830, the last of the long series of younger friends. This was Edward Bulwer, known better to this generation as the late Lord Lytton, who came in the vigour of his youthful power and growing fame to sit at the feet of the writer of "Caleb Williams." He was introduced to Godwin by Lady Caroline Lamb in the following letter:—

Lady C. Lamb to William Godwin.

"MY DEAR SIR,—My brother, William Ponsonby, is so much delighted with the two books you left with me, and I am so enchanted with the letter of advice to the young American, that we both request you to send us a list of all your publications for the use of young people. Send also to S. James' Square, Hon. William Ponsonby, 'The Advice to the American,' 'A Roman History,' and 'The Pantheon.' I forget my brother's number, but it is next door to the Duke of St. Alban's.

"Mr Bulwer Lytton, a very young man and an enthusiast, wishes to be introduced to you. He is taking his degree at Cambridge; on his return pray let me make him acquainted with you. I shall claim your promise of coming to Brocket; would your daughter or son accompany you? Hobhouse came to me last night; how strange it is I love Lord Byron so much now in my old age, in

despite of all he is said to have said, that I also love Hobhouse because he so warmly takes his part. Pray write to me, for you see your advice has had some effect. I have been studying your little books with an ardour and a pleasure which would surprise you. There is a brevity which suits my want of attention, a depth of thought which catches at once, and does not puzzle my understanding, a simplicity and kindness which captivates and arouses every good feeling, and a clearness which assists those who are deficient, as I am, in memory. I am delighted. So are my brothers; the few men who are about me are all eager to get your books; but what has vexed me is that the two children and four young women to whom I endeavoured to read them, did not choose to attend. How I like the beautiful little preface to the 'History of Rome;' oh, that I were twelve! quite good and quite well, to be your pupil.

'I'd drudge like Selden day and night,
And in the endless labour die.'

"After all, what is the use of anything here below, but to be enlightened, and to try to make others happy? From this day I will endeavour to conquer all my violence, all my passions; but you are destined to be my master. The only thing that checks my ardour is this:

"For what purpose, for whom should I endeavour to grow wise?

"What is the use of anything? What is the end of life? When we die, what difference is there here, between a black beetle and me?

"Oh, that I might, with the feelings I yet possess, without one vain, one ambitious motive, at least feel that I was in the way of truth, and that I was of use to others.

"The only thoughts that ever can make me lose my senses are these:

"A want of knowledge as to what is really true.

"A certainty that I am useless.

"A fear that I am worthless.

"A belief that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, and that there is nothing new under the sun.

"The only prayer I ever say beside the sinner's, and the only life

I shall ever leave written by myself of myself is, that I have done those things which I ought not to have done, and have left undone those that I ought to have done. C. L."

The correspondence with Mr Bulwer requires no elucidation, but a remarkable paper in Godwin's writing seems to throw some light on one of the intellectual consequences of this intimacy.

Godwin had intended to write a romance on the story of "Eugene Aram," and drew up the following notes on the subject. They are undated, but from the character of the writing, the correspondence of paper on which they are written with that Godwin was then using, and the packet in which it was folded, it is evident that they belong to the years 1828-30.

"Petition to the King on behalf of Eugene Aram, never presented.

Born, ... 1704.
Newby, ... 1717-18.
Studies Mathematics.
Belles Lettres, . . . 1721.
Keeps School at Netherdale. Marries.
Knaresborough. Hebrew, Latin and Greek, 1732.
London, ... 1744.
Botany, Arabic, Celtic.
Clark murdered, . . . Feb. 1745.
Apprehended, ... 1758.
Tried, ... Aug. 3, 1759.
Confesses, . . . Aug 4.
Grand Magazine, Vol. III., 85-6.
Newgate Calendar, *Annual Register*.
Houseman, evidence.
Netherdale, Shelton near Newby.
Rippon, Newby, Knaresborough.
Letter in *Grand Magazine* written after conviction.

"Let there be an Act of Pt. that, after a lapse of ten years, whoever shall be found to have spent that period blamelessly, and in labours conducive to the welfare of mankind, shall be absolved.

"No man shall die respecting whom it can reasonably be concluded that if his life were spared, it would be spent blamelessly, honourably, and usefully.

"Aram, schoolmaster: Clark, shoemaker: Houseman, flax-dresser: Terry, publican—Clark, just married—Aram's confession not authenticated. G. M., 1759, Aug.—Houseman burned in effigy, ditto—execution, ditto—had divided the blood vessels of his left arm, could not support the weight of his body to the place. York newspaper.

"Cut the veins of his arm a little above the elbow and the wrist, but missed the artery. Pub. advt. Trial, Friday, Aug. 3. Execution, Aug. 8-14: last week a riot. Public adver.

"Languages: Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, Celtic, with dialects, *i.e.*, Irish, Welch. French, Mathematics, Heraldry, Botany."

These notes are in form and arrangement precisely like the drafts which Godwin made and left behind him of other books, both those which were afterwards completed, and others only planned. And it is more than probable that, finding how unlikely it became that he should himself write the Romance he had projected, he gave his subject and material to his younger and more vigorous friend. It seems clear that Lord Lytton, in his earlier style, is the direct intellectual descendant of the writer of "Caleb Williams" and "St. Leon."

E. L. Bulwer to William Godwin.

"*April* 1, 1830.

"My Dear Sir,—In an article in the *N. M. Magazine*, called the 'Lounger,' you will see the few observations I have made on your book. My desire was, not to praise it, so much as to tempt

others to read it. I should have said much more, had I not heard there was to be a review by some other person in the same number. I perceive that there is one. You will forgive the frankness with which I have said I differ from you on some points, and you will smile at the freedom with which the *disciple* of one school talks of the 'errors' of the *master* of another.

"I am happy to hear on all sides the praises and increasing popularity of your book, 'Cloudesley.' Bentley told me it was selling surprisingly well, and I hear in another quarter that the sale has already far surpassed that of 'Mandeville.'

"I trust you will find all this true, and with great respect and increased admiration, believe me, my dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

"E. L. BULWER."

William Godwin to E. L. Bulwer.

"*May* 13, 1830.

"I have this moment finished the perusal of 'Paul Clifford.' I know that you are not so wrapped up in self-confidence as not to feel a real pleasure in the approbation of others. And I regard it as a duty not to withhold my approbation when I am morally certain that it will be received as it is intended.

"There are parts of the book that I read with transport. There are many parts so divinely written that my first impulse was to throw my implements of writing in the fire, and to wish that I could consign all that I have published in the province of fiction to the same pyre. But this would be a useless sacrifice: and superior as I feel you to be in whatever kindles the finest emotions of the heart, I may yet preserve my peace, so far as relates to the mechanism of a story. This is but little, and does not satisfy my self-love, but I am capable of a sentiment that teaches me to rejoice in the triumph of others, without subjecting me to the mean and painful drawback of envy.

"I am bound to add that the penetration and acuteness you display are not inferior to the delicacy."

E. L. Bulwer to William Godwin.

"HERTFORD ST., *May* 25, 1830.

"MY DEAR MR GODWIN,—You *must* know that I am too glad to go with you, not to take your day and hour, and too desirous to encourage you to wish for a second excursion, not to desire that at least the day and hour you select should be exactly to your own inclination. I am going this week to search for a small lodging in the country, as an occasional retirement, and I think the best plan will be that I should first find one, and then you and I should go down there for a day, and return in the evening. This we may do next week, when I will write to you again.—Believe me most truly and respectfully yours, E. L. BULWER."

William Godwin to E. L. Bulwer.

"*Sep.* 16, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I remember a recorded speech of Lord Chatham at the appointment of the Rockingham administration in 1765, in which he says, 'Confidence is a plant of slow growth in aged bosoms.' Allow me to apply that maxim to myself.

"I have known you but a short time. I know you as the author of 'Pelham,' a man of eminent talents, and devoted, as it seemed to me, to the habits of high life. I heard from your lips occasionally high sentiments of philosophy and philanthropy. I was to determine as I could which of these two features formed the basis of your character.

"I now avow myself your convert. Your advertisement in this morning's paper is a pledge for your future character. You have passed the Rubicon. You must go forward, or you must go back for ever disgraced. I know your abilities, and I therefore augur a career of rectitude and honour.

"With respect to the acquaintance I shall have with you, I can dispense with that. If in these portentous times you engage yourself with your powers of mind for the real interests of mankind, that is everything. I am but the dust of the balance.

"And yet, shall I own? The slowness you manifested in cultivating my acquaintance was one of the circumstances that weighed with me to your disadvantage. But I am nothing. Run the race you chalk out for yourself in this paper of yours, and I am more than satisfied.

"Allow me, however, to add something in allusion to our last conversation. It must be of the highest importance to an eminent character which side he embraces in the great question of self-love and benevolence. I tolerate and talk, and think with much good-humour towards the man who embraces the wrong side here, as I tolerate a Calvinist or a Jew. But in the public cause he labours with a mill-stone about his neck. No, not exactly that; but he is like a swimmer who has the use only of his left hand. Inexpressibly must he be disadvantaged in the career of virtue who adheres to a creed which tells him, if there be meaning in words, that there is no such thing as virtue."

E. L. Bulwer to William Godwin.

"BOGNOR, *Sep.* 17, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am greatly obliged and pleased by your letter, and I am unexpectedly rejoiced that my address to the people of Southwark should produce one effect—an increase of your good opinion. You surprise and grieve me, however, by thinking so ill of my judgment as to imagine me slow in seeking your acquaintance. The fact is, that you a little misconceive my character. I am in ordinary life so very reserved and domiciliated a person, that to court anybody's good opinion as I have done yours is an event in my usual quietude of habit.

"With respect to the Utilitarian—not 'self-love' system of morals, all I can say is that I am convinced, if I commit a blunder it is in words, not things. I understand by the system that Benevolence may be made a passion, that it is the rule and square of all morality; that virtue loses not one atom of its value, or one charm from its loveliness. If I err, I repeat, it is in words only. But my doctrine is not very bigotedly embraced. And your

essay has in two points let a little scepticism into a rent in my devotion.

"My advice, or rather opinion, such as it may be, is always most heartily at your service, and you will flatter and gratify me by any desire for it.

"I am living here very quietly: and doing, what think you? writing poetry. After that, it may be superfluous to tell you that Bognor is much resorted to by insane people.—Ever and most truly yours, E. LYTTON BULWER."

The following letters refer to the novel of "Deloraine" and the "Lives of the Necromancers," and are inserted, not only as giving a touching picture of the old philosopher, but a no less touching one of Walter Scott at his own herculean task, yet steering up-hillward with all his old heart and hope.

William Godwin to Mrs Shelley.

"*July* 22, 1830.

"—— As you mean to quit Southend this day seven-night, I do not think it likely that I shall avail myself of your kind invitation, though I am deeply sensible of the obligation I owe you in it, since by giving it you shew your indulgence to a decrepit, superannuated old fellow, while you are good enough to praise things to yourself in false colours, and convert what would really be a pain into the image and superscription of a pleasure.

"I called yesterday on Bentley, and found him, as usual, not at home. I left a note, saying that I will call again on Saturday, whether to see him or not I know not. I am miserable under the weight of this uncertainty, feeling myself able and willing to do everything, and do it well, and nobody disposed to give me the requisite encouragement. If I can agree with these tyrants in Burlington Street for £300, £400, or £500 for a novel, and to be subsisted by them while I write it, I probably shall not starve for a

fortnight to come. But they will take no step to bring the thing to a point, and I may go thither one, two, or three times. and catch them if I can. I have no contention with them which is the nobler party, they or I; but this dancing attendance wears my spirits and destroys my tranquillity. 'Hands have I, but I handle not: I have feet, but I walk not: neither is there any breath in my nostrils.' Meanwhile my life wears away, and 'there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither I go." But indeed I am wrong in talking of that; for I write now, not for marble to be placed on my remains, but for bread to put into my mouth. In that sense, therefore, every day of which they rob me is of moment, since every day brings its cravings to be supplied.'"

William Godwin to Sir Walter Scott.

"*Feb.* 17, 1831.

"MY DEAR SIR.—I have never experienced anything from you but the greatest kindness, on the few occasions in which I have been so fortunate as to be thrown into your society, or have taken the liberty to obtrude myself on your attention. This is the reason of the trouble I am now giving. . . . .

"In fourteen days from the date of this letter, I shall have completed the 75th year of my age. Before the expiration of those fourteen days a volume will have been published of my writing, entitled 'Thoughts on Man, etc.,' which, if I am not mistaken, will display the marks of as youthful and energetic a mind as were ever to be found in the books I have written, in what are called the full vigour of my life and constitution. I am, however, the prodigal who so often serves to point the moral of a tale. I have spent what I had, and have nothing left.

"Meantime I am conscious (if I do not greatly deceive myself) of powers undecayed, which I am most anxious to apply to the support of my life, and the procuring those slender comforts to which I have been accustomed. But the trade, or the disposition of the booksellers in London, is in such a state as to afford me nothing but discouragement. . . . .

"It is commonly said at present that the cabinet libraries and miscellanies, which are now publishing by several of our booksellers, swallow up for the time the literature in which they might otherwise be disposed to engage. It has been my habit to work for myself, and stand by myself. But at the present moment I doubted of my right to be difficult, and therefore I have given way in this point. I made a proposal to Dr Lardner, but after two or three conferences he frankly informed me that he and his partner had engaged with a sufficient number of persons of great name, namely yourself, and Messrs Mackintosh, Moore, Southey, and Campbell, to fix on their publication a desirable character, and that they had resolved that the rest of their work should be executed by persons of inferior importance, to whom they should give lower prices than that to which I should be justly entitled. I applied to Mr Murray. I saw Mr Lockhart for that purpose, and disclosed to him the plan of a volume for the Family Library, of which he greatly approved, and told me he did not doubt it would be joyfully accepted. But after a lapse of two or three days he wrote me a note to say that Mr Murray had declined it. I wrote to Mr Cadell of Edinburgh, from whom I received a most courteous answer, but informing me that his whole means were engaged for five years to come, and that he had only been able to strain a point further for a novel by the author of 'Marriage,' and another novel by a popular author. Thus, my dear sir, with powers perhaps unimpaired, and a will to exert them, I find myself likely to be laid on the shelf, as a person whose name has been long enough before the public. . . . .

"The volume I proposed to Murray through Mr Lockhart, was to be entitled, 'Lives of the Necromancers, or an Account of the most Eminent Persons who have claimed for themselves, or to whom has been imputed by others, the Exercise of Magical Powers.' I can scarcely expect you to believe me, though it is true, that I had chosen this subject without any knowledge of your letters on 'Demonology,' which, however, appeared before my proposal was actually made. I conceived, however, that there would still be room for my volume, the object of which was to trace the

subject biographically, and to endeavour to ascertain by what steps Roger Bacon, Cornelius Agrippa, and a multitude of other eminent men came to be seduced into the profession of magic, or to have magical power imputed to them.

"And now, my dear sir, for the express purpose of this letter. The temper of the times, or the state of commerce, seems to render any direct application unavailing. My magic rod, if ever I had one, is grown powerless with the new-sprung speculators in literary produce; but yours is in all its energy. Would you undertake the generous task to endeavour to prevail with Mr Cadell, or with any other person, to afford me sufficient encouragement to sit down to the novel I have hinted at, to the volume I have described, or to any other work to which I might feel myself adequate. . . . You will not, I think, refuse your sympathy to a person no longer active in his limbs, but who believes himself to be in the full vigour of his understanding. . . : I have a wife: I need the little house I live in to hold my books, and my literary accommodations; I cannot live thus, considerably under £300 a year. My labour perhaps might be worthy of that reward, and with that I would be content.

"I am, etc., W. GODWIN."

Sir Walter Scott to William Godwin.

"ABBOTSFORD, *Feb.* 24, 1831.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I received your letter, which is a melancholy one, and I heartily wish it were in my power to answer it as I might formerly have done. But you know that were I to apply to any bookseller unconnected with myself to take a work in which he did not see his immediate profit—and, if he did, my intervention would be useless—he would naturally expect me in some way or other to become bound to make up the risk. Now, I have no dealings with any except Cadell, nor can I have, as he has engaged great part of his fortune in my publication. By the great bankruptcy of Constable in Edinburgh, and Hurst and Robinson in London, some years ago, I lost, I need hardly say, more than all I was worth. I might have taken a commission of bankruptcy, or I

might by the assistance of my son and other wealthy friends have made a very easy composition. I always, however, thought commercial honour was to be preserved as unsullied as personal, and I resolved to clear off my debt, being upwards of £100,000, part of it borrowed from me when the principal parties knew bankruptcy was staring them in the face. I therefore resolved to pay my debts in full, or to die a martyr to good faith. I have succeeded to a large extent, more than half of the whole, and I have current stock enough as will in two or three years be realized, which will cover the whole. But in the meantime I cannot call any part of a very considerable income my own, or transfer it to any purpose, however meritorious, save that which it is allocated to pay. Now, you will see that I can neither involve Cadell by making requests to him in other gentlemen's behalf, nor interfere in literary speculations where I have nothing to engage me but my sincere good-will to the author. It is therefore I fear out of my power to serve you in the way you propose. As the sapient Nestor Partridge says, *Non sum qualis eram.*

"Still, however, I have an easy income, and will willingly join in any subscription to cover the expense of publication of any work, not religious or political, which you choose to undertake. Suppose the price a guinea, I mean I would subscribe for ten copies, for which I should hold one sufficient. If a hundred, or even fifty gentlemen would subscribe in the same proportion only to the merit of their own means, the urgency of the occasion would be in some degree met. I cannot be further useful, for till a month or two ago I had not a silver spoon which I could call my own, or a book of my own to read out of a pretty good library, which is now my own once more by the voluntary relinquishment of the parties concerned. I have been thus particular in this matter, though not the most pleasant to write about, because I wish you to understand distinctly the circumstances which leave me not at liberty to engage in this matter to the extent you wish.

"I am, my dear sir, your very obedient, humble servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

Jeremy Bentham died in 1832, and Godwin applied to Mrs Gisborne, formerly Mrs Reveley, for her early recollections of the philosopher. It does not appear what use he intended to make of them; he could scarcely, at his advanced age, have contemplated writing a memoir. Mrs Gisborne's narrative, though long, is too curious a bit of old biography and history to be omitted. An interesting account of the intended Panopticon, the scheme of which was in a degree carried out at Millbank, is to be found in Captain Griffith's "Memorials of Millbank."

"I do not remember precisely how long Mr Bentham remained at Constantinople. I think, certainly, not more than two months. He was a very constant visitor at my father's house; but he resided, I think, with a Mr Humphries, an English resident merchant. There were no inns or lodging-houses in the city at that time. He was particularly fond of music, and used to take great delight in accompanying me on the violin. I well remember that he used to say that I was the only female he had ever met with who could keep time in playing, and that music without time was to him unbearable.

"We went through together some pieces of Schobert, Schuster, Sterkel, Eichner, and of other composers most in vogue at that time, all of which he played at sight and with care. He seemed to take great pleasure in my society, though I certainly never received from him any particular mark of attention, which might not have been equally shown to one of his sex. Indeed, not the slightest idea of any particular partiality, on his part, ever came across my mind. He was then about 37 years of age, but he did not look so old. I have also impressed in my memory that I obtained his commendation for my preference of works in prose to those of poetry, the reading of which he asserted to be a great misapplication of time.

"I imagine that at that period he was seldom excited to bring forward or discuss any of those subjects to which he so wholly and o successfully devoted himself.

"Had any conversations of that nature taken place in my presence, all traces of the purport of them would most assuredly, even at this time, not have been obliterated from my memory.

"I cannot positively assert that he brought a letter of recommendation to my father; but I know that he performed the voyage (from Smyrna at least) in company with a Mr Henderson, who presented himself to us with a letter from a Mr Lee, an English resident merchant at Smyrna, and a particular friend of my father's.

"Two young girls, under twenty years of age, accompanied this Mr Henderson, who was a very serious man, and very plausible in his manner. They were introduced as sisters, and his nieces. These ladies, however, were not mentioned in Mr Lee's letter, a circumstance not noticed at the time.

"The elder had, to a certain degree, the manner of a lady; but those of the younger—and her appearance coincided—were by no means superior to what might be expected from a poor farmer's daughter. Mr Bentham, as I have before said, was our constant visitor, and at our house he frequently met the Hendersons. I soon perceived a strong dislike, on the part of these females, towards Mr Bentham. They took every opportunity of making unpleasant observations both on his character and manners. They did their utmost to disparage him in every respect. I was certainly in no way prejudiced against him by these insidious attacks—on the contrary, they occasioned me considerable displeasure.

"The object of his detractors was manifestly to make him appear absurd, ill-natured, mean.

"How far he succeeded in neutralizing the unfavourable impressions made against him by these slanderous tongues, I cannot tell —in that respect my memory fails me; but I know, that to the last, he continued to stand high, both in the opinion of my father, and in that of all our common friends.

"It was not long before that period that the Turkish Sultan, Abdul Hamid, and his inefficient and shortsighted ministers, had been wheedled out of their possession of the Crimea by the 'finesse' and eloquence of the able Russian minister at the Porte, Mom^{n}. de Bulgakow.

"The Empress Catherine, most eager to promote the successful colonisation of her newly-acquired territory, had invited a horde of adventurers of all nations, but chiefly Italians, to transfer themselves thither.

"Among others, Henderson was also enlisted in the service. He had engaged, together with his nieces, to establish a dairy in the English style. It occurs to me now for the first time that he might have been brought forward on that occasion under the auspices of Mr Bentham's brother, who was then, I believe, in the Russian military service. But this is only conjecture. When I last saw Mr Bentham, however, he told me that the undertaking had turned out badly, and that Henderson had behaved very ill.

"When the time arrived for the departure of these people for the Crimea, the vessel in which they were to embark happened to lie at a considerable distance from the spot where they were dwelling, the suburb of Pera.

"It was determined they should transfer themselves to it by a short land, rather than by the more circuitous trip by sea, along the Bosphorus.

"A carriage was hired (a most uncouth vehicle, but the only one which the city afforded). In this they proceeded to the place of embarkation, escorted by my father and myself, with a servant on horseback.

"The wife, the owner of a trading vessel, who had formerly been in my father's service, had been living, for some years, under our roof—ostensibly—to supply towards me the care and attention of a mother.

"At the period of Mr Bentham's presence in Constantinople, the husband of the person, having returned from one of his voyages, was also our inmate.

"On the day of our absence with the Hendersons, Mr Bentham paid his usual visit at our house, and was received by this captain and Mrs Newman. In the course of conversation, Mr Bentham (who considered that the Hendersons had now taken their final departure from Constantinople, and felt himself in consequence no longer bound to keep their secrets) divulged that the elder niece

was no other than Henderson's mistress, and that the younger was an ignorant country girl, merely hired as a servant.

"Their surprise was naturally very great, much greater I believe than mine would have been; for I had already detected a want of concordance in what they separately told me at different times, which I could not account for, but which I by no means liked.

"We did not return home till late in the evening. We were received at the door by the captain, who could not contain his laughter, and was in a hurry to attack my father about his extraordinary civility, and, as it now appeared, his ludicrous knight-errantry.

"My father felt ashamed at having been so easily taken in by these ignorant impostors; but he consoled himself with the idea that he had not been their only dupe, since Sir Robert Ainslie, our British Ambassador (following my father's example, I fear), had formally invited them to a dinner-party. Their awkwardness and want of ease, which they could not modify to this sudden emergency, were sufficiently manifest; but it was attributed to English timidity and bashfulness.

"But the 'nodo' of this comic drama is still to be developed; poor Bentham had made his disclosures most prematurely—our friends were not gone, they had in fact returned with us (some impediment had occurred with regard to the sailing of the vessel which appeared likely to occasion a long delay), and we had to increase the captain's mirth by declaring that they were even at that moment again safely housed in their former lodging. The situation of these people during the remainder of their stay at Constantinople after this little *éclarcissement* was, of course, a very mortifying one. My father had to endure his share also, in the laughter of Mr Humphries, and that of his other friends who would not lose so fair an opportunity of amusing themselves at his expense. We did not see Mr Bentham till the following day, when he seemed rather confounded by the unlucky *dénouement* of the affair.

"I have said that there were no lodging-houses at Constantinople but I remember that the Hendersons were put in possession of an

empty house, in which a few articles of furniture had been put, just sufficient to serve their immediate necessities.

"I am now come to the renewal of my acquaintance with Mr Bentham in the year 1790. It happened through his application to Mr Reveley to assist him in the architectural development of his plans for a 'Panopticon.' At first he paid us short visits, merely by furnishing Mr Reveley from time to time with the necessary instructions for making out his plans; but the ingenuity of the latter enabling him to raise objections, and to suggest various improvements in the details, Mr Bentham gradually found it necessary to devote more and more time to the affair, so that at length he frequently passed the entire morning at our house, and not to lose time he brought his papers with him, and occupied himself in writing. It was on this occasion that observing how much time he lost through the confusion resulting from a want of order in the management of his papers, I offered my services in classing and numbering them, which he willingly accepted, and I had thereby the pleasure of supplying him with any part of his writings at a moment's notice. Judging from the manner in which he appreciated my assistance, I am inclined to think that this kind of facilitation had never before been afforded him. I then proposed to him that in order to give still more time for the despatch of his business, he should take his breakfast with us. He readily consented to my proposal, but upon the condition that I would allow him a separate teapot, that he might prepare his tea, he said, in his own way. He chose such a teapot as would contain all the water that was necessary, which was poured in upon the tea at once. He said that he could not endure the usual mode of proceeding which produced the first cup of tea strong and the others gradually decreasing in strength, till the last cup became little better than hot water. Tea-making, like many other things (particularly the dimensions of the cups), is perhaps greatly improved since that time. I was even then so well convinced of the advantage of his method that I have pursued it ever since, more or less modified, according to circumstances.

"During this intercourse, Mr Reveley once received a note from

Mr Bentham, written in an angry tone; this was owing to the former having used some incautious and perhaps improper expression in writing to some one concerned in the affair of the Panopticon. It might have been the engraver, though I can scarcely admit the possibility of that surmise. Mr Reveley knew himself to be perfectly innocent of any intentional rudeness or impropriety, he therefore felt himself much hurt at the severity of Mr Bentham's reproof. I can recollect but these very few words of Mr Bentham's note—'I suppose you have left your orders too with Mr . . .' (naming a lawyer or barrister employed by Mr Bentham, who was residing in Red Lion Square). In fact, Mr Reveley, though a young man of superior talent, was at that time little accustomed to writing; he was also perhaps not sufficiently attentive to the established forms of society. It is therefore by no means improbable that he might have committed some mistake in the use of language. It occurs to me, also, that there might have been previously some slight degree of dormant displeasure in the mind of Mr Bentham against Mr Reveley, excited perhaps by an habitual, though very innocent levity on the part of the latter, who was too apt to make jokes in order to excite a laugh, even on subjects which demanded serious attention. When we were alone, Mr Bentham's Panopticon did not altogether escape, and I can easily imagine that his penetrating glance may have caught a glimpse of this misplaced mirth. But of this, if it was so, he never took the slightest notice. I think that this little misunderstanding took place when the business between them was nearly brought to a conclusion, and it is most pleasing to observe that it did not prevent Mr Bentham from doing justice to Mr Reveley's ability in his printed report or description of the Panopticon.

"I can also recollect that the sum which the latter received as a remuneration for his trouble was £10—Mr Reveley's first professional emolument.

"After this event I never saw Mr Bentham again till my interview with him in April last. His views with regard to the Panopticon were baffled, and he had no longer occasion for architectural assistance.

"My situation was also changed. I was no longer in the enjoyment of that state of ease and quiet in which he found me five years before when he first visited my father's house.

"Still under twenty years of age, I was already the mother of two children and was called upon to bear my part in a very severe struggle. Our income was but £140 per annum, and the increase brought in by Mr Reveley's business was for several years very slender and uncertain. With these inadequate resources, from the necessity of maintaining if possible our useful connections, we had to make a genteel appearance; this we effected not without considerable difficulty, and by means of constant exertion. A person in such a situation must make great sacrifices and submit to much self-denial. My mind was concentrated in the continual efforts which my new situation required.

"I lost sight of the inestimable Bentham, at least I lost sight of him personally; but still the sentiment—that strong perception of the superior worth which I had imbibed in my first acquaintance with him—was continually strengthened by my own spontaneous reflections and by the accounts which were given to me from time to time of his steady and heroic devotion to the great cause of truth, humanity, and justice. It was delightful to me to hear his praises from the mouths of all those whom I most looked up to as philanthropists and philosophers."

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST YEARS. 1832—1836.

A GREAT, happily the last great, sorrow fell on Godwin in the autumn of 1832, in the loss of his only son. He appears to have been a singularly bright, winning, and accomplished man. His nephew, Sir Percy Shelley, remembers him as "a very good fellow, who used to take me to the play." He was much loved by his friends, and was happy in his marriage. A somewhat stormy youth and chequered career of various unfinished beginnings had given place to a steady manhood, in which he was friend and companion to his father, and earned for himself a respectable competence. He was parliamentary reporter to the *Morning Chronicle*, a fairly successful draughtsman, and had at the time of his death finished a novel, "Transfusion," of considerable power and weird imagination. This was published by his father after his death, prefaced by a touching and gravely self-restrained Memoir. William Godwin, the younger, died of cholera after a short illness, during which his father and mother never left him, and was buried in the churchyard nearest his home, that attached to the Church of St. John Evangelist, Waterloo Road.

The poverty which Gadwin had feared was not his fate. In April 1833, Lord Grey, on the urgent request of many

friends, amongst whom Mackintosh, before his death in 1832, had been very earnest, conferred on Godwin the post of Yeoman Usher of the Exchequer, with residence in New Palace Yard. The office, which was in fact a sinecure, the nominal duties of which were of necessity wholly performed by menials, was abolished among the retrenchments on which a reformed Parliament insisted; and, soon after his appointment, there was for some time a danger, or there seemed to Godwin a danger, that he might be once more homeless and poor, for he had accepted the office subject to such changes as might be deemed afterwards desirable. But men of all political creeds were now kindly disposed to the patriarch of philosophical radicalism, the old literary lion. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Melbourne alike exerted themselves for him, and each assured him that no change in his position should be made.

The old friends were gone. Charles Lamb, almost the last, died at Edmonton, on December 27, 1834. There had been a slight coolness, the cause of which is not apparent, between them, but Rickman intervened, and invited both to meet at a dinner given by him at the Bell at Edmonton, "where," in Rickman's words, "Mrs Gilpin once dined or meant to dine." The dinner took place on July 19, 1833, and the old cordiality was happily restored. To Godwin, Edmonton had more sacred associations than of Mrs Gilpin; there is no record that he had before visited the early home of Mary Wollstonecraft.

And at his age he made few new friends, though even to the last he retained the power of attracting the young and of sympathizing with them. The record of one such acquaint-

ance is preserved only in the letters which follow, but the correspondence is worth preserving, since it does honour to both the writers.

W. Cooke to William Godwin.

"LISSON GROVE, *Dec.* 5, 1834.

"I take up my pen to address this to you, sir, at the earnest, dying request of a dearly beloved, whose respect and admiration of you was as deep as it was lasting. I believe one of the last requests he made to Mrs Godwin before he left London was, should you be attacked with any dangerous illness, that she should be so kind as to inform him of it; for that wheresoever he was, or whatsoever might be his employ, he would most assuredly hasten to your bed-side, to render all the assistance in his power, and if it should be fatal, to observe how you would conduct yourself in such an extremity, and how you would die. These also are the very things he has requested me to inform you concerning himself, and to this I hasten.

"Rather more than three months ago, soon after his return from the Isle of Wight, he was attacked with an alarming illness. . . . Debility and emaciation still proceeded, and on the 23d ultimo he expired. He retained all his powers of mind unimpaired to the last.

"About two months before he died, he said he felt a great want of something to console him under his sufferings, and requested me to ask a particular friend of his (a Unitarian minister) to lend him some books. Amongst these was 'Channing's Sermons.' . . . He soon after requested me to read him one of the Gospels. . . . After this, one morning early, he sent his wife for me, saying he had somewhat to communicate; when he said, 'Father, I am fully convinced that Jesus Christ is very God: I can adore and worship him with all the powers and faculties of my soul.' He said much more to the same purport, and at different times. . . . Perhaps a more surprising change from infidelity to

assured faith never occurred. . . . He ardently wished that all should be made acquainted with it who knew his former principles. . . . I hope, sir, that you will excuse the inadequate manner in which I have attempted to comply with the request of a dying son, and take it as a memorial of his respect, and the best wishes of

"Sir, yours very respectfully, WILLIAM COOKE.

"The widow desires to be kindly remembered to Mrs Godwin."

William Godwin to W. Cooke.

"*Dec.* 16, 1834.

"SIR,—I beg to acknowledge my obligations to you for the letter with which you favoured me last week. I do most sincerely condole with you on the death of your son, who had many good qualities that awakened my esteem. I know how fervently you were attached to him, and, considering all things, am almost glad that he died in a manner that could best afford you consolation under the afflicting dispensation that has taken from your age its greatest comfort.

"As to my own creed, to which you refer, that is a totally different thing. It has been deeply reflected on, and has been at least the fruit of as much patient and honest research as your own. I am now in my seventy-ninth year, and am not likely to alter in a matter of so much moment. We must be contented with different results, and should entertain charity for each other. If I am in error, I am in the hands of God, and I humbly trust that he will see the integrity and honesty of my enquiries.

"I am, sir, with much respect, very sincerely yours,

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

"The Lives of the Necromancers" still occupied Godwin during the summer of his removal to Palace Yard. The book is not greatly interesting, but a letter from Ramohun Roy, in answer to enquiries, will serve to show that even at

Godwin's advanced age his habit of patient and painstaking enquiry had not left him.

The writer, a learned Hindoo, a Brahmin, was ambassador in England from the Court of Delhi, and died near Bristol during the month following that in which his letter was written. He became a Christian, according to the Unitarian phase of that religion. His mastery of English was remarkable, shown not only by such letters, but also by religious and political tracts, and translations from the sacred books of India.

Ramohun Roy to William Godwin.

"BEDFORD SQUARE, *August* 10, 1833.

"The term Magi is most probably derived from *Majas* (worshippers of fire) or from *Moogh*, almost synonymous to the former term. The founder of this religion in Persia was Zoroaster. He extended his doctrine in all the provinces of Persia, and some parts of India. He and almost all the celebrated Magi were supposed to have performed wonderful miracles. The *Mantua* (or text) implies certain passages of the Vedas, and also certain sentences, by means of which impostors pretend to heal diseases, to banish evil spirits, and bring lions, serpents, and other fierce and venomous animals to subjection. In fact, in India, Persia, and almost all the countries of Asia, the inhabitants are still deluded by pretended magicians, astrologers, etc. Almost all the celebrated kings, sages, and devotees are mentioned in every historical work as being possessed of supernatural power.

"*Pari* signifies a female spirit in the human form, and is very nearly synonymous to the English term fairy, signifying male and female spirits. *Deeoo* (or *Dives*) is synonymous to Demons, and *Jin* is an Arabic word, signifying a kind of superior being, morally responsible for their actions, and possessed of almost all the powers that an angel is possessed of. The difference between the *Jins*

and the *Deevos* is, that among the *Jins*, like men, righteous as well as wicked persons can be found. In fact, in the various parts of Asia, in proportion to the ignorance of the people, a belief in necromancy, etc., is prevalent."

The letter of Godwin's New York correspondent will be read with deep sympathy by many an author even now on this side of the water; but its special interest for us also lies in the fact that we have one more glimpse of Tom Cooper, whose fortunes had been through life much what they were at its outset.

John Howard Payne to William Godwin.

"NEW YORK, *Nov.* 30, 1833.

"MY DEAR MR GODWIN,—I have written a letter or two which I have reason to believe you never saw: but I presume those detailing the shufflings and ill-treatment of the booksellers on the subject of your novel, must have reached you. I hope you are satisfied I did everything in my power to secure you some advantage from this work. But I am now convinced that, unless for some party purpose, it is impossible to create a more liberal spirit in reference to literary matters here, than the law enables me to *command:* and in your case the law gave all the power out of your hands. Competition, if it could have been kindled, might have given some power to the possessor of the earliest copy, but I laboured in vain to create such a spirit; and after great efforts, and one or two long journeys, was obliged quietly to let a paltry edition appear, and endure to be laughed at for my philippics against the powerful booksellers, who for a hope of disreputable profit, could stoop to so much meanness.

"I have only a moment to spare for the purpose of asking your civilities to a friend of mine—Mr Rand, an artist . . . He has been kind enough to promise me your portrait, if you will so far oblige me as to sit for it. I know this is asking much, but I shall

prize the favour in proportion to the sacrifice. I feel persuaded that Mr Rand will produce such a picture as will deserve to be prized; and a good likeness of you I should deem invaluable. . . .

"Thomas Cooper has been obliged to appeal to public sympathy for his family. The people came forward very handsomely. At Philadelphia they had a benefit which yielded 2500 dols., and one was lately given in New York, amounting to 4500 dols.—I am, &c.,

"JOHN HOWARD PAYNE."

We may well suppose that Mrs Stanhope may have considered an autograph letter was, in fact, a sufficient contribution to her album. She may have considered he was not unlike that one of her own sex, who, "whispering she would ne'er consent, consented."

William Godwin to Mrs L. Stanhope.

"*Jan.* 30, 1834.

"DEAR MADAM.—I am fully sensible of the compliment you pay me in requesting a contribution from my pen to your album, but my principal sensation on the occasion is pain in refusing you. Quin, the actor, after retiring from the stage, was accustomed annually to play Falstaff for the benefit of his old friend, Ryan. But at length, being applied to once more, and having lost several of his teeth, he answered that he fervently desired for Ryan all manner of good, 'but, by God, he would not whistle Falstaff for any man.' So I, who am as clumsy as an elephant, must reply in this case, that I greet you with my utmost good wishes, but will not attempt a hornpipe even for Mrs L. Stanhope.—Believe me, dear Madam, most sincerely yours, W. GODWIN."

Godwin ceased his career as author with "The Lives of the Necromancers," but his pen was still active, and his brain

still vigorous. In quite the last years of his life he retouched, in some cases re-wrote, and in others wrote for the first time, a series of essays, which he designed to call "The Genius of Christianity Unveiled," and to this refers the last letter to his wife remaining among his papers. Mrs Godwin was absent on her short annual excursion to Southend. The work, which was to have been prepared for publication by Mrs Shelley after her father's death, was withheld for various reasons till three years since, when it was published under the more modest title, more truly descriptive, of "Essays, hitherto unpublished."

William Godwin to Mrs Godwin.

"*Aug.* 30, 1834.

"My health is better. I have had no return of the sick feeling which obstinately pursued me for three weeks after my journey to Harrow. I have written at my manuscript for four days, a little at a time, and feeling as if I were too old to do much. But it cheers me. . . .

"Mrs Shelley dined with me on Friday 22d, and I with her the following Monday. She spent the evening with me yesterday. We should meet oftener, but I rather decline going to her evenings. The evenings are now dark, and the walk across the park at a late hour is anything but pleasant. . . .

"I am afraid to say how much I wish to see you, lest you should call me selfish. Do, however, stay longer, if you think it will do you good. I have still £50, the produce of the 'Necromancers.'"

His last word on politics is contained in a letter to Mr Cross, given below; his last words on religion in the Essays published since his death. The letter, though of an

earlier date, seems in place here. He was true to himself, consistent and unwavering.

William Godwin to W. Cross.

Jan. 31, 1831.

. . . "I am extremely sorry that any silence on my part should have been the cause of giving you pain. . . . I have been all my life accustomed to regard man as everything, 'the most excellent and noble creature of the world,' and property as comparatively mere dross and dirt. I was sorry, therefore, to see you count the value of a man by pounds, shillings, and pence. I remember a plan of Mr H. Tooke on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, which was to give every man a right to as many votes for a representative as he was able and willing to purchase at a stipulated price. I do not know whether he was in jest or earnest, and I dare say you never saw his plan. Yours is better than his because yours does not depend so much on whim as his did. . . .

"I am a republican because I am a philanthropist. That form of society, perhaps, is the best which shall make individual man feel most generous and most noble. As poor Dr Watts says, 'The mind's the standard of the man.'

"With regard to the revolution which occurred in France in July last, it appears to me that the leaders did well in the points you specify. You say that your voluntary association would have proved strong enough to resist all the force that combined Europe could have brought against them. Be it so: yet the despots of Europe would not have thought so. And to prevent a war is much better than to finish a war with victory to the just cause. I am glad, therefore, that the leaders said to Europe, 'We will have a king as we have had before. Be not alarmed: we will set no example of anarchy and the dissolution of government to the people over whom you reign.' I moreover rejoice in the generous magnanimity and forbearance the leaders have displayed, so much the reverse of the Revolution of 1789. I finally rejoice in the energy that has saved the lives of the ministers of Charles X."

Though his mind was thus vigorous, his body was showing signs of decay. The occasional maladies from which he had suffered for many years, giddiness, faintings, and numbness in his limbs, occurred at more frequent periods; the entries in the Diary on given days that he felt quite well are evidence added to the record of maladies that on other days he was aware that "age with stealing steps had clawed him in her clutch." Yet it is possible the habit of minute introspection, extending to his bodily condition, led him to dwell on some matters of which even less healthy men might have thought less; and, on the whole, it was a singularly vigorous old age. To the last years, even to the last days of his life, his habits were the same as they had been forty years before. Reading of the most varied kind, but by preference the Classics and Italian literature, occupied his mornings, visits from and to friends his afternoons. He still dined out and attended the theatre, and even so late as Thursday, March 24, 1836, he went to the Opera to hear Zampa.

He was aware, however, that the end could not be far distant, and contemplated it with the same philosophical calm which had characterized him through life. On August 21, 1834, he had written some reflections on the diaries he had kept for so many years, on a loose sheet of paper, that he might place it regularly and with method in its true position whenever he felt that the last entry in the Diary, as it lay open on his desk was made. He ended vol. xxxii. of this on the Saturday, March 26, 1836, with these words:—

"Malfy, fin. Call on Hudson, Trelawny calls, cough, snow."

and then on the inside of the cover pasted the sheet which had so long waited for its place. It is as follows:—

"*August* 21, 1834.

"With what facility have I marked these pages with the stamp of rolling weeks and months and years—all uniform, all blank! What a strange power is this! It sees through a long vista of time, and it sees nothing. All this at present is mere abstraction, symbols, not realities. Nothing is actually seen: the whole is ciphers, conventional marks, imaginary boundaries of unimagined things. Here is neither joy nor sorrow, pleasure nor pain. Yet when the time shall truly come, and the revolving year shall bring the day, what portentous events may stamp the page! what anguish, what horror, or by possibility what joy, what Godlike elevation of soul! Here are fevers, and excruciating pains 'in their sacred secundine asleep.' Here may be the saddest reverses, destitution and despair, detrusion and hunger and nakedness, without a place wherein to lay our head, wearisome days and endless nights in dark and unendurable monotony, variety of wretchedness; yet of all one gloomy hue; slumbers without sleep, waking without excitation, dreams all heterogeneous and perplexed, with nothing distinct and defined, distracted without the occasional bursts and energy of distraction. And these pages look now all fair, innocent, and uniform. I have put down eighty years and twenty-three days, and I might put down one hundred and sixty years. But in which of these pages shall the pen which purposes to record, drop from my hands for ever, never again to be resumed? I shall set down the memoranda of one day, with the full expectation of resuming my task on the next, or my fingers may refuse their functions in the act of forming a letter, and leave the word never by the writer to be completed.

"Everything under the sun is uncertain. No provision can be a sufficient security against adverse and unexpected fortune, least of all to him who has not a stipulated income bound to him by the forms and ordinances of society. This, as age and feebleness of body and mind advances, is an appalling consideration, 'a man cannot tell what shall be,' to what straits he may be driven, what trials and privations and destitution and struggles and griefs may be reserved for him."

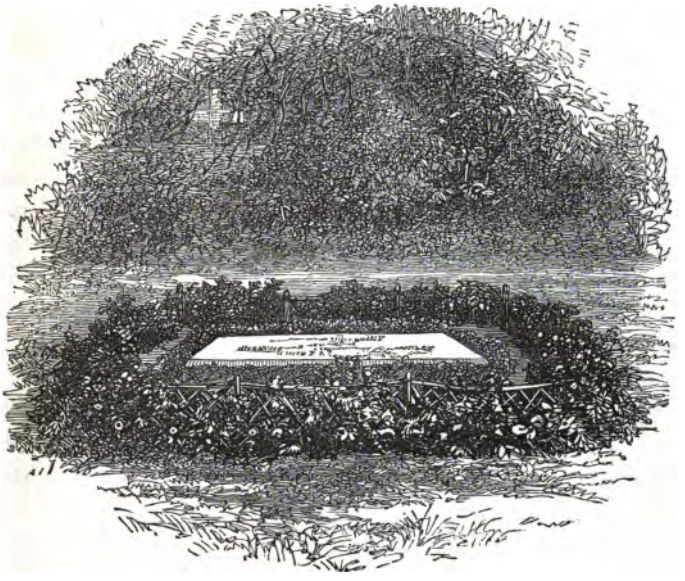
It was with no faltering hand, but yet with a prophetic feeling, that the end had come, that Godwin finished his last Diary note-book. On Sunday, March 27th, the illness of which he had complained the day before increased, and his cold became feverish. The pen had "dropped from his hand for ever," and after ten days of gradual and peaceful decay, he died on Thursday, April 7th, 1836.

He was buried by the side of Mary Wollstonecraft, in Old St Pancras Churchyard, which even then had not entirely ceased to be a quiet nook, where Shelley had met Mary Godwin under the willow which shadowed her mother's grave. The tide of London was soon to desecrate and deform into hideous desolation a spot full of so many memories; two Railways run below and through Old St Pancras graveyard.

But when it became needful to disturb the bones of the dead for the sake of the living, Mary Shelley had passed away, and was resting in Bournemouth churchyard, the burial-place nearest to the home of her only surviving child. In order that parents and daughter might rest together, the remains of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft were transferred to the same spot by their grandson, in whose house, enshrined in a silver urn, are the ashes of his father. It is Shelley's heart alone, "cor cordium," that the Roman grave contains. Clerical intolerance uttered some protests against the inscription on the grave, where stand recorded the works by which each who lies there is best known, though it is difficult to see why words which were innocent in St Pancras' churchyard were harmful elsewhere. But kinder and wiser counsels prevailed, and on a sunny bank, sloping to the west, among the rose-twined

crosses of many who have died in more orthodox beliefs, rest those who at least might each of them have said

"Write me, as one that loves his fellow-men."



WILLIAM GODWIN, Author of "Political Justice."
Born, March 3rd, 1756; *Died, April 7th*, 1836.
Aged 80 years.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN,
Author of a Vindication of the "Rights of Women."
Born, April 27th, 1759; *Died, Sepr.* 10, 1797.

Their remains were removed hither from the Churchyard of St Pancras, London, A.D. 1851.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY,
Daughter of Willm. & Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, and Widow of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley.
Born, 30 *Augt.* 1797; *Died*, 1*st Feby.* 1851.

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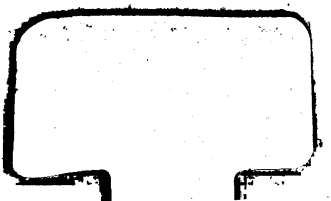
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